Oct. 28, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

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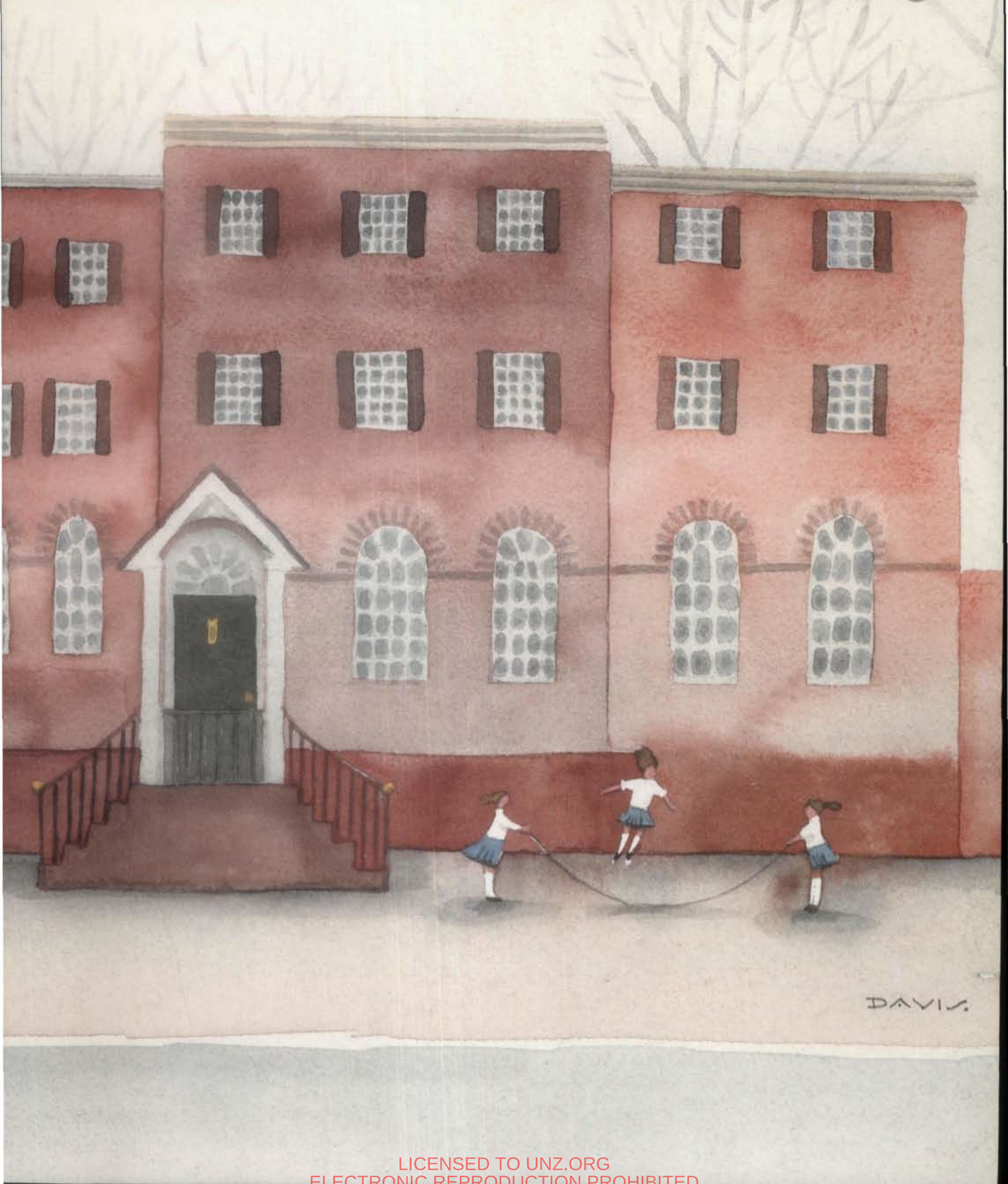

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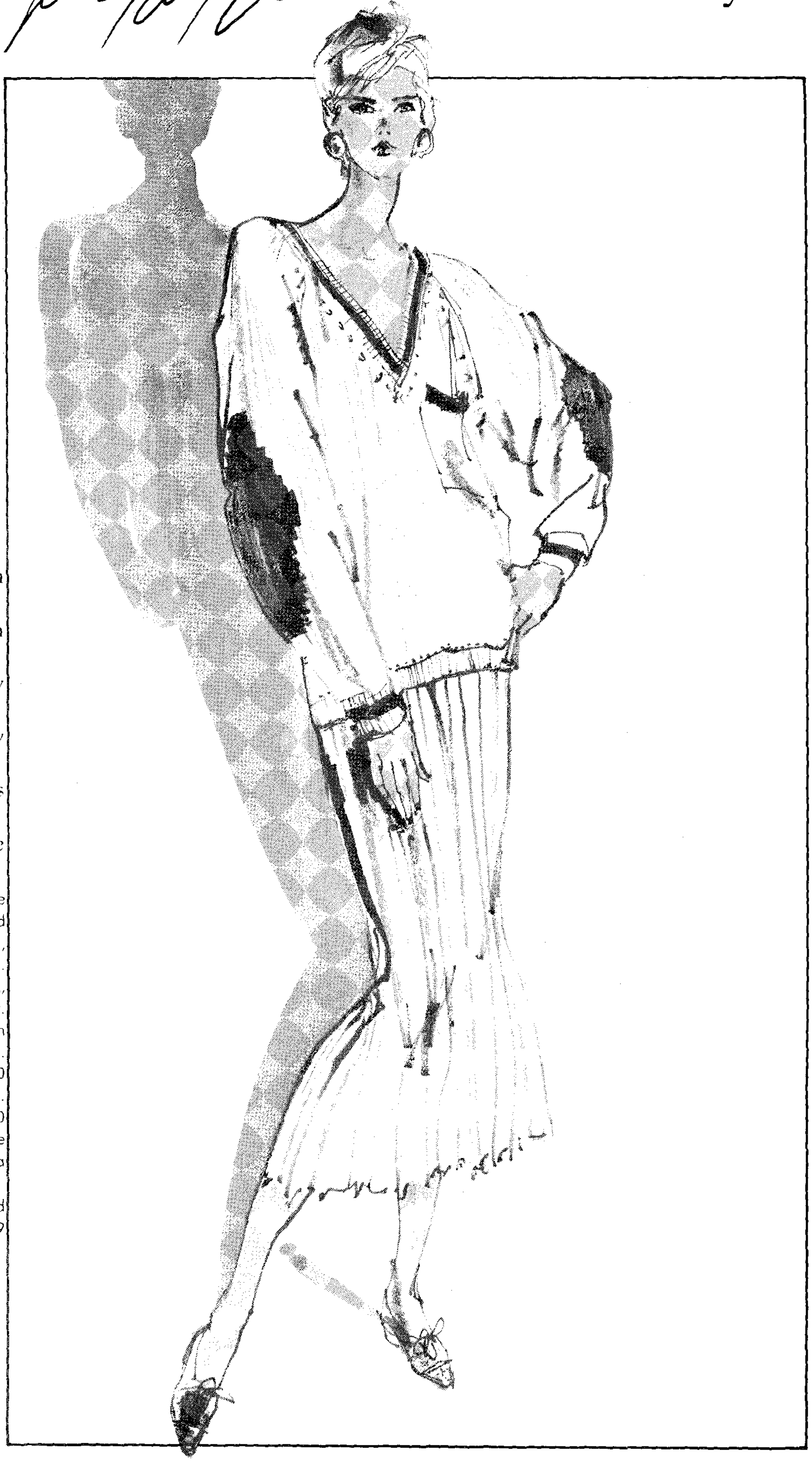

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alice and Fred—A play by Dan Ellentuck. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 23. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and Clint Allen plays Tom. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A comedy that verges on autohagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting two plays. **TALLEY & SON:** A revised version by Lanford Wilson of his 1981 play "A Tale Told," the third in a series about the Talley family. . . . **TOMORROW'S MONDAY:** A 1934 play by Paul Osborn. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory—**FILTHY RICH,** a play by George F. Walker: Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 23-25, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3. . . . **SAVAGE IN LIMBO:** The scene is a bar in the Bronx, and many of the rackety customers are in personal trouble of one sort or another. John Patrick Shanley's play is often funny, though seldom quite believable. The production, under Mark Linn-Baker's direction, is splendid; with Mary McDonnell, Deborah Hedwall, and Randle Mell, among others. (10/7/85) Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, and Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 29-Nov. 1. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 247-5361. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—The scene is a locker room in a tennis club in Connecticut, where four men undress and dress and undress while they talk over their more or less miserable lives. This is a comedy. The author is David Wiltse, and the four men are played by Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's intolerably long play about a large number of derelicts pursuing, in a saloon somewhere in downtown Manhattan in the year 1912, a number of unrealizable pipe dreams. O'Neill's small point is that they were right to do so. Starring Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes, and directed by José Quintero. (10/7/85) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 3:30 and 8; and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Time Since Yesterday—A revised version of the play by P. J. Gibson that was presented last winter at this theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 3.)

A Map of the World—An expatriate Indian novelist of more or less conservative views confronts a young English journalist from a socialist publication at a conference on world poverty in Bombay. David Hare's play becomes muddled at times, but it is never dull, and the acting of the large cast is very good. Roshan Seth and Zeljko Ivanek are splendid in the leading roles. Mr. Hare directed. (10/14/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Marriage of Figaro—A smart-alecky reworking of the Beaumarchais classic, translated and adapted by Richard Nelson and directed by Andrei Serban, who relies on sight gags with skateboards as much as he does upon his cast, which includes Anthony Heald, Christopher Reeve, and Dana Ivey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at

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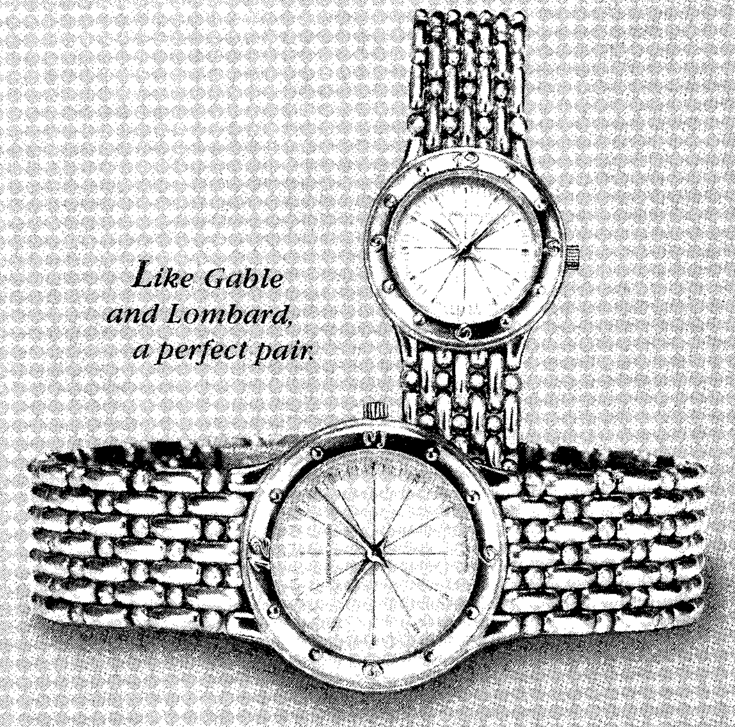*Like Gable*
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8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Latin Quarter, *Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Nightly,* except Mondays and Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The first in this season's series of productions is **EYES OF THE AMERICAN**, a play by Samm-Art Williams. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 24. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 25. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—Joel Grey has now assumed the leading role in this interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Not About Heroes—A play by Stephen MacDonald, with Edward Herrmann and Dylan Baker. Dianne Wiest is the director. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his successful comedy of twenty years ago, which was about a couple of male bachelors, into an unsuccessful comedy about a couple of female bachelors. The cast is headed by Sally Struthers and Rita Moreno. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, *235 W.* 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Once Is Never Enough—A sequel to R. A. Shiomi's beguiling parody-mystery, "Yellow Fever," this new thriller is bleak and ominous. The production by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, under the direction of Raul Aranas, is good in every way. Marc Hayashi and Lane Kiyomi Nishikawa collaborated with Mr. Shiomi on the script. (10/21/85) (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 2.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Song and Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Tatterdemalion—A musical by Judd Woldin, based on Israel Zangwill's novella "King of Schnorrers." Previews Wednesday, Oct. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 24. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—This tame revival of Jean Anouilh's comedy is redeemed, to some extent, by the acting of Carole Shelley, Tammy Grimes, and Alvin Epstein. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 10.)

What's a Nice Country Like You... Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Carl Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yours, Anne—A vapid musical based on Anne Frank's diary. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and Walter Charles. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,608 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by *no means as wonderful.* (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8 "Reflections," "Arden Court," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Thursday Oct. 24, at 8: "Light Rain," "Forgotte Land," and "Jamboree." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct 25, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Love Songs," an "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, a 8: "Dream Dances," "Arden Court," an "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Reflections," "Arde Court," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Sunday Oct. 27, at 7:30: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Forgotten Land," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Tuesday Oct. 29, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Untitled, and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Italian Suite, "*Secret Places,*" "Confetti," and "Jamboree. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Kettentanz, "The Moor's Pavane," "Round of Angels, and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, a 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Untitled," "Confetti," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, a 8: "Kettentanz," "Forgotten Land," an "Light Rain." (City Center, 131 W. 55th S 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

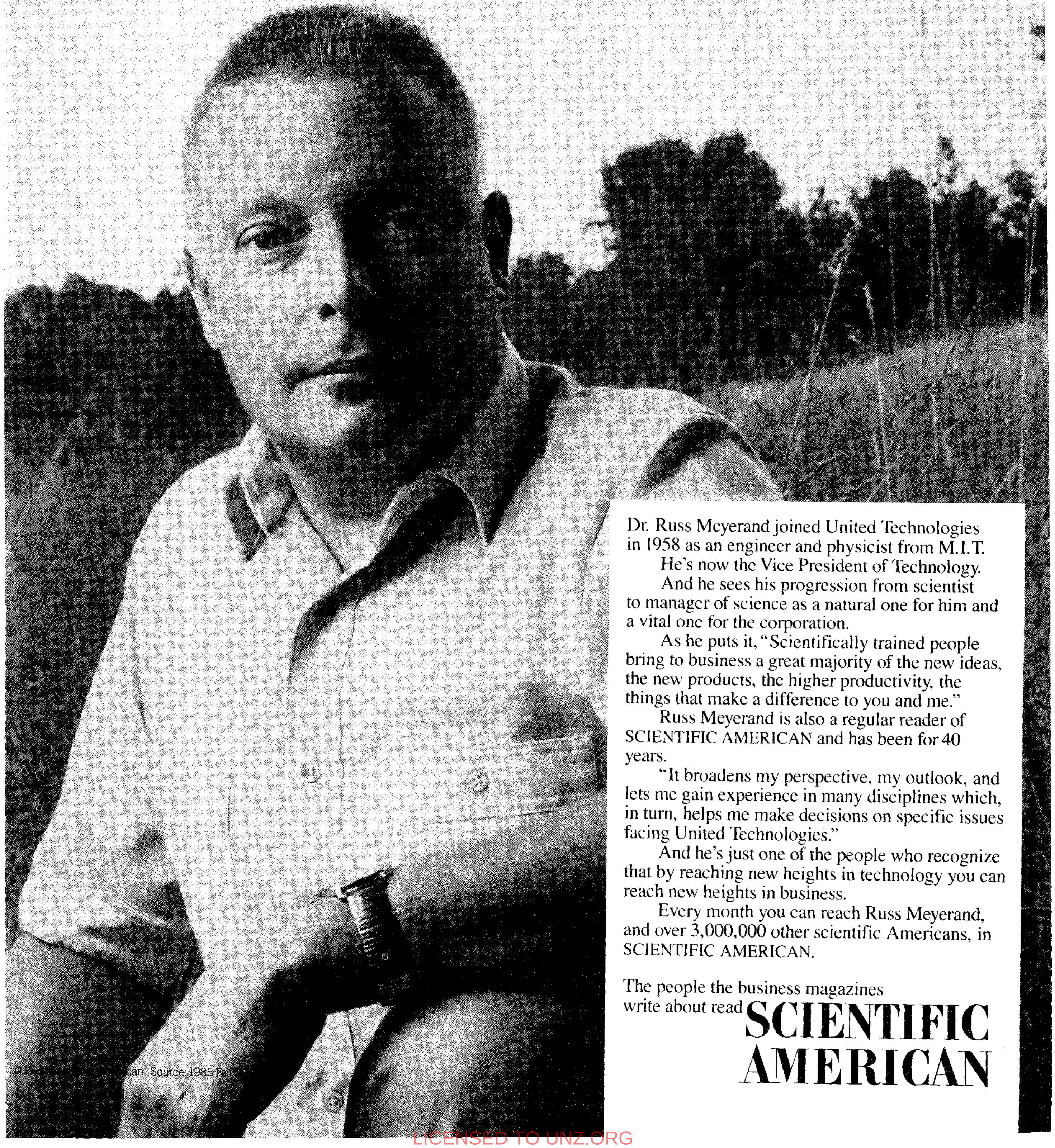
Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 23: "Th Envelope," "Caught," "Medium:Rare," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Intermezz No. 1." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 24: " Footstep of Air," "Impromptu," "At Mic night," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Frida and Saturday evenings, Oct. 25-26, an Wednesday through Friday evenings, Oc 30-Nov. 1: "Against the Sky," "Aurora I, and "Aurora II." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée an evening, Oct. 27: "The Grand Canon," "Impromptu," "Adieu," and "Les Noces." . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 29, and Saturda evening, Nov. 2: "Intermezzo No.2, "Medium:Rare," "Les Noces," and "The Ji Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Satu days at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matiné Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancer singers, and musicians. (See page *27, this i sue.*) (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51 St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturda at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lillo Way Dance Company—"Canterbury, "Night Dances," and "No Occasion." (Mar mount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st S Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7:30; Friday and Sa urday, Oct. 25-26, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 2 at 3. For information about tickets, call 92 0077.)

Rudy Perez Performance Ensemble—"Where A gels Coast," "Debut," and "Fall-Out (Dance Theatre Workshop, *219 W. 19th* 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, O

Russ Meyerand of United Technologies is a scientific American.



Dr. Russ Meyerand joined United Technologies in 1958 as an engineer and physicist from M.I.T.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

31-Nov. 2, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3; and Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by three companies. **NANETTE BEARDEN CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday, Oct. 24, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, at 8. . . . **BALLETFORE:** Wednesday, Oct. 30, and Friday, Nov. 1, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 2. . . . **MOROCCO AND THE CASBAH DANCE EXPERIENCE:** Thursday, Oct. 31, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside *Church, Riverside* Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderful non-self-indulgent singer whose interpretations of Porter, Sondheim, Gershwin, or whomever are done with verve and conviction, reigns in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. *Dining.*

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 23-24, the **FRED HERSCH** trio; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, the John Vitale quartet; Sunday, Oct. 27, Judy Niemack; Monday, Oct. 28, the Betty Shirley trio; *Tuesday, Oct. 29, the George* King quartet; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 30-31, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, Mark Morganelli & the Jazz Forum All-Stars. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, *253 W. 28th* St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. A little later on in the evening, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 29, another fine singer, **KAREN AKERS,** can be heard. Her shows will run from nine on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine and eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his band, Alto Madness, will trade sets with another altoist, **CHARLES MC PHERSON,** and his band through Sunday, Oct. 27. On Monday, Oct. 28, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND** will drop by, and on Tuesday, Oct. 29, the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** will begin a six-night visit. Jubilant, hard-bop trumpeter **TED CURSON** presides over after-hours jam sessions every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Wednesday, Oct. 23, the harmonizing folksinger-songwriters the **ROCHES;** Thursday, Oct. 24, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** & his big band and Jack Swerzie; Friday, Oct. 25, "Heroes and Legends," with Cousin Brucie and Ronnie Spector; Saturday, Oct. 26, blues-, folk-, and reggae-ologist **TAJ MAHAL;** Thursday, Oct. 31, Robinson's Mysteries; and Friday, Nov. 1, Peter Noone. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. **JIM MC NEELY** and **STEVE LASPINA** perform piano-bass duets through Saturday, Oct. 26, and Sunday, Oct. 27, will belong to pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where you can hear **BOBBY SHORT,** always a cozy, elegant, and, above all, vivacious singer-pianist, with his trusty musical entourage, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is back, singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs music room. Super bassist and C.C.N.Y. music prof **RON CARTER** guides his quartet through Sunday, Oct. 27, and on Tuesday, Oct. 29, **NAT ADDERLEY,** a crackling-sharp cornettist and an earthy raconteur, will bring in his quartet. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. *Dining.*

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 23, Lifeboat, the Riff Doctors, and the Wygals; Thursday, Oct. 24, a songwriters' showcase; Friday, Oct. 25, **MIMI FARIÑA;** Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, comedy nights; Tuesday, Oct. 29, Irish music; and Wednesday, Oct. *30, the* True Believers and the A-Bones. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **JAKI BYARD,** who has admirers among traditionalists and the avant-garde alike, is here until Saturday, Oct. 26; on Tuesday, Oct. 29, Carol Britto will move in. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-keyed bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Pianist **MIKE ABENE** can be heard through Saturday, Oct. 26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 29, pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** will come in with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, Oct. 23, blues guys **ALBERT KING** and **JOHNNY COPELAND;** Thursday, Oct. 24, Gary Puckett & the Union Gap and Joey Miserable & the Worms; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, **COMMANDER CODY** and the Bud Moffett band; Sunday, Oct. 27, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** and Nappy Brown & the Heartfixers; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 28-29, Billy Bragg; Wednesday, Oct. 30, Billy Bragg and the Tailgators; Friday, Nov. 1, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; and Saturday, Nov. 2, Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KAYE BALLARD** and **ARTHUR SIEGEL** participate in a salute to lyricist E. Y. (Yip) Harburg through Saturday, Oct. 26. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 29, Jonathan Schwartz will return. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

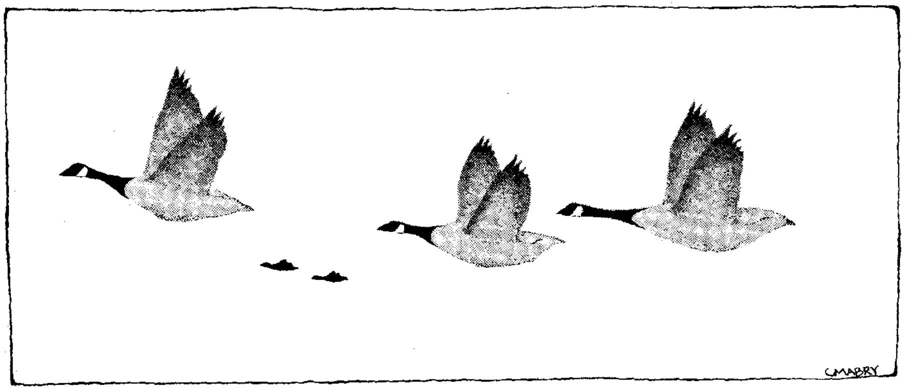
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The musicians: Wednesday, Oct. 23, Clive Stevens; Thursday, Oct. 24, percussionist **RAY MANTILLA;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his combo; Sunday, Oct. 27, Rick Mack; Monday, Oct. 28, **JUMP STREET;** and Tuesday, Oct. 29, Frank Canino's quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, the **BLASTERS;** Thursday, Oct. 31, the funked-out Red Hot Chili Peppers and Fishbone; and Friday, Nov. 1, the Hooters. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz, fusion, R. & B., and Latin-tinged music upstairs: Wednesday, Oct. 23, Southern Exposure; Thursday, Oct. 24, the Duda Band; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK,** bassist **JACO PASTORIUS,** and drummer **VICTOR LEWIS;** Sunday, Oct. 27, saxophonist **GARY BARTZ;** and *Tuesday, Oct. 29, Vladimir Horunzhy,* with **MARCUS MILLER** and **MICHAL URBANIAK.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggae bands, and all-percussion ensembles—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 23-24, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** Friday, Oct. 25, Tabou Combo; Saturday, Oct. 26, **MIKATA;** Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 28-29, **CHIEF COMMANDER EBENEZER OBEY,** a magical Nigerian electric juju guitarist; Wednesday, Oct. 30, the Lone Rangers & the Silver Bullets; Thursday, Oct. 31, and Saturday, Nov. 2, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** and Friday, Nov. 1, **AFRICAN CONNECTION.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—New Orleans' own **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** is here with its enlightened repertoire of Monk, Ellington, Brown (James), and Jackson (Michael) through Sunday, Oct. 27 On Tuesday, Oct. 29, **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** whose tenor solos are as fiery, intense, and urgent as they were years ago when he took them in front of a speeding big band. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights; when his experienced, smiling, and unjaded **BIG BAND** (trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF,** tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS,** and **HOWARD JOHNSON** on baritone sax and tuba among others), with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments, plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa on the bandstand and electricity in the air after nine on Mondays: on Oct. 28, **MONGO SANTAMARIA, RAY MANTILLA & SPACE STATION,** and altoist **RICHIE COLE,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be here. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trumpeter **JON FADDIS** heads up his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 27; on Tuesday, Oct. 29, pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** newly formed thirteen-piece band will descend the stairs. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. The **PAZANT BROTHERS** are performing here through Sunday, Oct. 27, and starting Wednesday, Oct. 30, the **JOE NEWMAN** quintet will occupy the stand. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** perform their own brand of chamber music, a lively mixture of jazz, classical, and rock, through Sunday, Oct. 27. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and super-delicate backup work are as astounding as ever. On Tuesday, Oct. 29, pianist **MIKE LONGO** will take charge. The Monday musicians are bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Knitters and **the Last Roundup**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 9.

Steel Pulse—With Yellowman. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Oct. 25, at 7:30.)

X—With the Del Fuegos. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Ronnie Gilbert—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.

Leroy Jenkins—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.

East Coast Asian/Asian-American Jazz Festival—Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: Haruko Nara, Sumi Tonooka, Kuni Mikami, the Bob Kenmotsu quartet, and Jason Hwang & Glass Shadows. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: The Jon Jang trio, the Kiyoto Fujiwara quintet, and Fred Houn & the Asian-American Art Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:30: Eiko Ono, Satoshi Inouye, Jason Hwang, the East of the Sun Orchestra, and others. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

Rubén Blades—With the Kip Hanrahan band and Jack Bruce. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Raphael—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 5.

I Giullari di Piazza—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.

Whitney Houston—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 28, at 7:30.

Sandi Patti, the Bill Gaither Trio, and **the New Gaither Vocal Band**—Radio City Music Hall. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8.

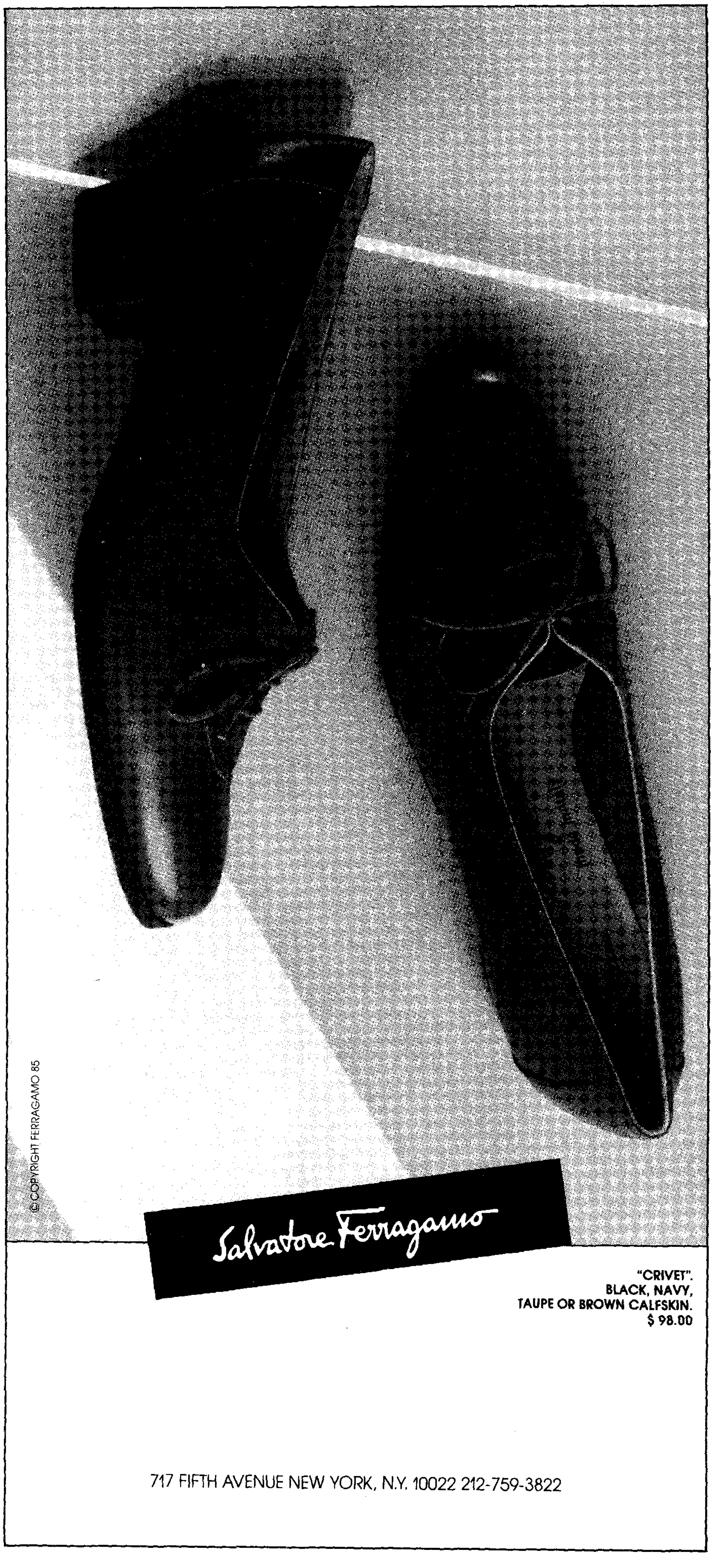
Eartha Kitt—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.

Manhattan Transfer—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 29-30, at 8.

Ken McIntyre—Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8.

John Waite and **Cheap Trick**—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7:30.

Richie Havens, Pete Seeger, Gil Scott-Heron, and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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Odetta—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

The Cure—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma—Recent landscape and figure paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Willard Boepple / Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Abstract steel and bronze sculptures, some with brown and green patinas. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. / Oil paintings recently recovered from East Germany and dating from the years when the artist worked in Germany. Through Nov. 20. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Dalton Brown—Realist paintings of Greek Revival porches and other features of Victorian-era homes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Twenty new canvases in color combinations of red, yellow, and blue or red, orange, and green. Through Nov. 16. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Stephen De Staebler—Human figures suggest themselves in these columnar ceramic sculptures, some of which are monumental in size. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Heide Fasnacht—Wall sculptures made of strips and crescents of unfinished wood pegged and laced together into irregular globelike shapes, some of them resembling seashells. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Fourteen paintings that, as a group, just about summarize his career. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Margaret Israel—Watercolors divided into several panels, plus four ceramic sculptures. Through Nov. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—Paintings by a Danish Cobra artist. Through Nov. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Large Expressionist paintings and a pastel series. Through Nov. 9. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Twenty bronzes the artist cast at his foundry in Ardea. Through Dec. 7. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Robert Natkin—This painter of bold abstractions has added a third dimension to some of his recent work by collaging one or more layers of irregular wood cutouts to the canvas. Through Nov. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—Beach scenes and still-lifes predominate in a show of oils, gouaches, and drawings by this influential West Coast artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Liubov Popova (1889-1924)—Works on paper and two oils by an artist who was a member of the Russian avant-garde in the twenties. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.)

Ken Price—Small fired-clay abstractions. Through Nov. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Joan Snyder—New paintings, some of them ornamented with collaged flowers or fruits, and some inscribed with hand-lettered manifestos expressing the artist's feelings about various things—life and love, for instance. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Raphael Soyer—At the age of eighty-six, this Social Realist still finds new facets of interest in figure painting, most often of a model either taking off her clothes or putting them on. Through Nov. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by twentieth-century Europeans, including Klee, Klimt, Tatlin, Botero, and Balthus. Through Dec. 31. . . . **mathes**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by artists who gathered at Mabel Dodge's salon in New York between 1913 and 1917—Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 2.

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GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Ben Berns—Landscapes of North Carolina. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Fred Brathwaite—Cartoonlike figures applied to canvas with spray paint and brushed-on paint. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roy De Forest—Paintings, drawings, and a construction. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Norris Embry (1921-81)—Expressionist works in mixed mediums, most on loan from museums and private collections. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings, eighty-three works in all. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Goldberg—Abstract drawings executed during a visit to Italy. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Humphrey—Fantasy paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jon Kessler—Large, illuminated kinetic wall pieces in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 9. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—Handmade paper-and-wood sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Elsie Manville—Orderly still-life paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

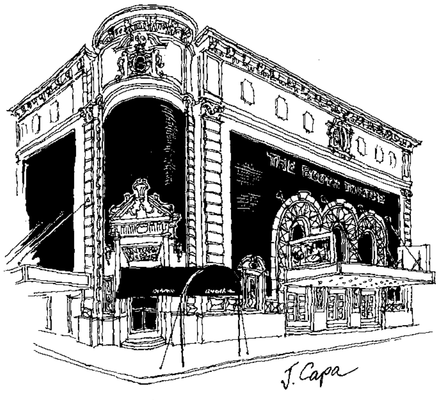
Doug Ohlson—Two shows. Works on paper from the past five years. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.) Both shows through Nov. 9.

Giulio Paolini—An installation created with slide projections, plus collages, by an artist associated with the Italian movement Arte Povera. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gregorio Prestopino (1907-84)—Sweeping impressions of figures in landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Hilla Rebay (1890-1967)—Nonobjective paintings and collages by the first director of the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Paintings combining oil, encaustic, canvas, wood, aluminum, plaster, and wire mesh. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)



Lucas Samaras—Expressionist paintings of art-world dealers and critics—at their most unflattering. Through Nov. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

David Shapiro—Works on paper. Through Nov. 9. (Getler-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Laura Shechter—Precisionist still-lifes and interiors. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jane Wilson / Harvey Gordon—Paintings of Long Island vistas. / Still-lifes and interiors painted on Plexiglas. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Zakanitch—New abstract paintings, mostly floral in inspiration, done on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Show—Drawings and watercolors by early-twentieth-century European Expressionists, such as Oskar Kokoschka, Egon Schiele, and George Grosz. Through Nov. 23. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

David Bates—Large paintings of the Louisiana and Texas backwoods. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Brach—Large oils of Western mesas at twilight. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Gandy Brodie (1925-75)—Paintings. Through Nov. 9. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Howard Buchwald—New abstract paintings Through Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

William N. Copley—Paintings from the pas thirty years. Through Saturday, Nov. 2 (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Gianni Dessì—Paintings. Through Nov. 9 (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Don Dudley—Large abstractions cut from wallboard. The works were designed for the spac where they are being shown. Throug Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Jacques Flèchemuller—Good-natured painting with figures and objects suggested by geometric shapes. Through Nov. 16. (Plumb, 8 Greene St.)

Kevin Franke / Gary Jacobson—Realist paintings of flowers appropriated from slipcover linoleum, tapestries, and other non-garde sources. / Wood constructions acrawl with armadillos, rhinoceroses, birds, lizards, and od human figures, partly drawn and partl sculpted. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (O. K Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Vincent Gallo—Traditional still-lifes painte on scratched-and-rusted sheets of meta Through Nov. 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Christopher Hewat—Painted- and inlaid-woo constructions, bright in color and deft in design, that are pleated, like screens, but mea to hang on the wall. Through Wednesda Oct. 30. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

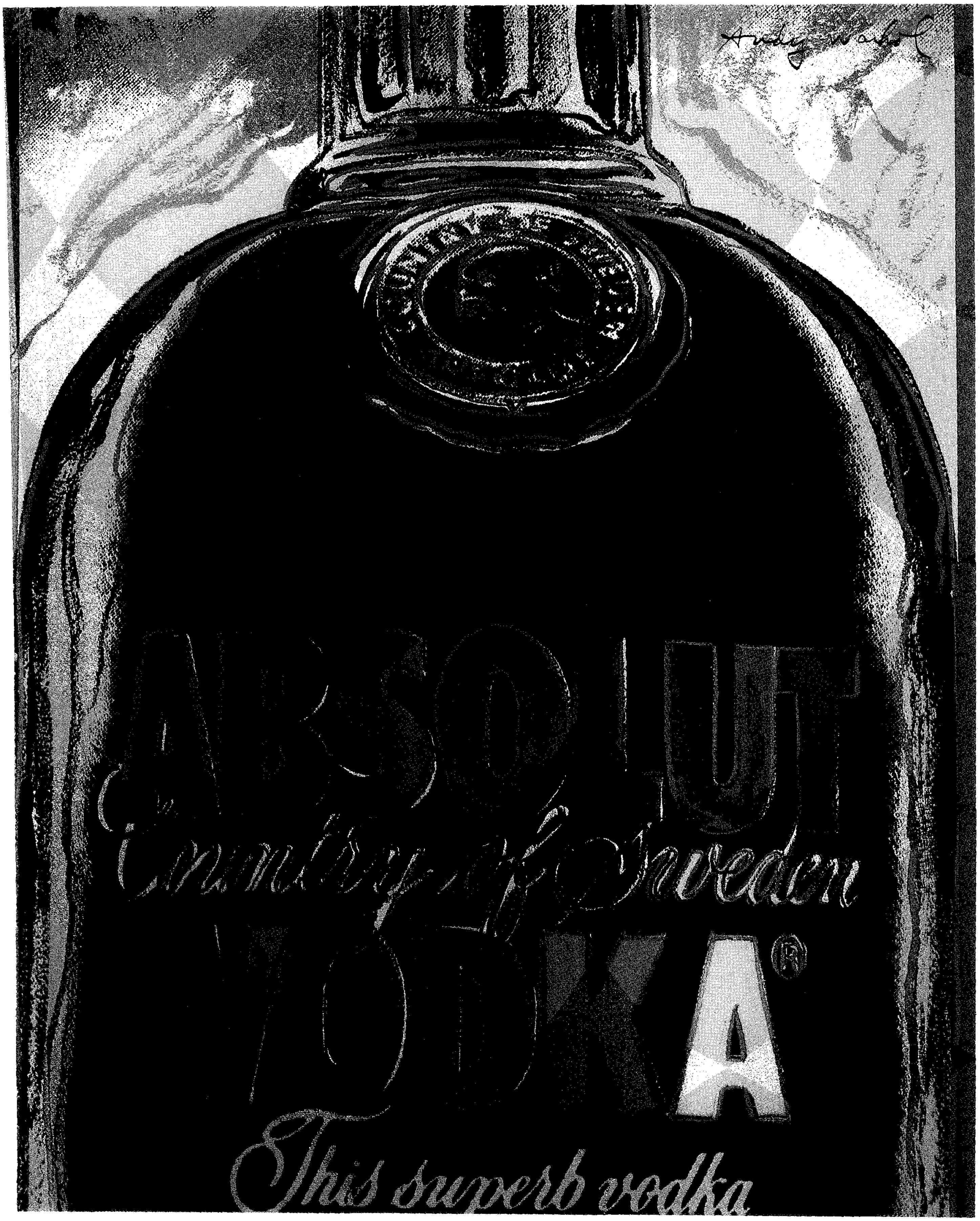
Herbert Katzman—Expressionist paintings an drawings in a retrospective that include works from as far back as 1949. Throug Nov. 3. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadwa Open Sundays.)

Susan Laufer—Simplified forms seen again heavily worked and built-up surfaces mixed mediums on wood. Through Nov. 1 (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Gerhard Merz—Large triptychs, mainly, wit enlarged photoscreens of Alpine scenery the middle, and solid-color panels on eith side. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Gladston 152 Wooster St.)

Mike Metz—Wordplay is the subject of aluminum sculptures cast from Styrofoam mold Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (55 Mercer Stre Gallery.)

Judy Rifka / Joseph Nechvatal—Nudes paint on shaped canvases whose surface bumps a more or less congruent with the topograp of the figures. / Six paintings in which den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line drawings have been silk-screened onto the canvas and colored with acrylics. Through Nov. 6. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—"Die" (steel), "The Elevens Are Up" and "The Wall" (both wood mockups), plus small bronzes by a Minimalist sculptor. Through Nov. 16. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Andrew Spence—Clean-cut abstractions of everyday subjects (office furniture, a wood pile, a street intersection), each of them reduced to the visual equivalent of symbols. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Imants Tillers—Uniformly sized paintings on canvas board mounted together in a grid pattern. Through Nov. 20. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Sculpture—At the **Ingber**, 415 West Broadway: Wit in sculpture is the basis for a show of pieces by Red Grooms, Rosemary Cove, George Sugarman, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **Szoke**, 164 Mercer St.: Photographs and other documents attesting to contemporary public sculptures by Aycock (Maryland), Norvell (Connecticut), Holt (Virginia), Robert Longo (Toronto), and others. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Opens Saturdays at noon.) . . . **Weber**, 142 Greene St.: Works by Biederman, Kendrick, and LeWitt, together with three large drawings by Aycock and installations by Buren and Haacke. Through Saturday, Oct. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Dan Asher / Michelle Zalopany—Colorful oil-stick abstractions of trees. / Large, powerful charcoal-and-pastel drawings of, say, Mexican ruins, a tree-lined city side street. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Good, a new gallery at 39 Great Jones St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Iridescent stainless-steel shapes approximating drapery folds. Through Nov. 9. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Max Coyer—Oil paintings with images borrowed from Jean Cocteau's drawings. Through Nov. 9. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

David Diao—Geometric abstract paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Dan Freeman—Paintings of dogs and frogs who are swimming, eating, etc., as though they were humans. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Antony Gormley—Drawings by a sculptor. Through Nov. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Duncan Hannah—Representational oils. Through Nov. 9. (Gallery Lafayette, 430 Lafayette St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Kevin Larmee—This artist, whose paintings can be seen on the sides of buildings all around town as well as on canvas, has recently become a father, and his main theme has changed abruptly from swimming pools and cocktail parties to parents playing with their child. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jody Pinto—Two shows and a performance. Paintings on paper. Through Nov. 16. (Bromm, in a second gallery at 170 Avenue A, at 11th St., the same address where Miss Pinto will also give a street performance—on stilts—on Saturday, Oct. 26, at five. The gallery opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ An outdoor sculpture. Through Dec. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Italo Scanga—Abstract paintings on paper, and a seven-foot-high sculpture of wood and rope. Through Nov. 3. (Mō David, 436 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Russell Sharon—Bright-colored landscapes of Minnesota. Through Nov. 3. (Adams, 504 E. 12th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Maura Sheehan—Paintings of Greek vases done on salvaged automobile windshields and lined up against a wall. The model for the paintings was a small Corinthian vessel. Through Nov. 16. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

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David Storey—Bright-colored abstract paintings, a couple of them sort of Cubist views of a clarinet. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Gorney, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Martin Wong—Paintings reflecting the grimmer side of life on the lower East Side—playgrounds encircled with barbed wire, jail cells, boxers. Through Nov. 3. (Semaphore East, 157 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rhonda Zwillinger—A baby-grand piano, a television set, and a telephone chair—all caked with glitzy beads, fake jewels, painted insets, and the like; plus deliberately saccharine canvases by an artist who embodies the *épater le bourgeois* tradition. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Arte Povera—Organized by Germano Celant, the critic who invented the term, this is the first full-scale show in this country given to an Italian art movement that is roughly analogous to Minimalism and Conceptualism. The works of twelve artists occupy every space of the not exactly confining P.S. 1. Through Dec. 15. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lewis Baltz—Silver-gelatin prints that are his largest to date—twenty inches by twenty-four. Through Nov. 9. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Robert Capa (1913-54) / **Henri Cartier-Bresson**—A retrospective that includes forty Spanish Civil War prints. / Sixty portraits spanning fifty years, Colette, Truman Capote, and Saul Steinberg among them. Through Nov. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

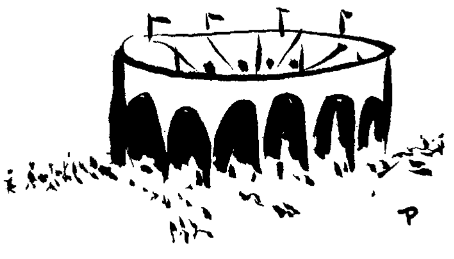
Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959) **and Bill Burke**—Photographs of the rural South taken during the nineteen-forties by the former and in 1979 by the latter. Through Nov. 9. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

William Klein / Ilse Bing—People at the beach seen very close up, backstage views of Paris fashion shows, and street scenes. Through Nov. 23. / Vintage fashion photographs from 1933 and 1934 which were commissioned by *Harper's Bazaar*. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ray K. Metzker—Prints from his student days and the years just after. Through Nov. 16. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nic Nicosia / Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Studio portraits of subjects more commonly seen in snapshots—fishermen, cowboys, a guy at the beach. / A series called "The New Irascibles," photographs based on the well-known 1951 portrayal of Abstract Expressionist painters. The cast this time is made up of lower East Side dealers and artists. Through Nov. 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Photographs and photogravures. Through Nov. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



Raghubir Singh / Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—Photographs of India (rural and urban) at its most seductively beautiful. / Ten vintage silver-gelatin prints. Through Nov. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—New work, probably her most melodramatic to date. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Starts Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A display of black-figure vases by the Amasis Painter, active in Athens in the sixth century B.C. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings and works on paper, primarily from the sixties and seventies, by abstractionist Alfred Jensen. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations by nine emerging American artists. Both shows through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set, never exhibited before, to an Apple IIc personal computer. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective includes paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A display of abstractions painted on cigar-box lids by Richard Diebenkorn in the late seventies. Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Architectural drawings and photographs of the archeological site of Vijayanagara, one of the best preserved Hindu ruins of ancient India. Through Jan. 26. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Rocks (lapis lazuli, soapstone, malachite) and paintings depicting rocks (on hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, fans) in a show under-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scoring the significance of the rock in Chinese culture. Starts Saturday, Oct. 26. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of modern Finnish glass. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Ezra Pound (born October 30, 1885) and his life's work are the topic of a show of first editions, autograph manuscripts, poems by authors he edited, and even carbon copies of two of the radio broadcasts he made in Italy. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of seventy-six *kawari kabuto,* Japanese helmets worn by warlords between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth and distinguished not so much by their protective capacity as by their daring, highly individualistic designs: a crouching rabbit, a boy's topknot, a morning glory, and so forth. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century: Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, Sonia Delaunay, and others. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors from the Thaw collection, representing such artists as Rembrandt, Mantegna, van Gogh, Degas, and Klee. Also from that collection, a small selection of bronzes, silversmith works, and oil paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit of sixty paintings by American naïve artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among them Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and Edward Hicks. From the collection given to the National Gallery of Art by Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. Through Dec. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A retrospective of Conceptualist Allen Ruppersberg's works, including his 1974 piece with the complete text of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray" written across twenty six-foot panels. Through Nov. 10. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Ten Centuries of Spanish Books," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, first editions and manuscripts, maps, and prints, including an eleventh-century Book of Hours belonging to King Ferdinand I, a first edition of "Don Quixote," and poems in the hand of García Lorca. On loan from Spanish libraries. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Nigel Rolfe (performance), Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; Poyesis Genetica (performance), Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Yves Musard (dance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 1-3, at 9.

MUSIC

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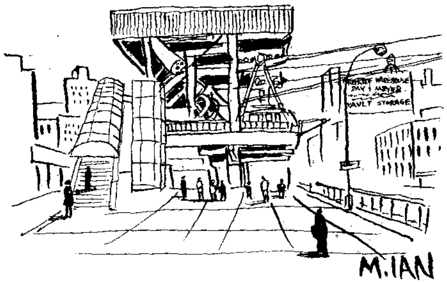
(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Helga Dernesch, Wieslaw Ochman, and Martti Talvela; conducted by Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gail Robinson, Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, and Artur Korn; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Brenda Boozer, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 1:30: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Helga Dernesch, Wieslaw Ochman, and Martti Talvela; Neemi Järvi. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Dawn Upshaw, Stefka Mineva, William Lewis, and Sergei Koptchak; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Brenda Boozer, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Douglas Ahlstedt; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Dawn Upshaw, Stefka Mineva, William Lewis, and Sergei Koptchak; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "I Puritani," with Jenny Drivala, John Aler, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, John Stewart, and Adib Fazah; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Edith Davis, Jon Fredric West, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 1: "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, John Absalom, and Jeffrey Wells; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, Frederick Burchinal, and Jeffrey Wells; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Jane Shaulis, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: The New York première of Dominick Argento's "Casanova" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Susanne Marsee, Joyce Castle, Timothy Nolen, and David Hamilton; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, Frederick Burchinal, and Jeffrey Wells; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Edith Davis, Jon Fredric West, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)



Bel Canto Opera—Victoria Bond conducting performances of Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour," staged by Frank Corsaro. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. 279-4200. Saturdays, Oct. 26 and Nov. 2, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Riccardo Chailly conducting—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 7:30: A Bussotti-Beethoven-Prokofieff program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, and Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8: A Strauss-Mendelssohn-Beethoven program, with Yuzuko Horigome, violin.

Academy of Ancient Music—Christopher Hogwood conducting and playing the harpsichord. With David Thomas, bass, and Liza Beznosluk, baroque flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the first in a series of five concerts, this one with Alan King as narrator for Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals," and Pamela Paul and Craig Ritchey, duo-piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—John Mauceri directing, with the Collegiate Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Richard Bradshaw directing a concert version of Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco," with Margaret Price, soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:30.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with Maureen McGovern, soprano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir and Orchestra—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine; Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concert.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing—A Bach-Handel program, performed by the chamber orchestra. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Oct 26, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.) . . . ¶ A performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Judith Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey and Charles Bressler tenors; and John Cheek and William Parker basses. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct 30, at 7:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers and Baroque Orchestra—Harry Saltzman directing the New York première of Handel's oratorio "The Choice of Hercules" and a Bach cantata on the same theme. With Julianne Baird, soprano Marianna Busching, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Yale Bach Society Chorus and Orchestra—David Stern directing a Mozart-Brahms Beethoven program. (Church of Our Savior Park Ave. at 38th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8 Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing with Gregory Carder, tenor; Glendower Jones

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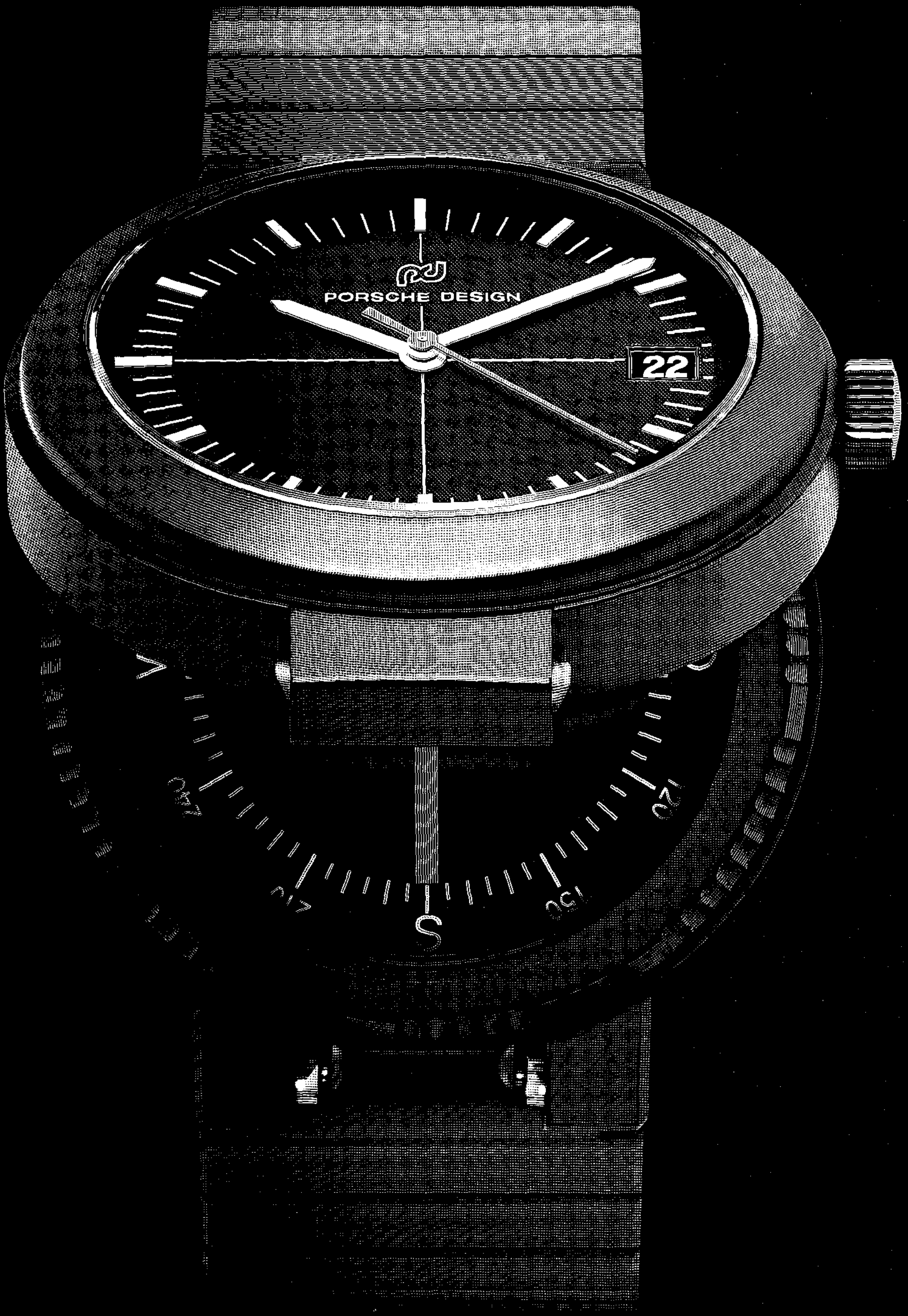

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merican PD Company Inc., 2049 Century Park East, Los Angeles, CA 90067 Tel. 213/553-1300; 120 East 56th Street, New York, NY 10022; Tel. 212/838-3886 baritone; John Mack Ousley, bass; Judith Hancock, organ; and the St. Luke's Performing Arts Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program of French music, which will include the première of a Ravel choral work. With Udo Reinemann, baritone; Walter Hilse, piano and organ; and the Queens College Orchestra. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 567-8648.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the first in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of Bach-Scarlatti concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Charles Castleman—Violin, with Barbara Lister-Sink, piano, and Arthur Haas, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, in a benefit concert of music by Scarlatti. With John Ostendorf, bass-baritone, and the Bach Family Strings. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"Scarlatti Saturday"—Among the participants in a free eight-hour concert of music by Scarlatti, honoring the tricentennial of the composer's birth, will be harpsichordists Edward Brewer, Kenneth Cooper, and Colin Tilney; pianists Artur Balsam, Gilbert Kalish, and Ilana Vered; and soprano Julianne Baird. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

MacDowell Colony Composers—A benefit concert of works by Jane Brockman, David Hollister, William Mayer, and others. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3. For information about tickets, call 841-9633.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program of sixteenth-century love songs, with the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—The second in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Folger Consort, with Ann Monoyios soprano, and Tina Chancey, viola da gamba. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The first in a series of three programs of contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Peter Kenote, David Ying, and Luydmila Sandovskaya—Viola, cello, and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

On Original Instruments—The first of three concerts, this one performed by the Salomon String Quartet, from London. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Robert Taub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

David Krakauer—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Joseph Villa—Piano. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Mozart–Mendelssohn–Ernö Dohnányi program, performed by Lydia Artymiw, piano; Walter Trampler, viola; and the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 29-30, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—The first of two concerts of chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Stephen Hough—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Martin Best—Voice/lute/guitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Guido's Other Hand—A program called "A Renaissance Halloween." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Archduke Trio—Chamber music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Vienna Chamber Ensemble—An all-Schubert program, with James Levine, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Osian Ellis, harp; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 5.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Gayle Schmidt—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the third annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. At the **CAREY PLAYHOUSE**—Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-26, at 8 (previews); Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2 and 7 (opening performances); Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 29-Nov. 2, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2 and 7: The American première of **THE GOLDEN WINDOWS**, a play by Robert Wilson. . . . **LEPERCQ SPACE**—Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-26, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2: The **MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY** performing "Inside Outside" and "Pedal Steal.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2: **MECHTHILD GROSSMANN** in the American première of her full-length solo theatre work "Wo Meine Sonne Scheint," performed in English. . . . **OPERA HOUSE**—Friday, Oct. 25, at 7, and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: **CAROLYN CARLSON** in the American première of her full-length solo work, "Blue Lady.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2: The **LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS** performing two premières—"Impact" and "Transformer"—and "Sky Light" (New York première). (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Italy on Stage—A series of programs of Italian music and theatre—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 8: The Teatro Stabile di Catania presenting an operatic comedy, "Pipino il Breve." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8: Uto Ughi, violin, and Samuel Sanders, piano. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 28-29, at 8: Peppe and Concetta Barra performing a variety program, with chamber-music accompaniment. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 30-31, at 8: The Venetian Theatre Group presenting "Il Campiello," an eighteenth-century comedy by Carlo Goldoni. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, Lincoln Center. For information about tickets, call 688-6070.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 1. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Boston, Friday, Oct. 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Nov. 1, at 7:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 1.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Friday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, Oct. 27. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 2, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Thursday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 2. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 29–Nov. 3. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 26; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Friday, Nov. 1; and the Breeders' Cup series, Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Gardenia, Thursday, Oct. 24.

Running—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 27, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end near the Tavern on the Green, at West 66th St., at approximately 12:30.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Grace Paley and Tillie Olsen reading from their own prose. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ Laurie Colwin, Peter Cameron, Daphne Merkin, and Ted Mooney reading from their own short stories. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8. For tickets, call 475-5707.)

Fall Antiques Show—The annual Americana show will feature an exhibition of thirty cast-iron windmill weights in a garden setting. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 24-26, noon to 10; Sunday, Oct. 27, noon to 6.)

Walking Tours—"Upper Fifth Avenue: The Townhouse and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 27, starting at the east side of Fifth Ave. and 89th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 26, at 10:15: Folk art, from the collection of Peter Tillou. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: American furniture and folk art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 2: Engravings of American voyages and explorations. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 25.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 31: "Paris, Texas" (directed by Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
From Nov. 1: "Die Nacht" (Hans Jurgen Syberberg, in German), with Edith Clever. The six-hour film will be shown Friday at 6 and Saturday at 5. Mr. Syberberg and Miss Clever will be present.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"After Hours" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Plenty" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 2: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: "Marie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 24: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"After Hours" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Doctor and the Devils" (Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 24: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers. From Oct. 25: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 2: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 31: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata. From Nov. 1: "Eleni" (Peter Yates), with Kate Nelligan, John Malkovich, and Linda Hunt.
Theatre 2: "Plenty" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 24: "Back to the Future" (†). From Oct. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Sweet Dreams" (†). From Oct. 25: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Twice in a Lifetime" (Bud Yorkin), with Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret, and Ellen Burstyn.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 24: "Cease Fire" (David Nutter), with Don Johnson. From Oct. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Marie" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 24: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 24: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers. From Oct. 25: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "7 Up" (1963; directed by Paul Almond and Michael Apted) and "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), both documentaries. From Oct. 30: "Living at Risk" (Alfred Guzzetti, Susan Meiselas, and Richard Rogers; in Spanish and English) and "Witness to War" (Deborah Shaffer), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "A Sense of Freedom" (John Mackenzie). From Oct. 25: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers. From Oct. 25: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 4: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge."
Theatre 3: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia" (†). No performances on Wednesday, Oct. 23.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Plenty" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 24: "Dreamchild" (†). From Oct. 25: "Sheer Madness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Angela Winkler.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (Claude Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary. Part One will be shown Wednesdays through Saturdays and Part Two will be shown Sundays through Tuesdays.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Sheer Madness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Angela Winkler. From Oct. 25: "Shoah."

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Theatre 2: "Acqua e Sapone" (Carlo Verdone; in Italian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Marie" (†).

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 2: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 4: "Plenty" (†).
Theatre 5: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 6: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Oct. 31: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
From Nov. 1: "Out of Order."

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey. From Oct. 25: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 31: "Sweet Dreams" (†). From Nov. 1: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 31: "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon). From Nov. 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (directed by Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 4: "Commando."
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 24: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman. From Oct. 25: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 24: "Cocoon" (†). From Oct. 25: "Evils of the Night."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Year of the Dragon" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 24: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore). From Oct. 25: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 24: "Cease Fire" (David Nutter), with Don Johnson.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"After Hours" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Silverado" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 24: "Sweet Dreams" (†). From Oct. 25: "School Spirit."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Plenty" (†). From Oct. 25: "South Bronx Hero."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 24: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris. From Oct. 25: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers. From Oct. 25: "Krush Groove."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 24: "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon). From Oct. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges. From Oct. 25: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 23: "Onibaba" (1963) and "Kuroneko" (1968), both films in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo, with Nobuko Otowa.
Oct. 24: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959; Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian); and "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957; Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian).
Oct. 25-26: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "No Regrets for Our Youth" (1946; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
From Oct. 27: "Onimasa" (1985; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 24: "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1983; Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.
Oct. 25-26: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.
Oct. 27: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (†).
Oct. 28-29: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Oct. 30-31: "The Boys in the Band" (†) and "Something for Everyone" (†).
Nov. 1-2: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Morons from Outer Space" (1985; Mike Hodges).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 23: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
Oct. 24-26: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.
Oct. 27-28: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (†) and "Tarzan and His Mate" (†).
Oct. 29-30: "Footlight Parade" (†) and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (†).
Oct. 31-Nov. 2: "Grand Hotel" (†) and "Rasputin and the Empress" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 23: "Cutter's Way" (1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Lisa Eichhorn; and "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974; Michael Cimino), with Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis.
Oct. 24: "George Kuchar: Comedy of the Underground" (1985), a documentary; and a program of Kuchar short films.
Oct. 25-26: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
Oct. 27: "The Godfather" (†) and "The Godfather, Part II" (†).
Oct. 28: "Fury" (1936 †); and "House by the River" (1950; Fritz Lang), with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.
Oct. 29: "The Rainbow Serpent" (1983; Philippe Vallois); and "We Were One Man" (1980; Philippe Vallois).
Oct. 30: "Goyokin" (1969; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese).
Oct. 31: "Horror Hotel" (1963), with Dennis Lotis, Christopher Lee, and Betta St. John; and "Carnival of Souls" (1962; Herk Harvey).
Nov. 1-2: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983) and "The Rest of Hollywood Out-Takes" (1984).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 23: "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.
Oct. 24: "The Black Orchid" (1959; Martin Ritt), with Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, and Ina Balin; and "Desire Under the Elms" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins, and Burl Ives.
Oct. 25-26: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.
Oct. 27: "Muriel" (†); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Oct. 28: "A Day in the Country" (†); and "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet.
Oct. 29: "Up the River" (†) and "Judge Priest" (†).
Oct. 30: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953;

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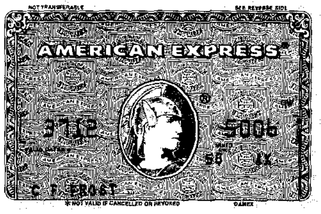

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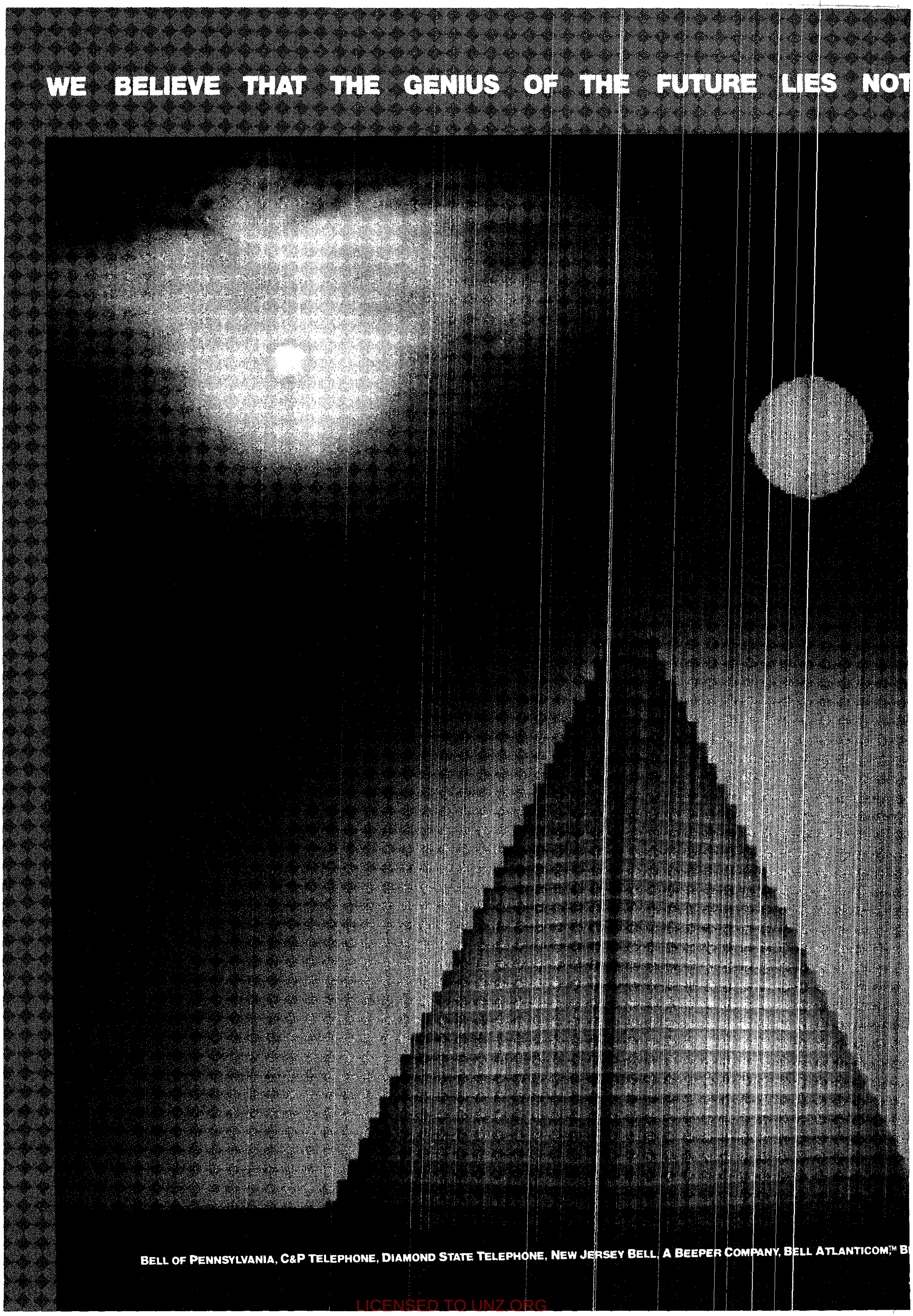
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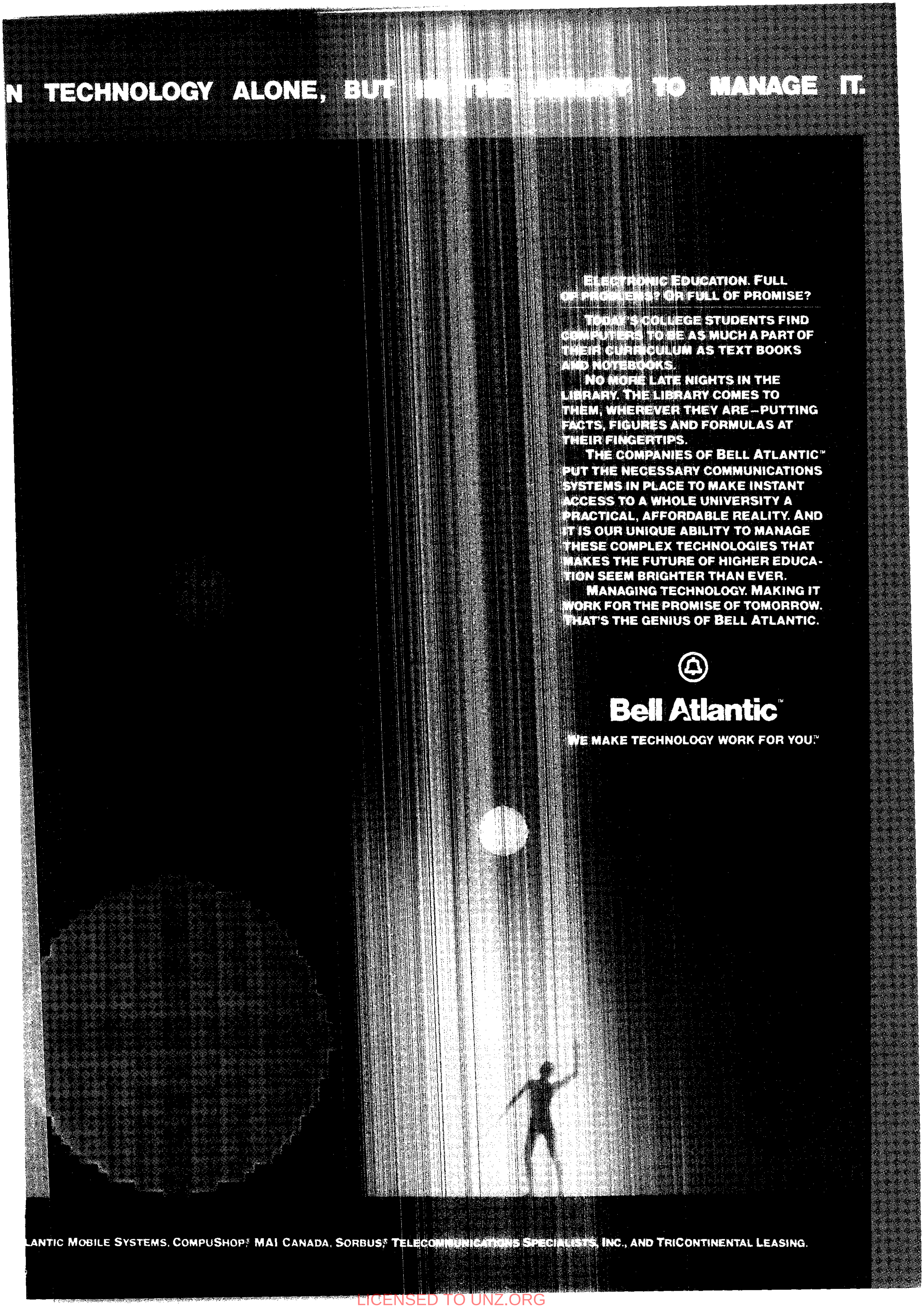

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Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.

Oct. 31: "Island of Doomed Men" (1940; Charles Barton), with Peter Lorre, Robert Wilcox, and Rochelle Hudson; and "The Face Behind the Mask" (1941; Robert Florey), with Peter Lorre, Evelyn Keyes, and Don Beddoe.

Nov. 1-2: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.) **THEATRE 1:** Oct. 25 at 2: "Fire" (1948; directed by Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6 and Oct. 26 at 1: "The Vagabond" (1951; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 5: "Fire." . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 1: "Mr. 420" (1955; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 5 and Oct. 28 at 2:30: "Boot Polish" (1954; Prakash Arora; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 6: "Mr. 420." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 1: "Monsoon" (1949; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 5: "Love Sublime" (1978; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). **THEATRE 2:** Oct. 24 at 3 and 6:30: "The Stone Carvers" (1984; Marjorie Hunt and Paul Wagner), "Garden of Eden" (1984; Lawrence R. Hott and Roger M. Sherman), and "Recollections of Pavlovsk" (1984; Irina Kalinina), all documentaries. . . . ¶ Oct. 26-27 at 12:30 and 2:30: A program of cartoons directed by Bob Clampett. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 3 and 6:30: "Tosca's Kiss" (1984; Daniel Schmid; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 3 and 6:30: Two different programs of International animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 12:30: A program of cartoons by Robert McKimson. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of International animated films.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"The Allure of the Concentric" (1985), a multichannel video installation by Rita Myers. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)—"The Phantom of the Opera" (1926; Rupert Julian), a silent film, with Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin. (Oct. 28 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (New Gramercy, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Movieland.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Quad Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Oct. 24.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party, but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. With Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill. (Cinema Village; Oct. 30-31.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 24.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Frank Perry, from the novel by Susan Isaacs, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Raul Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett), and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Paris.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that accomplishes a transformation from light nostalgic comedy to despair. In the late eighteen-hundreds a merchant (Gabriello) takes his family for an outing on the banks of the Marne; there, his wife (Jeanne Marken) and his innocent young daughter (Sylvia Bataille) are seduced—the one delightedly; the other tremblingly, like a captured bird. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 28.)

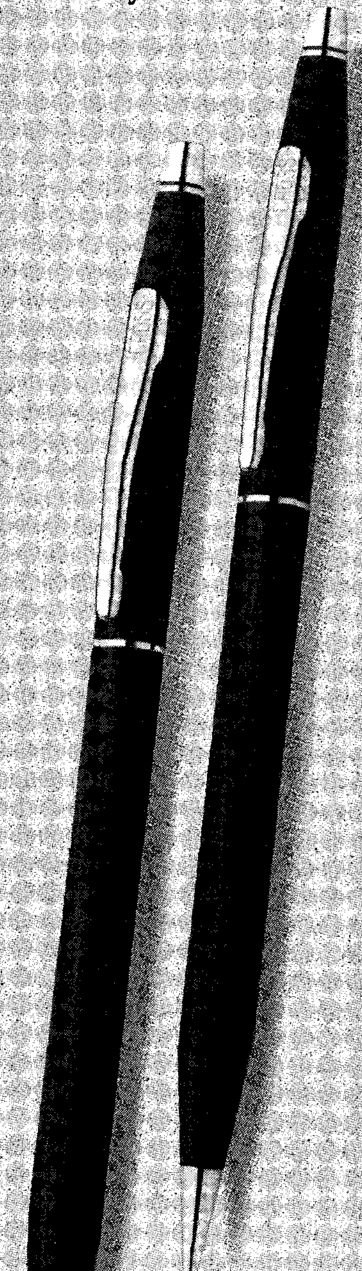
Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration at Columbia University. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm), Lecturer in Mathematics at Christ College, Oxford, where her father was the Dean, had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now, at the commemoration, and with her own death close at hand, that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, and its structure and techniques suggest a literate TV show rather than a movie. But it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. The elderly Alice's Potteresque adventures in the Art Deco New York wonderland wobble in tone, but the picture is magically smooth, and it's full of felicities. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful—sneaky-dirty in its recessiveness, funny and painful at the same moments. With Amelia Shankley as the forthright little Alice at ten, Jane Asher as her mother, Peter Gallagher and Nicola Cowper as young lovers, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. Billy Williams' cinematography has a glowing dreaminess; his lighting helps us over the transitions between 1932 and 1862, and into the glimpses of the world inhabited by these eerie creatures. (10/21/85) (Lincoln Plaza; through Oct. 24.)

The Emerald Forest—John Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time, and he doesn't seem able to get any kind of seductive flow going. With Rui Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. (8/12/85) (Embassy.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" and of hyped-up excerpts: volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld. No performances on Wednesday, Oct. 23.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—It has some silly, yet irresistibly wonderful examples of Busby Berkeley's pinwheel choreography. Based, possibly, on Berkeley himself, it's about a young director, played by James Cagney, who whips up ideas for the musical "prologues" which first-run movie palaces used to put on and stages them. Cagney gives the picture some snap; he dances (in his amazing early-vaudeville style) and rushes around and shows off his Olivier-like eyes; Joan Blondell is tough and honest; Dick Powell sings; and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Also with Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. (Regency; Oct. 29-30.)

Fury (1936)—Fritz Lang's first American movie, a melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man. Spencer



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Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, Frank Albertson, and Walter Abel. (Thalia; Oct. 28.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed. Marlon Brando is Don Vito Corleone; Al Pacino, John Cazale, James Caan, and Talia Shire play his children. The period is 1945 to the mid-fifties. The cast includes Robert Duvall, Richard Castellano, Diane Keaton, John Marley, Lenny Montana, Richard Conte, Sterling Hayden, and Abe Vigoda. (Thalia; Oct. 27.)

The Godfather, Part II (1974)—The daring of "Part II" is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, "Part II" is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed, like "The Godfather," by Francis Ford Coppola. The cast includes Robert Duvall, John Cazale, Lee Strasberg, Talia Shire, Troy Donahue, Diane Keaton, G. D. Spradlin, Morgana King, Harry Dean Stanton, Danny Aiello, and Abe Vigoda; with a brief appearance by James Caan. (Thalia; Oct. 27.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured backstage musical, and a Depression period piece as well. It sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers wears a costume made of big coins and sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and sixty electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" while waltzing and playing violins, merge to form one great big neon fiddle. Mervyn LeRoy directed, and the plot is something about Dick Powell as a blue-blood songwriter trying to raise money for a show he has written. The cast is a *Who's Who* of Warners types: the prim, awesomely untalented Ruby Keeler, and Joan Blondell, Warren William, Aline MacMahon, Ned Sparks, Guy Kibbee, Sterling Holloway, and Ferdinand Gottschalk. (Regency; Oct. 29-30.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—From her first line, "I have never been so tired in my life," Greta Garbo sets the movie in vibration with her extraordinary sensual presence. She plays a *première danseuse* whose career is fading—a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman (John Barrymore). There is every reason to reject "Grand Hotel" as an elaborate chunk of artifice; most of the actors give impossibly bad performances—they chew up the camera. But if you want to see what screen glamour used to be, and what, originally, "stars" were, this is perhaps the best example of all time. With Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. Striding through it all is a living legend of the screen: Garbo, in her chinchilla polo coat, with her drawn face and wrinkled forehead and her anguished "I want to be alone." Directed by Edmund Goulding. (Regency; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

How to Marry a Millionaire (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials. (Cinema Village; Oct. 27.)

Judge Priest (1934)—Some Irvin S. Cobb stories brought to the screen by John Ford. Viewed now, this piece of Americana about a trial in a Kentucky town in 1890 is also a slice of old Hollywood: the cast includes Will Rogers, Anita Louise, Rochelle Hudson, Hattie McDaniel, and that much maligned comedian, Stepin Fetchit. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Marie—Sissy Spacek stars in what is advertised as the true story of Marie Ragghianti, who, in 1976, became the first woman to head Tennessee's Board of Pardons and Paroles, and discovered that she was expected to rubber-stamp the deals of the state officials who were selling pardons. Directed by Roger Donaldson, the movie tells Marie's story clearly and briskly in political-thriller style, ending in courtroom drama after she sues the governor for firing her. Yet the picture is weightless, and the story it tells doesn't add up right. The script, by John Briley, gives us too much about Marie's early hardships, but skitters over such matters as what she thought she was getting into when she took the job. The Marie it presents is unbelievably naïve and good. And fine, magnetic actress though she is, Spacek doesn't appear to have any way of communicating experience, maturity, womanhood. (It isn't her tininess that limits her; it's the girlish, small-voiced acting style that she developed because of it.) With Jeff Daniels, who, as the governor's legal counsel and toady, suggests the scary side of Southern chivalry—he's Marie's protector, but only for as long as she does just what he tells her to; and Fred Thompson, the lawyer who represented Marie Ragghianti in court, playing himself. Also with Keith Szarabajka as Kevin, and Morgan Freeman and John Cullum. Cinematography by Chris Menges; based on "Marie: A True Story," by Peter Maas. (10/21/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27.)

Plenty—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. Her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Oct. 24.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture, from a Richard Condon novel, has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (U. A. East; through Oct. 24.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. Lionel, decked out in a beard to play Rasputin, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John, as Prince Chegodieff, finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavsky directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Regency; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan, uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; Oct. 30-31.)

Sweet Dreams—As the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline, Jessica Lange has a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic: she wants pleasure out of life, and she's happiest and rowdiest and most fully alive when she's singing, and when she's rolling in the hay. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963, and Lange's body lives up to the sound. The weakness of this kind of bio-pic is that once it's on the rails you can see where it's heading, and the basic story seems banal; the film doesn't transcend this limitation, but, scene by scene, the script, by Robert Getchell, has a funny, edgy spontaneity, a tang. And the director, Karel Reisz, doesn't step back from Patsy; she's taken on her own terms. As Patsy's husband, Ed Harris comes on at first bristling with sexual confidence, and he and Lange are great at mean lowdown banter that nips at you and makes you laugh. But the essence of Harris's acting style is the intensity he brings to quietness, and he brings the role a tragic, pitiable sweetness. The soft-faced Ann Wedgeworth, a marvellous comedienne, plays Patsy's mother, who's disturbed and titillated—in about equal parts—by Patsy's swinging hips and uncouth language. The cinematography is very ordinary, and most of the staging is uninspired. But Lange has real authority, and the performance holds you emotionally. People cry at this movie though it isn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. (10/21/85) (Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Gemini, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 25.)

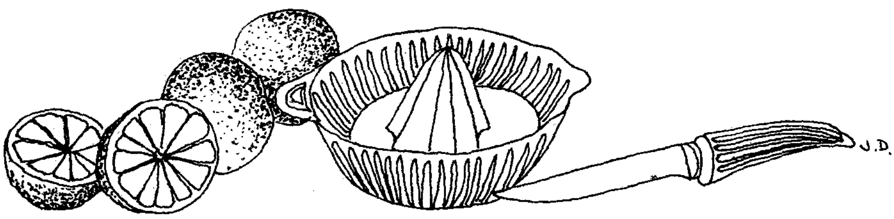
Tarzan, the Ape Man (1932)—Johnny Weissmuller of the body beautiful—making his movie bow in a loincloth—and pretty, likably coy Maureen O'Sullivan. There is something irresistibly funny about the predicament of a ladylike young lady abducted by a man who has lived like an ape, and who pokes and pummels her with the gestures of an ape. The picture, which is (and always was) great, parodistic fun, doesn't attempt to be realistic about jungle life; it's an entertaining romantic adventure—lighthearted and agreeable. W. S. Van Dyke directed, from Edgar Rice Burroughs' durable kitsch. (Regency; Oct. 27-28.)

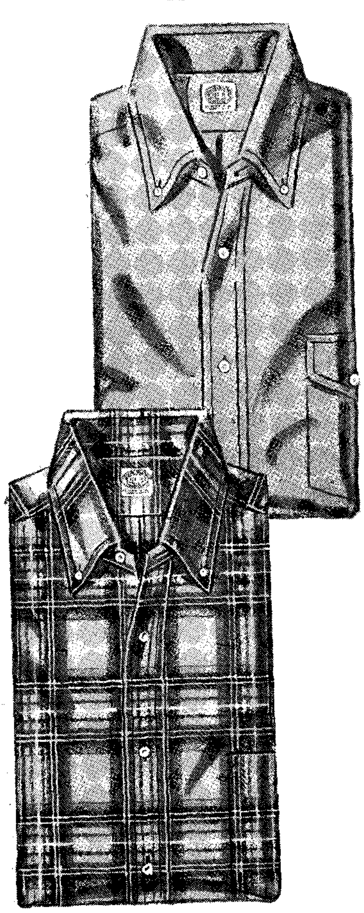
Tarzan and His Mate (1934)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the carefully prepared follow-up to "Tarzan, the Ape Man." It's cheerful and outrageously preposterous. Tarzan's mate has adapted herself to her husband's mode of living with true Victorian propriety; snug in her tree houses, she has a devoted gorilla for her personal maid. Everything is idyllic, though some old Mayfair friends of hers turn up and make trouble for a while. With Neil Hamilton, Paul Cavanagh, and Forrester Harvey. Directed by Cedric Gibbons and Jack Conway. (Regency; Oct. 27-28.)

Up the River (1930)—The setting is Sing Sing, and damned if the inmates don't file into their cells at night and break into melodious lullabies, their trained voices ringing in the stone corridors. In this coeducational prison, gracious women prisoners engage in badinage—and occasional dalliance—with the men. In the finale, Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer, who have broken out in order to help their buddy, Humphrey Bogart, who had got caught in a jam after he'd been released, go back in, so they can play in a big baseball game. Bogart here is not much more than a shiny-faced, gum-chewing, smiling juvenile with a long, skinny jaw, but Tracy, making his film début, is assured and lively as a cocky, tough mug—he keeps his scenes going by a lot of byplay with the other actors. Directed by John Ford. With Claire Luce, William Collier, Sr., and Ward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

The Year of Living Dangerously (1983)—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt, as the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman, brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. The emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. But movie squalor has its own glamour, and scene by scene this film is fascinating; despite a certain amount of mystical-East blather, it's alive on the screen. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's 1978 novel. (Cinema Village; Nov. 1-2.)

Year of the Dragon—Stan White (Mickey Rourke), a New York police captain, is assigned to put a damper on the murderous youth gangs who are disrupting life in Chinatown. But Stan—a synthesis of Rambo and Dirty Harry—can't live with compromise; he starts to create chaos in the community so that (in some unexplained way) he can tear out the roots of crime. The movie is a form of hysterical, rabble-rousing pulp, yet it isn't involving; it doesn't have the propulsion of good pulp storytelling. The only performance that has any intensity is the quiet one given by John Lone as the sneaky, new young Chinese Godfather—he's so fine-drawn and elegant he just about turns the movie upside down. With Ariane, Ray Barry, Caroline Kava, Dennis Dun, and Leonard Termo. Directed by Michael Cimino. (9/9/85) (Embassy 1.)





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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NO century has been more prolific than ours in inventing new forms of official misinformation and lies, and it is surely one of the duties of good citizenship to keep track of these innovations. Just recently, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Prime Minister of Poland, visiting this country to attend the fortieth anniversary of the United Nations, and using the occasion to give many interviews to the American press, made a contribution in this field which certainly seems worth noting. On being asked by John Darnton, of the *Times*, about the fortunes of the outlawed trade-union federation Solidarity, he began by answering that any assumption that Solidarity was "a real and organized force" today was some sort of "misunderstanding." That claim, of course, represented nothing new in the annals of deception—dictatorships routinely denigrate the importance of their opposition. But Jaruzelski went on to make other claims. He said, "We aren't just eliminating Solidarity as a notion, as a certain idea that was born of a workers' protest. We have approved of all those ideas; we have adopted them." One falls to wondering which of his government's actions had been inspired by Solidarity's ideas. Had it been Solidarity's plan to have its own leadership sent to jail? Was it the union's idea to shoot workers? Did the union's supporters agitate for an oath of loyalty to the government which people would have to sign if they wanted to keep their jobs or get out of jail? Whatever the particulars, Jaruzelski was making the startling claim that his government *is* Solidarity; it was in doing this that he established himself as a pathbreaker in governmental mendacity. We are all only too familiar with the phenomenon of officially arranged oblivion for people and whole historical movements. But to this oblivion Jaruzelski has now added the insult of *surrogation*. It is not enough for him to dispossess his foe; he must go and live in the foe's house. He must adopt the foe's name, live with his family, put on his clothes, and represent him in public as doing this and that. Hence, instead of the real Solidarity, which he pushes underground, there now appears this fake double—vigorous, loquacious, busy, but wholly inauthentic. The policy, we know from reports out of Poland, extends to the minutiae of government activities. In fact, when martial law was declared the government seized not only Solidarity's ideas (according to Jaruzelski) but also, on a more prosaic level, its offices, its printing presses, and its money, and turned them all over to the state-sponsored "unions." Later, the government began to appropriate for its purposes even the many monuments that Solidarity had erected to commemorate the victims of government repression. The government forbade Solidarity to assemble in front of its own monuments to observe the anniversaries of the acts of repression, and instead held state ceremonies there—placing wreaths, and so on. The government, while committing new acts of repression every day, busied itself commemorating its earlier repressive acts. It carried the policy of coöptation to the point of staging protests against itself.

Just how things came to this pass can't be understood without reference to the events of the immediate past in Poland. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that in no country at any time has the will of a people been made more abundantly clear than the will of the Polish people was in the early days of Solidarity. The breadth of Solidarity's support (ten million people were members, and innumerable others were tacit supporters), the range and vigor of its activity, and the depth of its commitment, all of which were demonstrated by millions of individual acts of bravery and sacrifice, were arguably even more telling expressions of public will than a full-fledged election would be. One might say that the Polish events gave a new and deeper meaning to the very concept of the public will. And when Jaruzelski turned his tanks against Solidarity he was publicly confessing his government's contempt for the public will, its reliance on pure force for its survival. In the aftermath of martial law, therefore, the dilemma he faces is how, in a country that has resoundingly chosen different leadership, he can even pretend to legitimacy

for his own. His recent statements seem to represent an attempt at a solution to this problem. Since everyone knows that legitimacy actually resides in Solidarity, and in Solidarity alone, he wants to borrow its mantle for himself. Mimicking its structures, mouthing its ideals, laying wreaths before its monuments, he seeks support among his people and in the world at large by making believe he represents and embodies a great social movement that in fact he is working with the whole power of his government to crush.

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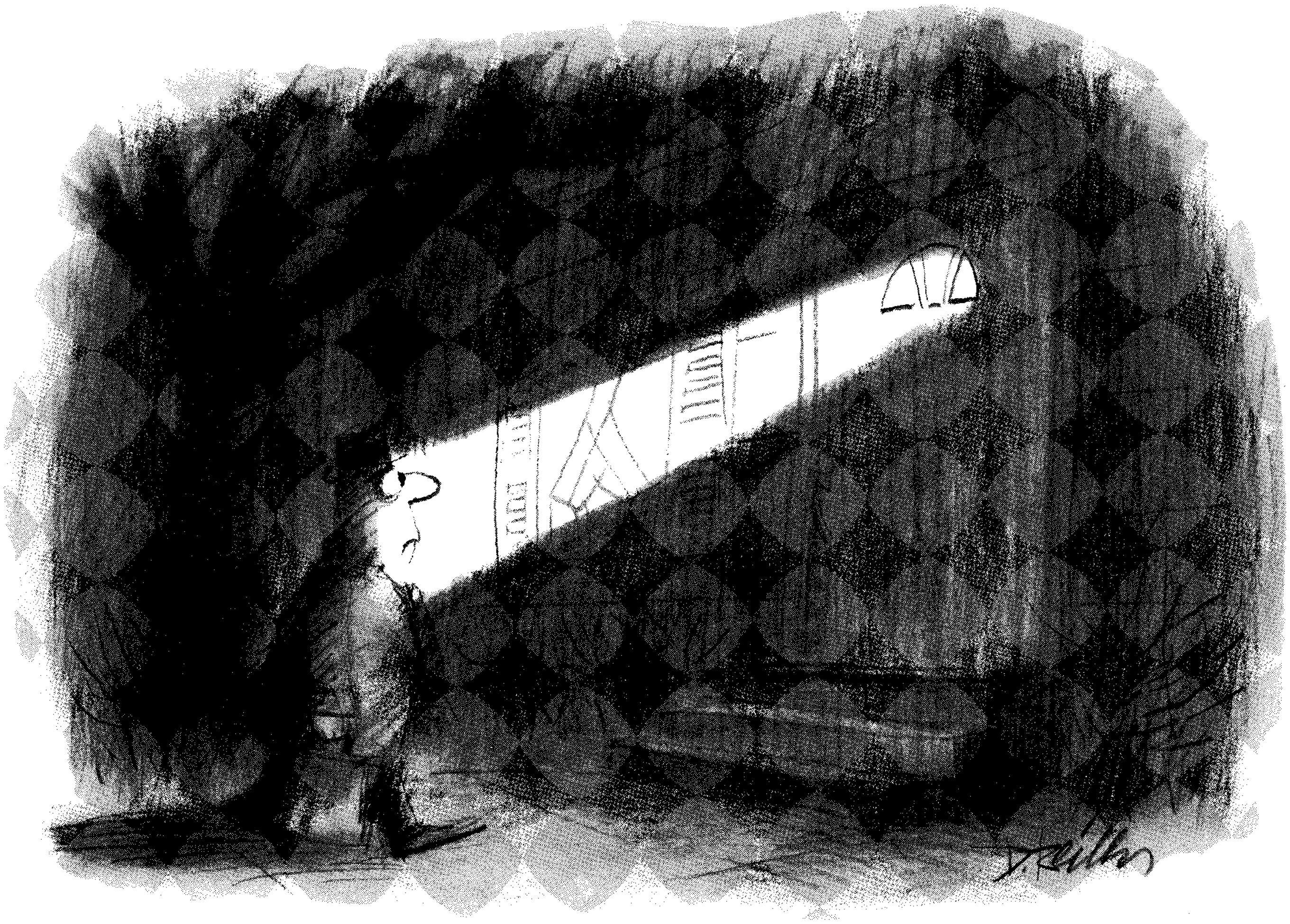
A FRIEND writes:

In September, the Italian writer Italo Calvino died, aged sixty-one, from the effects of a stroke. A few months before, when I last saw him, at my apartment in New York, he was bustling: having completed a novel, "Mr. Palomar," he had now turned to the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, which he was to deliver at Harvard this year. Calvino was bustling, that is, in a Calvino way. "Mr. Palomar" he admitted to be "perhaps good," and the Norton Lectures were difficult. "I am having terrible problems with them," he said. That meant he was thoroughly enjoying himself. By the last day of his visit, he wanted to celebrate. He had given several interviews, which his shyness made painful, even though the questions had become all too familiar: Why are your novels since the nineteen-fifties apolitical? When did you become interested in fables? Are you writing a new kind of science fiction? What are you trying to *do* in your novels? As always, his wife, Chichita, helped him through these ordeals. Sometimes she would comment on his answers, arguing with him, or leading him into another subject. The interviewers thought she was interfering, but Calvino wanted her contributions: if Chichita found it interesting, perhaps this time he was not too boring.

The Calvinos took great pleasure in young people, the age of their own daughter, Giovanna—boys and girls fresh from college, who dreamed without embarrassment and were untainted by literary politics. The Calvinos infinitely preferred their company to that of the famous and the influential. Gathered in my living room, therefore, were a young carpenter, a young woman who worked at the Metropolitan Museum, a young dancer, and a young poet. Calvino had taken to the poet when the young man said easily to him a year before, "I have never read any of your books. What would you suggest I begin with?" If interviewers asked Calvino what he considered his "most important work," he often responded with silence. That time, however, the reply had come as comfortably as the question was asked: the young man might try "Cosmicomics" and "t zero." These were the books in which he felt he had begun to write a new kind of novel. The "hero" of "Cosmicomics," for instance, is a protean being named Qfwfq, present from the Big Bang on to the mid-nineteen-sixties; unlike most science fiction, these novels are experiments in how to describe the wondrous. It was natural for him to move from Qfwfq to tales of medieval knights, and to make his famous collection of "Italian Folktales;" his curiosity was provoked by fables, and he wanted to discover new, unusual ways to tell them. "Mr. Palomar" continued this kind of research. Now, a year later, the young poet was reporting that he had read almost everything. Calvino flushed; he hated the idea of disciples. But he had chosen his young friend well. "I think you are wrong about your work," the poet said. " 'Invisible Cities' is better, though there are still problems." Calvino smiled; Chichita beamed. They were not going to be imprisoned within the cage of deferential respect.

The dancer, a young man, suggested we go to an Ethiopian restaurant in SoHo; the Calvinos were delighted. (Chichita is from Argentina, and Calvino's father, an agronomist, had spent many years in Cuba and Mexico, so they considered themselves more living in Italy than Italian.) The Calvinos said that they would not mind eating with their hands and drinking honey wine. In the restaurant, as we plunged our fists into the fiery food, the dancer asked Calvino if he had fought with the Italians in Ethiopia—this young man was "hazy" about the dates and what had happened. I wondered if Calvino would tell him; he was as far away and as safe with these young Americans as he would ever be. But he replied merely that he had been too young for Mussolini's campaign, and that later he had been forced to join the Army but had deserted and joined the Italian Resistance. What his brief reply left out is the youthful drama that I believe shaped the course of Calvino's writing. From modesty, he omitted facts attested to by people who knew him then. He said nothing about having courageously faced mortal danger many times as a member of the Partisans. He did not speak of nightmares he still suffered from, which recalled those days—images of famine, torture, and fear. He did not mention the idealism that led him to join the Communist Party after the war, or the disillusion that prompted him to leave it in the nineteen-fifties. These events led Calvino to attempt realistic writing, so that he might bear witness to his time: the subject of his first novel, "The Path to the Nest of Spiders," is his experiences as a Partisan. The attempt failed—but for him, not for us; the novel is superb. "In my imagination," he once said to me, "I wanted to find something to set against the Fascism, the Communism."

I never believed the claim that he had become an "apolitical" writer. His fables, his other experiments with narrative are all essays in freeing the imagination. There was an urgency behind his invention of his fictional worlds—his playfulness was serious. Liberty through fantasy: in this manner Calvino indeed sought his alternative to the totalitarianism he had known as a youth. This also explains why he was so "friendly" an avant-garde writer. He wanted people to enjoy his books and thus share his sense of freedom. Fantasy is not ordinarily what we think of as socially engaged or political writing, but then Calvino had found conventional politics deadly. It was characteristic of the man never to explain himself. When people insisted on a guided tour of his literary experiments, he genuinely believed that it could only be because the writing had failed. And I think his extraordinary affinity with young people came from a related impulse: his own youth was incommunicable in its terrors; he hoped theirs might be



FEATURING MYRON W. KRANTZ IN "THE RETURN TO MAMARONECK"

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different; and he would meet them, if he could, on the ground of a common pleasure in stories—in a newly created world.

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The Tango

THE tango, we discovered during conversations with several of the dance teams who are appearing in the current musical revue "Tango Argentino," is a diversified art form that reaches perfection after many years of practice with the same partner. The instantaneous body-to-body response that is required when two people perform the intricate patterns of Argentina's national dance can take place only in an atmosphere of complete mutual understanding, and the total assurance that results leaps across the footlights to make the show something unique in the theatre. Although "Tango Argentino" is roughly historical—tracing the dance from the Buenos Aires slums of the eighteen-eighties to twentieth-century ballrooms and theatres—the format permits each team to present at least one number on its own. Last week, we arranged to meet three "Tango" couples at the Royalton Hotel (where the company is staying), and asked them to tell us something about themselves and the very different tango styles they demonstrate in the show.

First, Nelson and Nélida, who have been partners for fifteen years. Hector Nelson Avila is a wiry, graceful man of medium height with dark hair, brown eyes, and classically handsome features. He produces and appears in shows for a Buenos Aires night club called Rugantino and has published a book of poems called "Tango y Prosa." He was dressed casually and had his right arm encased in a two-piece plaster cast. Nélida Rodríguez de Aure is a willowy, graceful woman with enormous dark eyes and brown hair drawn back into a knot at the nape. She wore a tailored gray pants suit and fragile-looking high-heeled sandals. Nelson and Nélida are married, but not to each other.

NÉLIDA: I grew up in Buenos Aires and began to dance professionally at sixteen. When I met Nelson, we were both in a chorus that was hired to dance in television shows. In 1970, we were asked to demonstrate different styles of tango—salon tango, fantasy tango, and *tango orillero*, the rustic style—for television, and we have been partners ever since.

NELSON: We worked hard to develop an elegant style. Nobody teaches you to dance tango professionally; someone can show you the steps, but you have to create your own personal way of presenting them to the public. Perhaps you have noticed that the man is very serious and looks down most of the time. That's because he's the one in charge; he guides his partner with pressure from his right hand in the center of her back, and his left hand holds her fingers. There are two definite rules. The man begins with the left foot, and he *never* starts backward.

NÉLIDA: We hold our bodies straight and dance very close together. There is such contact. Between Nelson's arms flows a kind of electric current that seems to pass right through my body.

Nelson: When I broke my elbow last month, falling from a ladder in my living room, the surgeons put two pins inside the joint and put me in a cast from the shoulder to the fingertips. I persuaded them to change it three weeks ago so I could appear with the show. They broke the cast into two parts—this makes it possible for me to bend the arm a little—and then connected the pieces with steel rods and a hinge at the elbow. It works, but it's quite heavy and I have to be careful that the weight doesn't throw me off balance.

Nélida: It's difficult for me, too, because I can't feel his arm through the plaster. I have to place my left hand very high—almost on his shoulder. There are a couple of lifts and a few steps in our solo that we've had to put aside for the moment, but we rehearsed very hard for several weeks to make it look as if nothing had happened.

Next, we talked to Virulazo and Elvira, who have been partners for almost twenty-five years. Virulazo is Jorge Martín Orcaizaguirre, a heavyset man of fifty-nine with a raspy voice and the strong-featured face of a Roman emperor. He wore a light-gray suit and an open-necked sports shirt. Elvira Santa María is a tall, handsome woman with short black hair and very long legs. She was dressed in orange slacks, a beige blouse, and high-heeled, open-toed sandals tied at the ankles. They have been married for twenty-five years and have two grown sons.

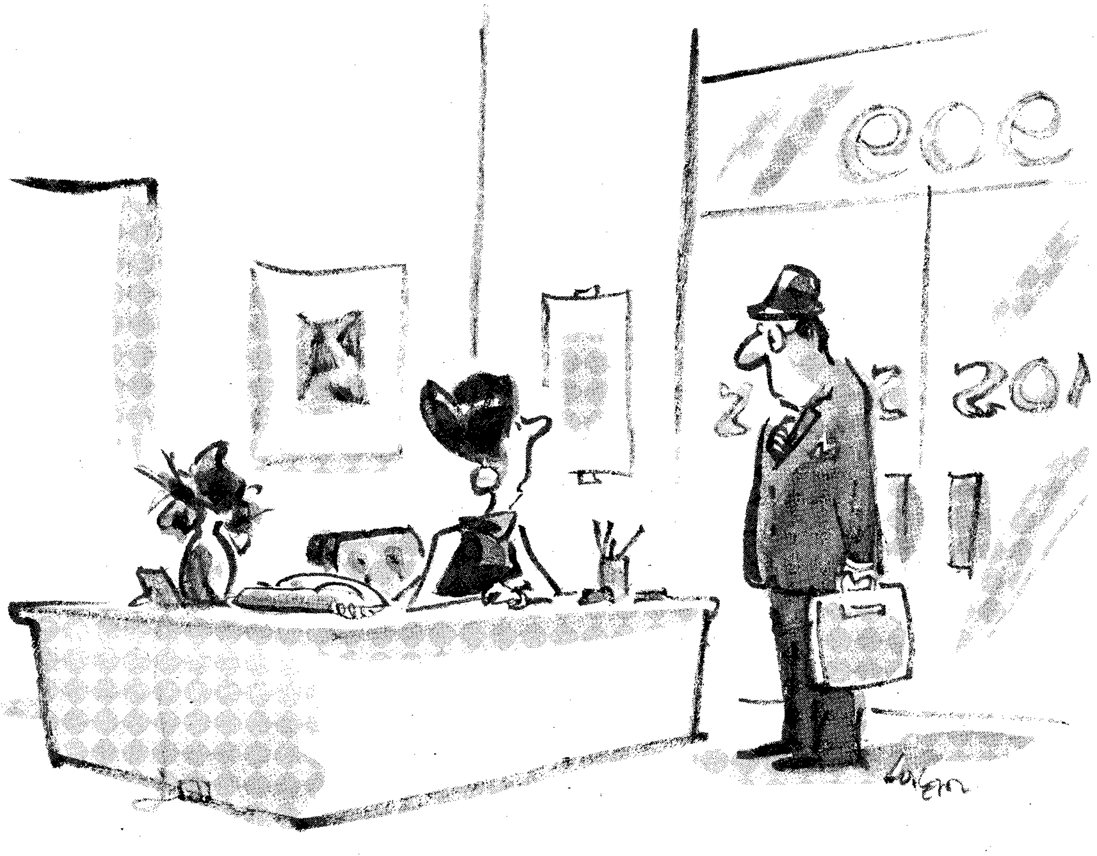
Virulazo: My stage name was given to me by an Italian friend many years ago, and it means scoring a hit in the game of boccie. Elvira and I are *porteños*—natives of Buenos Aires. We grew up in the working-class suburb of Mataderos. When I was twelve, my mother taught me the tango, and from then on I danced at local cafés and social clubs. I'm the only real *milonguero* in the company—the only dancer in the old tradition that led to the tango—because I'm completely self-taught. In the years after the war, Juan Carlos Copes and I revolutionized the tango and created a new style. Before us, the popular tango was a harder, faster, rougher dance, with lots of rather jerky movements. We softened it and made it smoother and more elegant. Elvira and I became partners in 1961. We dance our version of the *tango orillero*—the real rustic tango that still lives in working-class social clubs. We hold our bodies farther apart than many of the other couples, and we bend slightly more at the knee.

Elvira: Our tango is Orgullo Criollo—Argentine Pride. Some of it's very slow. You must glide with the rhythm of the music, keeping the same soft line. You are always hanging on one foot or the other.

Virulazo: The most difficult thing we do is La Metida—that means Putting In. She moves backward, crossing her legs in a series of small steps, and I kick between her legs. We do this in strict tempo, because if we are not well coördinated I can kick *her*. And it's always the man's fault if something goes wrong.

Then we talked to Juan Carlos Copes and María Nieves, who have been partners for thirty-three years. Copes, a slight, blond man who has aquiline features and wears glasses offstage, has his own tango company in Buenos Aires and is the supervising choreographer for the show. María Nieves Rego is a tiny, vivacious woman with short red hair and large brown eyes set in a heart-shaped face. In the course of their thirty-three years of partnership, they married each other and were divorced. He has remarried; she has not.

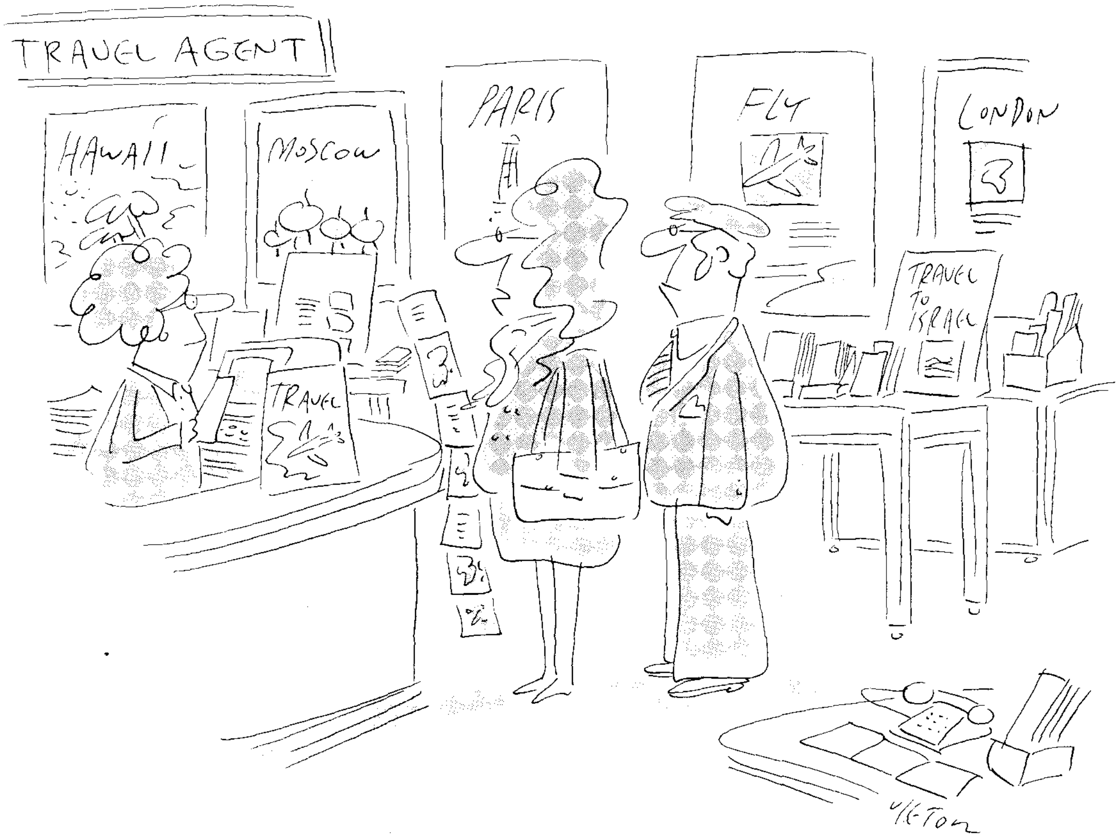
Copes: I studied electrical engineering for two years at the University of Buenos Aires before I decided to become a professional dancer. Before that, I had met María Nieves at a social club, where we both learned the tango. We danced together, fell in love, and eventually married.


"*Mr. Tolan is no longer with us. He was swallowed by the deficit.*"

María Nieves: In 1952, we entered a tango contest at Luna Park in Buenos Aires. He had to hide me from the police during the semifinals, because I was only fourteen. But when we won, over a hundred other couples, nobody thought about my age anymore.

Copes: That competition gave us the confidence to be professionals. We looked at American musicals and tried to copy the smooth, seamless dancing that we saw in them. And we developed a style that was a mixture of the *tango canyenge*—a lot of small steps done from the waist down—and the salon tango, which was very still and elegant, with less leg movement. We discovered that we could be elegant *and* use our legs and feet to do fast, intricate steps. That was the punch that made us popular.

MARÍA NIEVES: We concentrate on each other so completely that we move together like cats when we dance. Of course, we fight—we are hot-blooded, and it's difficult to keep the same tempo all the time—but we always make peace.



"We're jaded, but we crave airport bustle."

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Opening

A LARGE new hotel opened officially on a recent, festive morning in Times Square. The hotel, which is not quite finished, is called the Marriott Marquis, and it is on Broadway between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets, and from the outside it looks like a glass drum enclosed in a cement sandwich. We attended the opening celebration and observed the following:

Twelve glass-walled elevators, shaped something like birdcages and decorated with twinkly lights.

Lots of brass.

A revolving clock.

A revolving cocktail lounge.

Bess Myerson, the city's Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, who said, "I serve the greatest mayor we have ever had in this wonderful city."

Lots of balconies.

Two unsigned paintings, each measuring about seven feet by fifteen, of vaguely Impressionist landscapes.

A troupe of dancers, one of whom lip-synched to recorded music from a Broadway show.

A man on stilts.

An inflatable King Kong, riding up and down on the outside of one of the glass-walled elevators.

Trumpet fanfares and symphonic strings.

Lots of glass.

John C. Portman, Jr., the architect of the large new hotel, who said, "I want to congratulate New York on Mayor Koch."

Mayor Koch, who said, "I am declaring today that the Marriott Marquis is the center of the City of New York from this day forward."

A Plexiglas-and-metal time capsule, which contained, among other things, a Tina Turner video.

Two enormous banners depicting the Statue of Liberty.

An enormous banner depicting the Brooklyn Bridge.

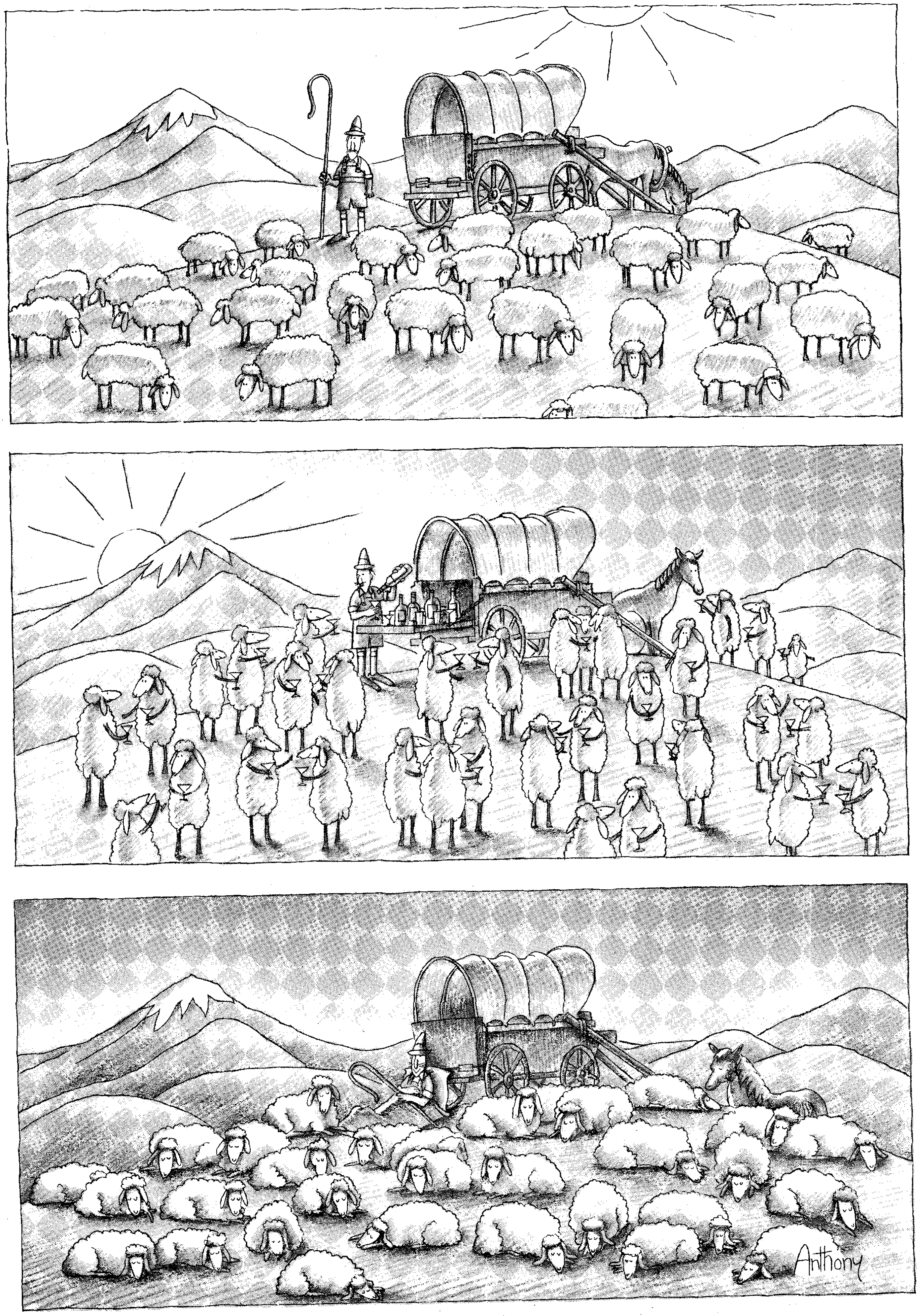
A young man who said, "Hello, my name is José Bode. I'm a bellman here and a native New Yorker. I enjoy just making people feel welcome in this city."

A man on a unicycle.

J. Willard Marriott, Jr., the president of the Marriott Corporation, who said, "My very first trip to New York was when I was eight years old. We stayed in the Astor Hotel."

We remember the Astor Hotel. It was an elegant-looking, well-balanced structure with a French Renaissance façade of red brick and limestone, and it was designed by the firm of Clinton & Russell and was built in 1904 by the estate of William Waldorf Astor. The Astor Hotel was eleven stories high and had a thousand rooms (the large new hotel is fifty stories high and has eighteen hundred and seventy-seven rooms), and though in its final years there was always something restrained, and even a little musty, about the Astor it possessed a quiet sort of confidence and a feeling of relaxed and untroubled continuity with the past. A great many people in the theatre and the arts used to stay at the Astor, including Will Rogers and Arturo Toscanini, each of whom lived in the hotel for a time. Travellers loved the Astor, and its public rooms were a favorite haunt of many New Yorkers, too. The Astor was demolished in 1967, to make space for the large new office tower that now stands just across Forty-fifth Street from the large new hotel.

But we have wandered. On the recent, festive morning, we saw lots of glass discs (part of a glittery hanging sculpture), lots of escalators, lots of marble floors, lots of smiling employees, and lots of stylishly dressed people. We also saw three men in work clothes sitting on a vinyl-covered banquette eating pizza and talking about the St. Louis Cardinals. We interrupted them long enough to ask how they liked working on the large new hotel, and one of them looked up and said, "Hey, after a while you get used to it."


Anthony

END OF AN ERA

WHEN Larry Rose died suddenly while cleaning out his garage one sunny day, it came as a big shock to some people around Market Falls, Vermont, who knew him fairly well and who visited the house that evening to comfort Sarah, Larry's friend, and bring her food, including homemade rye bread, home-smoked whitefish, garbanzo salad, and a meatless lasagna—one of Larry's favorites, though he wasn't a vegetarian (he *had* been one for a while but then he quit). They spread the dishes on a table he had made from an immense wooden spool, which stood on his new sundeck between the little yellow house and the garage, and they sat around it and talked in low voices about the man they had known, who, a few hours before, had pitched forward and fallen on the concrete floor he was sweeping. They also noticed that his table was tippy.

They agreed that death must have come as a big shock to Larry, too, since he was only forty-three and looked not so bad—if, that is, he had been aware of himself dying, which Sarah's sister Star hoped that he had been. She felt that a moment of awareness, a clear split second, would enable a dying man, even while falling forward, to make his peace with the world. Star, whose real name was Starflower, said, "The brain has these almost incomprehensible powers when it is focussed and I think that in one incredible flash it could give up this life and reach for the next one, and I feel Larry would have wanted that as a matter of dignity, like knowing your address or something." Some others hoped he had gone instantly, without knowing, because he was so committed to life.

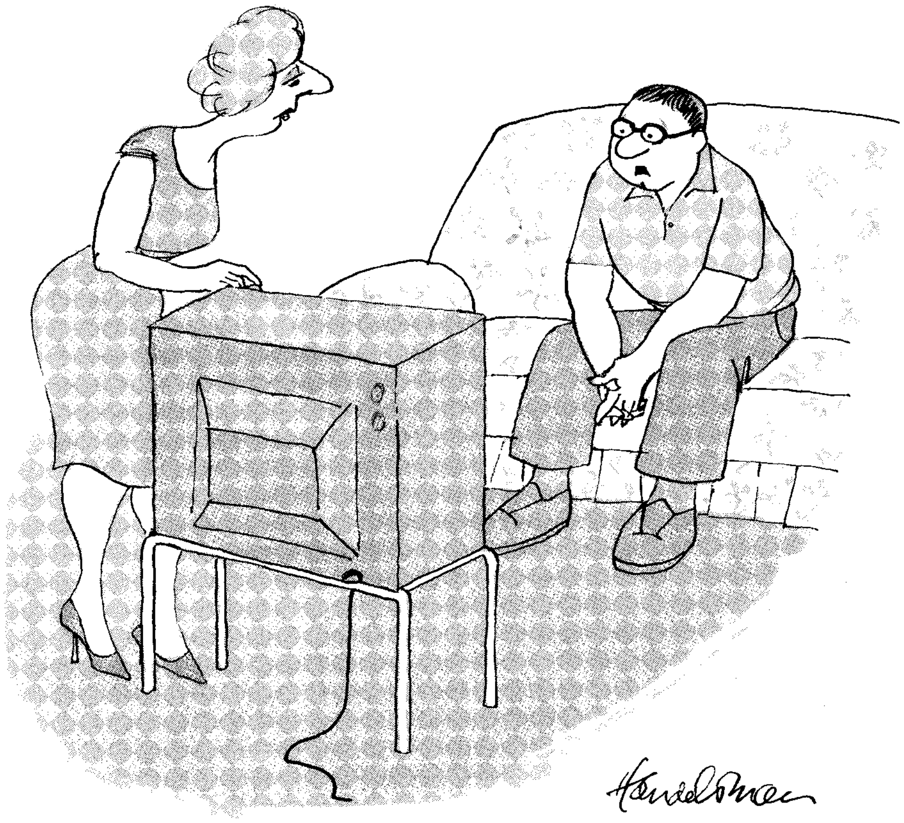
"When I go, I want to go *bang*," said Stan, Larry's best friend, or so he told Sarah—she didn't know Stan; she and Larry had only been together a few weeks. She was wrapped in a white chenille robe, a gift from Larry, and though her eyes were red, she looked serene and lovely. Larry's children, Angelina and Andrew, were with his ex-wife, Jessica, in Boston, and Sarah was meaning to call them with the sad news the next morning. "I think it's better to hear about something like this in the morning, when you have a stronger sense of life," she said. "Of course, I'm a morning person."

His friends didn't stay long, because Sarah was beat and also it was sort of depressing around there. *To die while cleaning out your garage*, Stan thought—to die in a heap of rusty tools, bike parts, stuff to be recycled, some sad little plastic toys, some rotten pumpkins from last fall, and four or five of your unfinished projects, including a busted rocker and the workbench you started to build three years before. It was also depressing to sit on Larry's sundeck, which, frankly, was an eyesore, built of three-quarter-inch plywood that sagged under their weight. *Why couldn't he have learned about joists*, Stan wondered.

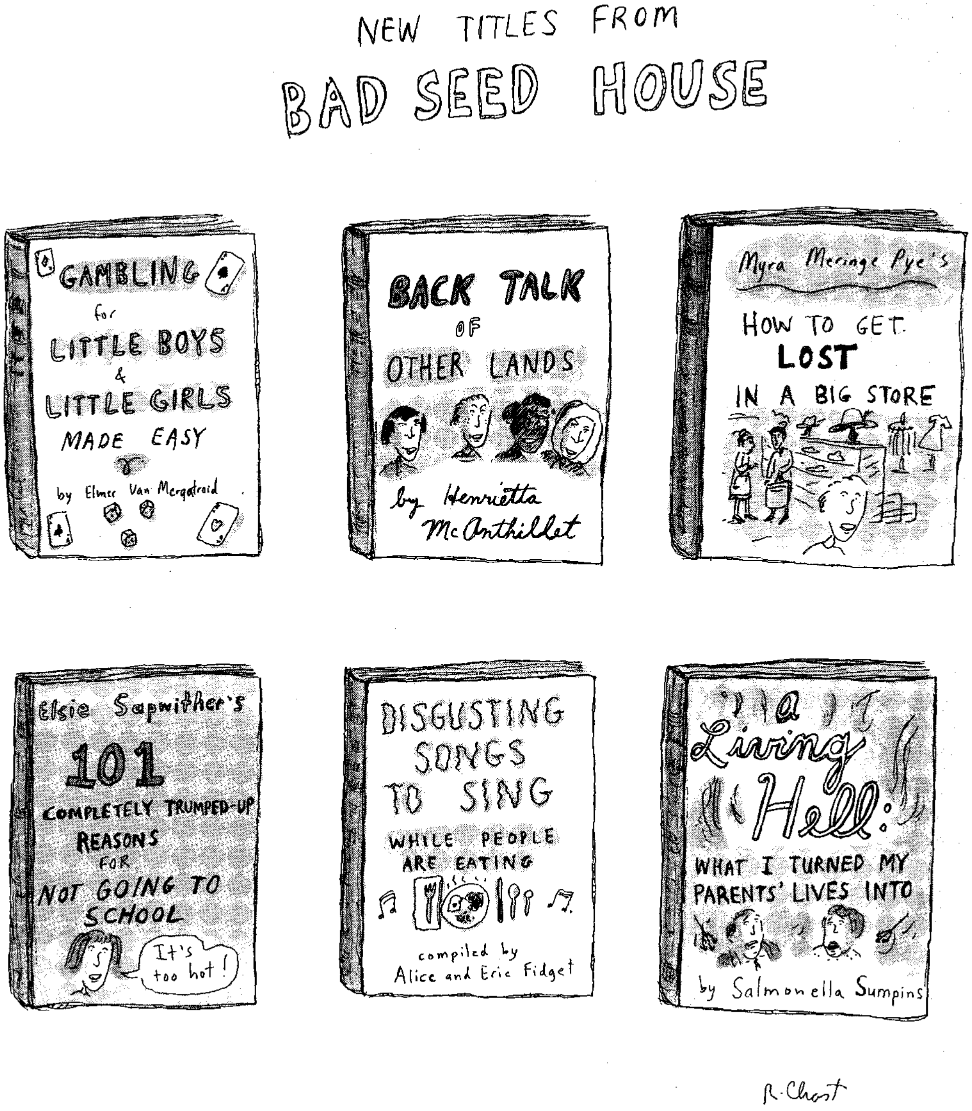
Still, everyone planned to give him a good sendoff, of course. Star and Sarah sat down the next morning to call up all the numbers Larry had written on the wall by the telephone in the kitchen and invite those people to his funeral. "I'm sorry to be the one to have to tell you this," Star said to one of the people who answered. The man on the other end was quiet after she gave him the bad news. Then he said, "Larry . . . Larry. Larry? Was he the little guy in the red cowboy boots who slept in the Chevy?"

After he divorced Jessica in 1972, Larry moved around quite a bit for about a decade, doing a variety of things, including joining the Sky Family, a communal operation in the mountains, where people came and went freely. Now, a few years later, not many of the Skys remembered exactly who Larry was, perhaps because there had been an emphasis on seeking new identities at the time. The Family believed in renaming yourself every day as a way of recognizing the new possibilities of life, and this ritual sometimes occupied most of a morning: meditating under a tree or in a car or up in a tree, seeking to know one's true name for that day, trying to free oneself from preconceptions, such as Larry or Janice or Stanley, and to find the one word that most perfectly expressed your aspirations, such as Radiance or Bear or Venus, and then going around and introducing yourself to the others, some of whom wanted to know why: *Why* did you decide to be California? Or Peaches. Or Brillo.

So the name of Larry Rose didn't ring a universal bell. "No," said Sarah to a woman who thought Larry was a guy she remembered from a trip to Mexico, "he wasn't like that at all. You must be thinking of someone else. Larry is a very *nice* person, very gentle, very caring. I mean he *was*—he's



"Please, Laura. I know how acid rain turns out, but I don't know who's going to win the ballgame."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A Living Hell:
WHAT I TURNED MY PARENTS' LIVES INTO
by Salmonella Sumpins
R. Chast

dead now, of course." She hadn't been in the Sky Family—that was long before her time; she was only a kid then—so she looked through Larry's stuff for an old picture so she could describe him to his old friends, and while rummaging through a cardboard box of his papers she found his will, typed on three pages of yellow paper, single-spaced.

The will made it clear that Larry had thought a lot about his death. He wanted no funeral but rather a "Celebration of Life," and, as for his remains, he asked to be cremated and that his ashes be divided up and put in manila envelopes and mailed to people he admired, such as writers, actors, teachers, healers, religious people, and rock stars—hundreds of them—as gifts. Those people also were to be invited to the Celebration of Life (and given a chance to perform or speak "if they want to, it's entirely up to them, and nobody should bad-mouth them if they don't, maybe they just want to sit and rest or be part of the crowd"), and so were Larry's extended family of Sky people across America, everyone in Market Falls, and motorists on Highway 7. Friends of his were to stop cars on Celebration Day and hand out printed invitations that began, "Dear Traveller, Can you take just a moment to join us in a celebration of another human being?" Friends also were supposed to organize the Celebration, which would be "a free-form coming-together (non-sorrowing) of Survivors to share music, games, food, history, personhood—to exchange tokens, totems, lifelore, etc." It was to take place in the country, in a grove of trees by a river. There was more about the friends' duties (sharing memories of Larry and pledging themselves to carry on his life in their own lives and nurturing each other and being happy), but her mind had wandered off toward some practical questions. *Who did she know who owned property in the country who would want to host a bunch of campers for a few days, some of them drunk, most of them with large dogs?*

ABOUT twenty people attended the funeral service at the Rothman Chapel two days later. It was sad, and some of them cried, but then the Methodist minister pronounced the deceased's name Lawrence *Rosé*, like the wine, and that cracked everyone up, and then Stan stood up to give a personal tribute. Though Larry's best friend, he was a stand-in for Sarah's first choice, Star, who had decided that morning to go to Montreal instead, with a former ballplayer named Roy. "There is so much a person could say about Larry it is hard to know where to begin," Stan said. "It's hard to tell just one story and leave out all the hundreds of others. He was a good man, but then you know that already, otherwise you wouldn't be here. I wish we had time for each one of you to share your personal memories of Larry, I know it'd be great. But perhaps we should just have a moment of silence and each of us remember him in our own way."

Sarah remembered the morning he went out to clean the garage. He'd had a cup of coffee and a bran muffin, smoked another Pall Mall, and said, "I'm getting tired of all this junk of mine. I keep saving all this *stuff* and I don't know why." Those were the last words she heard him say. It wasn't an ignoble way to die, she thought—trying to get your life out from under the debris. Had he lived longer, he might have thrown away his will. She felt a little guilty about skipping the Celebration but not as guilty as she had expected to feel. The service was over in twenty minutes, and after a few hugs and handshakes on the sidewalk everyone went away. The next day, the garbageman came and emptied the garage of everything. Sarah put the house up for sale. A lawyer told her she was entitled to part of Larry's estate, he thought, though the will was reticent on the subject of material things. The real-estate woman advised her to get rid of the sundeck, so the garbageman came and got that, too. It was surprisingly easy to remove. Underneath was a patch of bare dirt, and a few weeks later the place was thick with green grass and weeds.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

NEW HAVEN

New Haven, Connecticut, where Eleanor and Patsy live, is thought to be unusually rich in coincidence. Each new acquaintance there, people claim, turns out to be someone you've met or heard about before—but in a different context. Life there keeps coming back around at you from the other direction. Yet though they expect coincidence, people in New Haven are as surprised by it as anyone else, having imagined that their own strangers will be *strangers*. There's a laughing moment of discomfort when the coincidence comes out, as they wonder how much may be known that had seemed unknown—but then they're glad about it; things, it seems to prove, are connected to one another, after all.

The altos must march once more around the folding chair that stands for a tree, right behind the sopranos, but this time they must then veer upstage as they sing, while the sopranos stay put—yet Eleanor, the first alto, can't do it. She's a cellist, actually, but she's still mystified when her eye and arm and fingers carry out different tasks while her mind—well, while her mind seems merely to *wait*, like a mother who sits with her lap full of sweatshirts and towels as her children perform acrobatics. Now she can't get the marching right. "It's too easy for you, that's all," says Catherine, the director of the opera. Each time Eleanor tries, her feet slow and she drifts toward the last soprano, instead of leading the altos to the correct spot. She glares at her errant right leg.

"Once more?" Catherine says. The pianist nods and the men's and women's choruses amble good-naturedly back to their original positions. This time Eleanor feels a hand—is it Patsy's?—tap her rear end at the right moment, and she swerves on the beat.

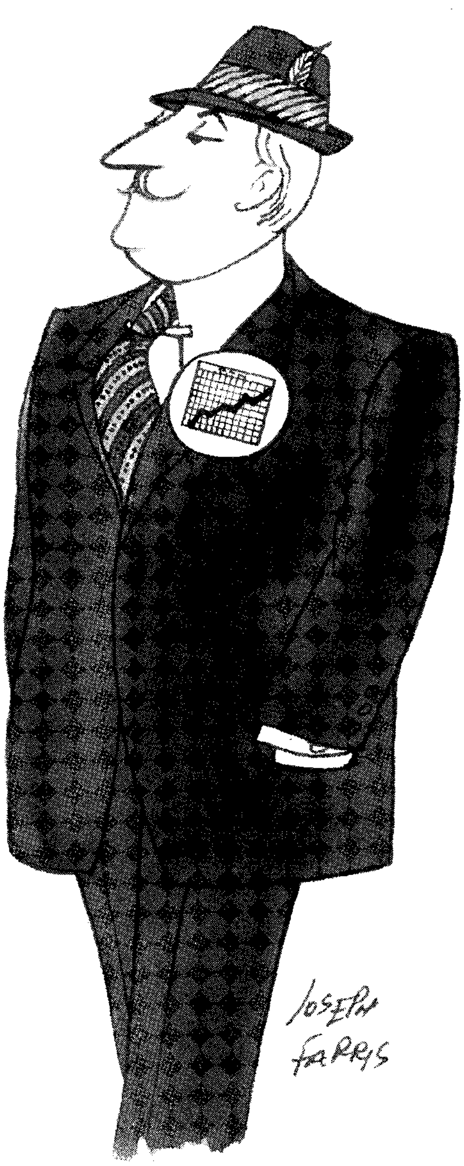
"O.K.!"

The rehearsal is over. Eleanor comes forward, breathless, throwing her hair off her shoulders, to explain that she must be late for the next one—but there are tears in the director's eyes.

"What's wrong?" asks Eleanor, jolted from shyness by her new success. Though she has often played in public (her cello a comforting heft tipped toward her) and has sung in glee clubs and choirs since childhood (a score held upright before her chest), Eleanor has never before moved around on a stage, thinking about her feet and getting her bottom slapped.

"Oh. Nothing," says Catherine.

Eleanor steps back; clearly she won't ever know what's wrong. For a forgetful moment she looks around for her cello case. Then she looks for Patsy, her new friend. They've fallen into the habit of going to Clark's Dairy together after the rehearsals. The woman in charge of costumes and props has come over, and now she lowers an arm onto the director's shoulder and steers her away, saying, "All right, you." Eleanor can't tell whether she is going to scold Catherine or comfort her.



"Let's take my car," says Patsy. "I'll drive you back to yours later." They zip up their jackets and follow the other chorus members out through the school basement door and up the steps to the street. It's raining a little.

It's the first warm rain, in fact—so early in February that it can't be spring, but it smells like it. There isn't much snow at the moment; lingering patches of it, their edges gray and soft, are being carved away by the rain. Ordinarily Eleanor would be troubled by Catherine's rebuff, but she doesn't think this has to do with her; along with the melting snow, feeling is simply spilling everywhere—and when a familiar edgy tautness takes its place in her throat, as she steps outside, the way it has for the last six weeks each time a distraction has ended, it's more exciting than painful, as if she'd had a glass of wine. This being in love with Peter, she points out to herself, lives in her neck.

"I'm parked on Willow," says Patsy. They walk that way. "So how are you doing these days?"

"Mixed."

Is she going to tell Patsy about Peter? Unlike Eleanor, Patsy has been married. She has a six-year-old son, Gabriel, who goes to this school, where every few years the PTA stages an opera. Eleanor was recruited for the adult chorus (there are also crowds of children) by the mother of one of her cello pupils. Patsy is raking her fingers through her short curly hair, shaking off raindrops. She seems like the sort of woman who's always at ease about men—a subject they haven't yet discussed.

Eleanor and Patsy first saw each other several months ago, at the music school where Eleanor teaches. She'd been practicing alone in a studio one day—alone because a student had cancelled a lesson. She'd finished a long, difficult section of a Bach suite, and was turning the pages back to try it again, when the door opened and a woman's dark curly head appeared. "Thanks," the woman—Patsy—said. "Sorry. I'm just standing out here waiting for my kid. But I had to say thanks." Then, on the night of the first rehearsal of the opera, Patsy came up to her. "You're that *cellist*."

But Eleanor has never even slept

with Peter—her old-fashioned rapture may amuse Patsy. They reach the car. Eleanor climbs in and looks out at the rain while Patsy walks around into the street, gets in, and starts the engine and switches on the windshield wipers. How unusual for Eleanor: she's going to tell.

"Mixed?" Patsy asks.

And she does. "I should be feeling wonderful," she says, counting her blessings on her fingers. "I'm happy about the piece I'm learning. My teaching is fine. And there's a violinist who wants me to be in groups he puts together that play at weddings and parties. It should be fun, and I can use the money."

"Terrific."

"It's too terrific. He's—the violinist—married, and I'm sort of in love with him."

"Oh. Oh dear, that's hard." They drive down Whitney Avenue. "Does he know how you feel?"

"Yes." She thinks of the other night, when she and Peter had a drink together, how the conversation seemed finished but kept being reopened, how Peter finally took out some bills to put under the check at the edge of the table, but when he did they'd have to go home, so he smoothed them again and again, then shook them into a congruent pile and folded them crisply in half—no, in thirds.

"Does he feel the same way?" asks Patsy.

"Yes." How could she talk about it if he didn't? "He keeps saying to me," she goes on, " 'I'm not really like this. Please don't think I'm like this.' "

"Oh dear." As she parks the car on Temple Street, Patsy glances at Eleanor. "Are you sleeping with him?"

"No," says Eleanor, laughing: *that* didn't take long. She's a little ashamed to lack her secret suddenly, but as they get out of the car and walk back toward Trumbull Street and around the place where Temple and Whitney converge—it's raining a little harder now—she also feels pleased; she doesn't have to guard it, for once. And it's exhilarating to talk about Peter.

Clark's is crowded. There is even a crowd at the ice-cream-cone counter, as if it were spring. Patsy and Eleanor work their way to the back of the dairy and find a table.

"Well," says Patsy, "I know how you feel."

"You do?"

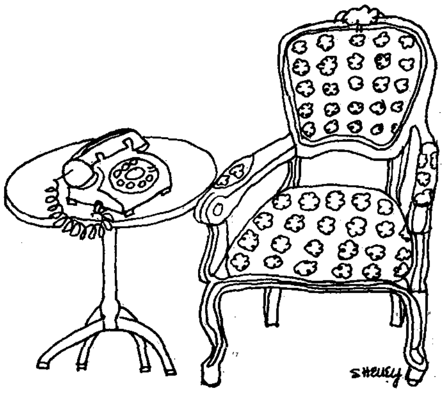
"In a way, I do. Well. I should tell you. I've been sleeping with a married man for two years."

They decline menus. Eleanor just wants coffee—she can't eat these days. Patsy orders a dish of ice cream.

"Two years," says Eleanor. Patsy's confidence is more interesting than hers.

"I hate it," says Patsy. "Well, it's wonderful—and I don't mind living without a man. But it doesn't make a woman self-confident."

"No, I imagine not." Eleanor has turned shy again. She should ask a question. She'd like to know the man's name, for some reason, but of course that wouldn't do. "Do you see him often?"



"Sometimes," Patsy says. "Sometimes I pull away, like when I catch myself sneering at his wife. I hate that. I don't even know her."

The coffee and ice cream arrive. Eleanor sips eagerly, hoping the warmth of the coffee will put her at ease again. Thinking it over she says, "I like the way you talk about it, though." She doesn't know Peter's wife, either.

"It isn't good," says Patsy. "It keeps me from thinking about other things. My son. Work. It steals my thoughts. I'm ending it."

Swiftly, Eleanor imagines a two-year affair with Peter—pain, guilt, the end . . .

"I'm moving away from New Haven," Patsy goes on. "It's the only way. I'm going back to school—I'm going to live in Boston and get an M.S.W. I'm leaving in June when Gabe is done with school."

"I'll miss you."

"Thanks. I'll miss you, too. It'll be

IN A BONSAI NURSERY

Nearly nothing
in Nature so
spirits the eye
off—but off by
way of in—to
unveil detail
as *minimal*
as it's recep-
tive to as does
this more than true-

to-life, living
family of
diminutive
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themselves, whose pin-
point blossomings
and punctual
leaf-losses, whose
every nubbled
knob and fissure,

knot-imploded
distension, and
deep, thematic
torsion reproach
our recognized
but unrenounced
confusion of
size with grandeur.

These pondered, hand-
won triumphs of
containment, drawn,
tentatively,
from earth-toughened
fingers, father
to son, and on
to son, so long
as the branches
hold on each side,

bid us enter-
tain notions of
days whose hours are
shorter than ours
(shrunken, misted,
mossed-in seasons,
amassed in hard-
pressed heartwood rings) . . .
and enter, please,
a forest where

sun, planets, stars,
and our little,
still swollen moon
are brought, though yet
unreachable,
nearer the roofs
of the trim, smoke-
puffing houses.

—Brad Leithauser

• •

HOLLENBECK
2760
STUART
2761
BIRDSALL
2762
& PHELPS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
2763
180
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9528

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hard to leave New Haven, for a lot of reasons."

"How long have you lived here?"

"I was born here," says Patsy. "When I was married we lived in California, but I came back when we split up."

So there will be no friendship, after all. Eleanor gropes for a less personal topic, and they talk about Boston. A little while later, though, Patsy interrupts herself. "But you were telling me about this man and I cut you off. I'm sorry. See? I'm getting self-centered."

"It's O.K." But she is pleased again.

"You're going through the tough part."

"Mostly, I try to stop loving him," says Eleanor. "But that doesn't work."

"Never has," says Patsy. "Though it's what my mother would say to do—and she's never *entirely* wrong." Her ice cream is gone. The waitress is writing up the check. Walking back to Patsy's car in the rain, which is more like mist now, they talk about mothers.

ELEANOR figures that there are only two ways to stand a wedding. One is the way she and Peter, half a string quartet, fell into the first time they played at one, well over a year ago, on a day they would end by sleeping together for the first time. All day long they *used* the wedding, sending silly, loving, questing signals over the music stands and the heads of the other musicians, allowing themselves, for once, to forget the big questions by pretending to worry about what wasn't in doubt—whether they'd end up in bed.

But that way hasn't worked for a while. The second way to bear a wedding is to dismiss it. For that day, Eleanor is nothing but a musician. She plays for an imaginary chamber-music-loving uncle among the guests. He will drift over, drink in hand, to ask how he can hear her again. Once, something of the sort even happened—it was the groom's old roommate, actually, a pianist from Chicago, and they talked about Beethoven for an hour.

A third possible way to do weddings—the one she cannot stand—is the one she will probably adopt today, she thinks, as she waits for Peter's car in the sun outside her house. It's a humid day in August. She's been told that the wedding as well as the reception will be on the grounds of the bride's parents' house. She's worried about her cello in the damp weather—strings slipping, bad sound. She and Peter are to perform before the ceremony with a flutist whom Eleanor met at the practice session the other day; then, after a break, they will play during dinner. It will be a long day.

"What if it rains?" she'd asked.

"Tents."

The bad way to do weddings—today's way—is to spend them imagining Peter's wedding, three years ago, to the difficult and complicated Abby, with whom he may or may not spend the rest of his life.

And she hasn't even had the sense to put up her hair. Eleanor's hair is long, thick, and straight. It looks good loose, the way she wears it, but the back of her dress is already damp. In this weather, strands of hair will snag and crawl over her face and into her mouth, even her eyes. Playing, she won't be able to flick them out.

Peter's small brown car swings abruptly to the curb. His arm reaches to the back seat behind Rebecca, the flutist, and his hand flips up the lock on the back door. Eleanor maneuvers her cello in first and slides in behind Rebecca.

"Sorry I'm late," says Peter.

"Hi," says Rebecca. "It's my fault for living in Guilford. I should have come by myself."

"I bring *everybody*," says Peter. "The one time I tried it the other way, sure enough somebody got lost. He kept phoning to say he was *still* lost."

"Well, actually my husband and I have only one reliable car," says Rebecca. "This way, he can take the kids to the beach. Though he did look wistful, watching me leave on a Sunday. Is that a problem you have, too?" She twists her head to look at Eleanor.

"I live alone," says Eleanor, but her words are lost in Peter's answer. Looking ahead, he thinks Rebecca is talking to him. "Sometimes, yes," he is saying. "Sometimes my wife would rather be by herself. Right now, she's out of town for the weekend, visiting a friend."

Eleanor looks out the window. The wedding is in Woodbridge; they are driving out Whalley Avenue. She hadn't known Abby was away. On the wide, hot sidewalk there is nobody but a woman pushing a stroller, with a little girl walking beside her. Peter stops for a red light. The girl is crying—her sneaker has come off. Her mother is bending over, trying to put it back on, keeping one hand on the stroller while the girl tries to keep her bare foot off the burning pavement, balancing herself by holding on to her mother's shoulder. The mother can't get the sneaker over the child's heel; as the light changes and Peter pulls away, she stands up to work the laces open, frowning in concentration, while the child hops and cries. Eleanor wishes she had the nerve to make Peter stop and let her out; trundling her cello, she'd run away from him and go help them. She could hold the stroller. Or *she* could open the laces. She's good with knots.

"Is this a first marriage, with a long white dress?" Rebecca is asking.

"His first, her second," says Peter. "I don't know about the dress, but I think the whole thing will be pretty casual. He's close to forty, I guess. I haven't met her. He's the brother of a neighbor of mine—he moved here about a year ago. There's a story about him, but I forget it."

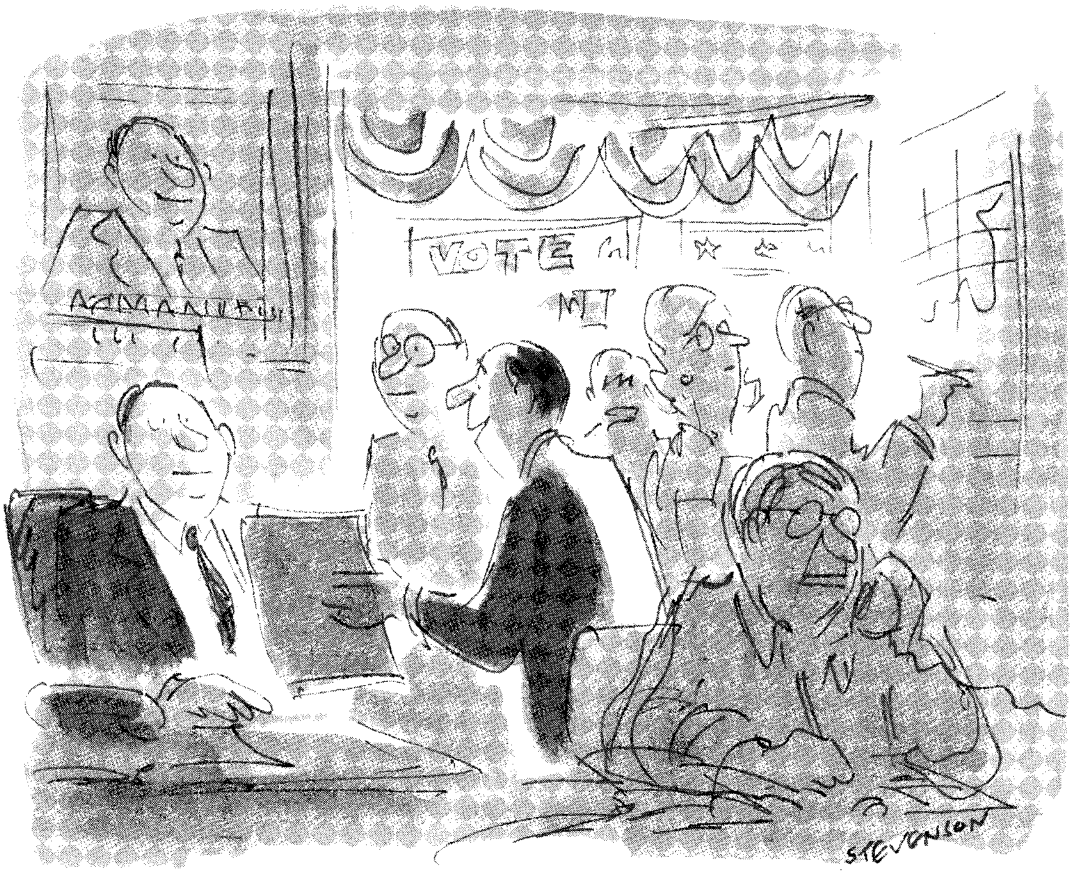
They drive out Fountain Street toward Woodbridge. "I've been lost around here," says Rebecca.

"I've memorized the directions," says Peter, and he has.

THERE are two tents. Chairs for the ceremony are arranged outside, in informal clusters. There are fifty guests, Eleanor estimates. The wedding is to be performed by a nervous-looking young rabbi.

She and Peter and Rebecca play Haydn. They are under an open tent, a little to the side of the guests, between the improvised outdoor chapel and the bride's parents' house. The tent is supposed to give them shade, but a ray of sunlight intermittently pokes Eleanor in the eye, depending on how a low-hanging nearby maple bough is jostled by the light breeze. There it is again. Between movements, she shifts her folding chair a little, but now one chair leg tips into a small depression in the ground. As she feels the chair lurch slightly, a corresponding sensation—an obstinate need for Peter, who's nodding briskly to start the next movement—travels through her body. She imagines herself sent sprawling by it, chair down, falling into the dirt with her cello on top of her.

The rabbi is taking his place in front of the guests and a few attendants join him, their informality almost studied; the women, in print dresses, turn to one



"According to this survey, you've become credible, though not quite electable."

another as they come forward, chatting a little. The groom, whose name, she has gathered, is Harry, has been talking to a very old man. Now he embraces him hastily and walks arm in arm with another man to the place where the ceremony will be performed. Eleanor knows that at a Jewish wedding the bride and groom walk in with their parents. Perhaps the groom has no mother.

The bride has not appeared, but now a man—her father, it seems—comes out of the house by a side door and down the few steps. Out of the corner of her eye Eleanor can see him standing with his back to the guests, shifting his feet as if he's in a hurry; he might be a man alone in his back yard, waiting for his family so they can leave on an ordinary outing. Now the screen door bangs. Two women have come out. They pause on the steps. Eleanor, with one eye on the music, can see the bride, in a blue dress, put a hand on her mother's shoulder. They walk down the three steps off the porch. The bride swings her arms back and then forward, seizing her parents' hands in a gesture of ease and good cheer.

Her mother is laughing a little, hurrying across the grass in high heels. Halfway to the group awaiting them, just as the father passes in front of Eleanor, the bride turns to him, as if to whisper a wisecrack. Eleanor, looking up over her bowing arm, sees the bride's face: it's Patsy.

BUT that can't be the married lover, can it, Eleanor asks herself later, as Patsy and Harry make their way from guest to guest. Patsy doesn't seem to have noticed her yet. She and Peter and Rebecca are free until dinnertime. The two other musicians have wandered off, but Eleanor is sitting on a bench, leaning back against the picnic table—her cello is in its case in the shade—watching the guests. Two waiters with trays move among them across the lawn, in and out of swatches of sunlight, offering glasses of champagne.

No—of course it's a different man, if Peter is correct that Harry has only recently moved to New Haven and has never been married before. She last saw Patsy at the cast party after the opera, over a year ago, just before the move to Boston. They'd hugged each other goodbye—but then Eleanor put that friendship out of her mind. She'd wanted it rather badly.

She's hotter than ever. She wishes they didn't have to play through dinner. It would be good to be alone; she knows Peter won't arrange anything for tonight, though a part of her mind can't quite drop the idea.

She goes over to the bar that's been set up in the other tent and asks for plain club soda. The bartender puts a wedge of lemon in. Eleanor returns to her bench. Sipping, she watches the guests, trying to play the game she plays at weddings when she's feeling good: that woman must be the bride's aunt—she's clearly the mother's sister—but who's the child?

Patsy, she sees, has turned away from her husband. She comes across the lawn, conspicuous in her light-blue full-skirted dress, stepping quickly, then stopping to laugh and accept congratulations. Now she hurries into the tent and Eleanor is seized in a silky, sweaty hug.

"I can't believe this," says Patsy.

"Hey, congratulations. Good luck."

"I couldn't believe it when I came out of the house and saw you. I've missed you. And there are very few people here from New Haven. Most of my friends are floating rafts down the Colorado River. Never get married in August."

"Well, it's me," says Eleanor.

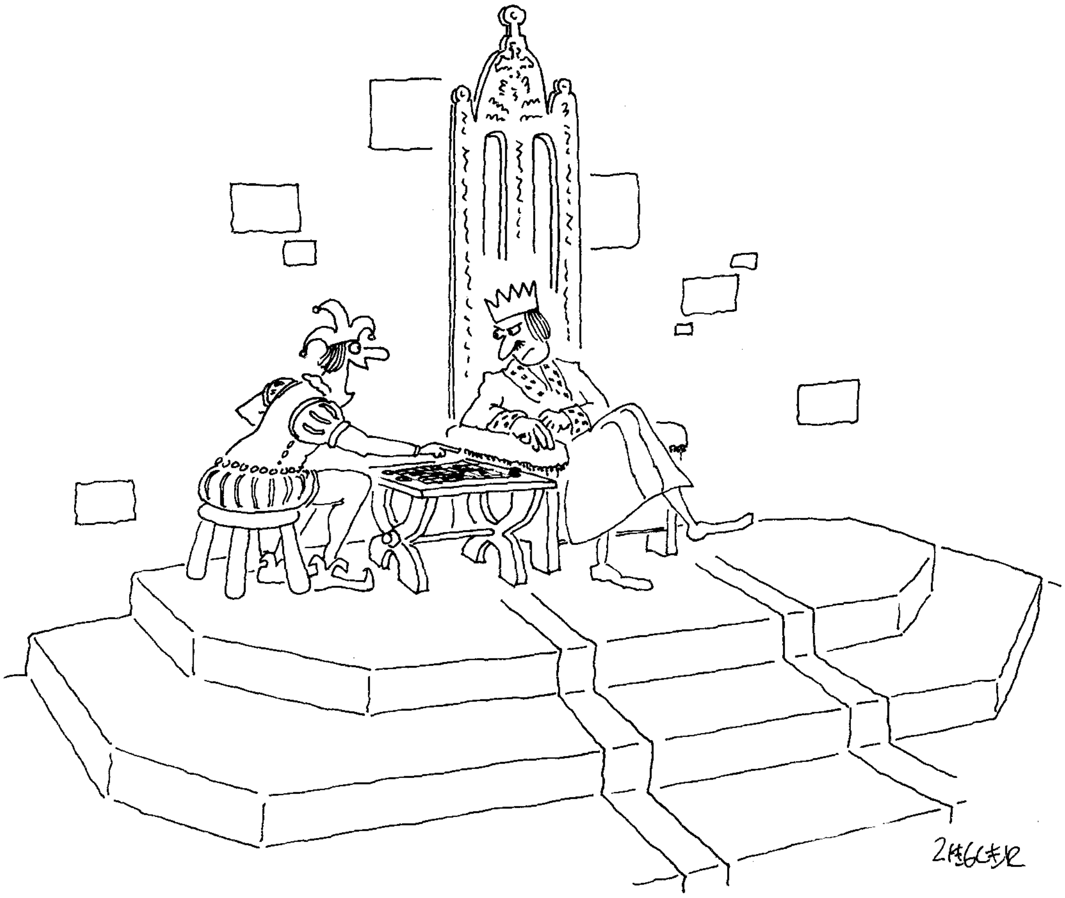
"I have to talk to you." Patsy sits down on the bench. "Eleanor, I have to ask you. Is that *him*?"

"What?"

"Him. The violinist. The man you told me about."

She'd thought Patsy wouldn't remember. She turns and looks at the bride.

"I think it is," says Patsy, "and it's still going on, and it's driving you crazy, and you have to sit and play at



"King me!"

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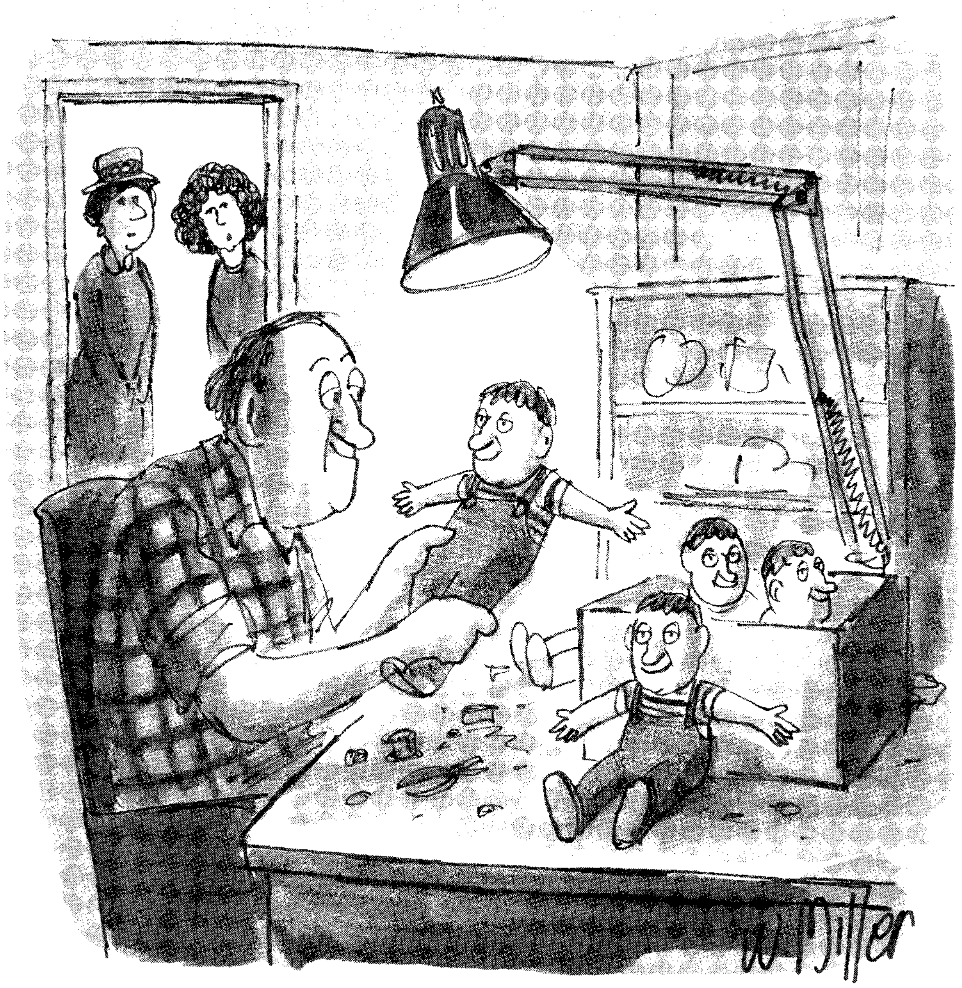

"Phil's been working on a new type of doll, but I don't know if it's going to sweep the nation."

• •

weddings, of all things, trying to guess what's in his head. I've been thinking that since I saw you here."

So Eleanor puts her glass of soda down on the table and cries. She lets Patsy stroke her hand. Peter and Rebecca, over near the side of the house, are watching her. Peter looks angry, but she doesn't care.

Patsy waits.

"But Patsy," she finally says, swallowing some more soda to quiet herself. "This man—your husband—he isn't—"

"Oh, no. I couldn't believe it when I recognized you," says Patsy. "You're the only person here who knows about Keith. Really knows. Harry sort of knows. I hope you're going to *like* Harry."

"Of course I will," says Eleanor.

"I met him the week before I moved," says Patsy. "I've spent the entire year in my car driving up or down between here and Boston, dragging Gabriel. At least he and Harry get along. We're moving back here. I really can't live anywhere but New Haven." She looks around at the graceful tree-bordered yard.

"But I liked Boston," she continues, "and I finished my course work. I have a field placement here. Of course, I'm a little nervous about living in the same city as Keith again. That's his name, the man I told you about that night—Keith. But I'm very happy and I think I know what I'm doing."

Eleanor has stopped crying. She looks out of the tent at the healthy green lawn, and into the surrounding bit of woods; it's dense enough to seem dark and cool. At the edge are low bushes, but Eleanor can see an open place where someone could walk in under the trees.

Peter has come over to them. "The caterer tells me dinner is in fifteen minutes," he says to Eleanor. "We play again—O.K.?"

She introduces him to Patsy. They shake hands.

"At least they're keeping to their schedule," he says to Eleanor. "I've got to get home at a reasonable hour—I still have all those papers to grade." He turns to Patsy. "I'm teaching History of Music in summer school," he explains. "Grades are due tomorrow." He walks away again.

"Oh, boy," says Patsy, laughing.

Eleanor laughs, too. "Oh, Patsy," she says. "Welcome home. I need you. I'm a mess. For one thing, I'm so hot I'm going to die."

"I know. This dress feels like it's made of rubber," says Patsy. "And you with that hair—" She rotates Eleanor away from her and lifts her hair with both hands. Eleanor feels the air touch her neck. "Though you do have great hair." Patsy combs Eleanor's hair with her fingers, gathering in each loose strand. Eleanor feels a firm tug as it is all swept off her neck.

"I'm braiding it for you," Patsy says. She has been dividing Eleanor's hair into three sections. Now the slight tugging moves back and forth from one side of Eleanor's head to the other as Patsy forms the sections into a long braid. Eleanor waits quietly until Patsy comes to the end—lightened, surprised to be letting herself be helped.

Patsy says, "I don't suppose you have anything to fasten this with?"

"No."

"Wait a minute. My mother's junk drawer. Ponytail holders." She hands Eleanor the end of the braid and walks quickly toward the house.

The braid is so long that Eleanor can hold it easily. She brushes the tip against her cheek. It feels like an animal's tail. She waits, looking out at the tiny woods. Soon she sees Patsy coming toward her again, displaying in her hand a ponytail holder—the kind made of glittery elastic fastened into a circle with a bit of gold-colored metal. Patsy holds it up between thumb and forefinger, a little "O"—just what she wanted, just what she knew she'd find in the drawer.

—ALICE MATTISON

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Dine by candle light with a Spanish ambivalence.—*Blurb in a flyer for La Tajada Room, in Cedar City, Utah.*

No forthright American fluorescence?

REFLECTIONS

FLIGHT FROM BYZANTIUM

1

BEARING in mind that every observation suffers from the observer's personal traits—that is, it too often reflects his psychological state rather than that of the reality under observation—I suggest that what follows be treated with a due measure of skepticism, if not with total disbelief. The only thing the observer may claim by way of justification is that he, too, possesses a modicum of reality, inferior in extent, perhaps, but conceding nothing in quality to the subject under scrutiny. A semblance of objectivity might be achieved, no doubt, by way of a complete self-awareness at the moment of observation. I do not think I am capable of this; in any event, I did not aspire to it. All the same, I hope that something of the sort took place.

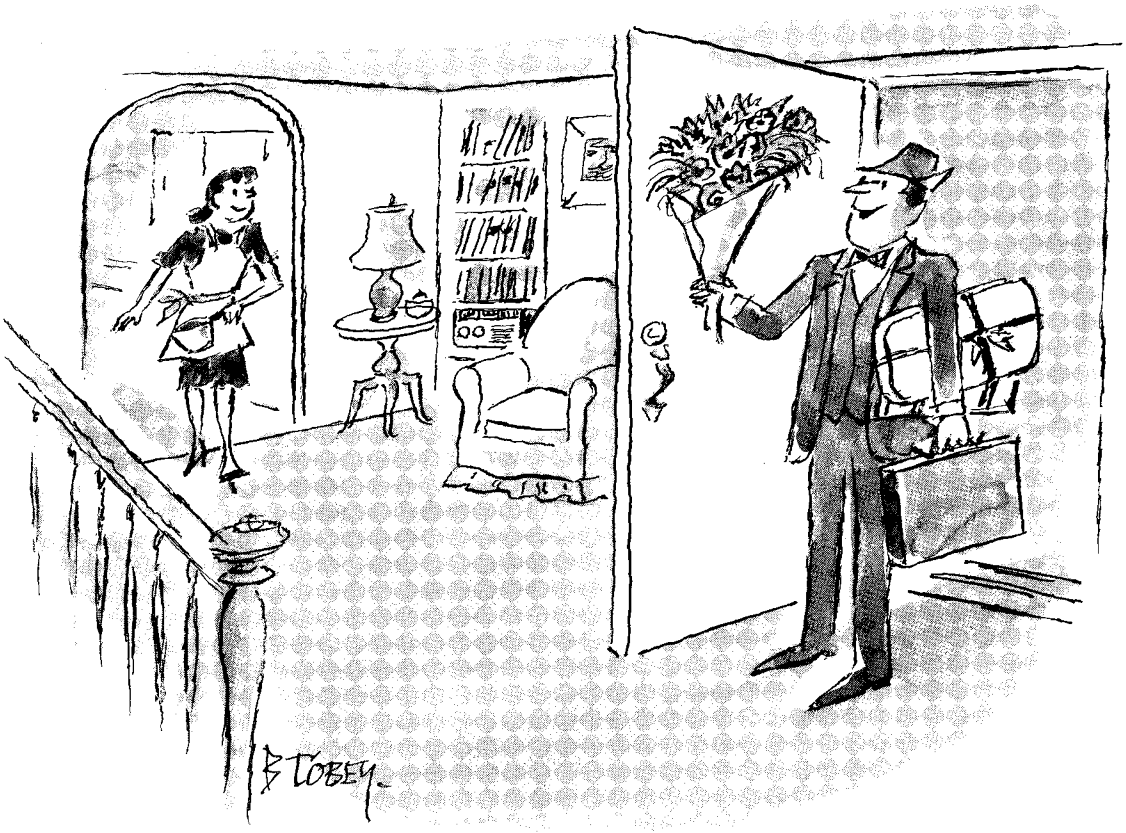
2

MY desire to get to Istanbul was never a genuine one. I am not even sure whether such a word—"desire"—should be used here. On the other hand, it could hardly be called a mere whim or a subconscious urge. Let it be a desire, then, and let's note that it came about partly as the result of a promise I made to myself in 1972, on leaving my hometown, that of Leningrad, for good—to circumnavigate the inhabited world along the latitude and along the longitude (i.e., the Pulkovo meridian) on which Leningrad is situated. By now, the latitude has been more or less taken care of; as to the longitude, the situation is anything but satisfactory. Istanbul, though, lies only a couple of degrees west of that meridian.

The aforementioned motive is only marginally more fanciful than the serious—indeed, the chief—reason, about which I will say something a bit later, or than a handful of totally frivolous secondary or tertiary ones, which I'll broach at once, it being now or never with such trivia: (a) it was in this city that my favorite poet, Constantine Cavafy, spent three momentous years at the turn of the century; (b) I always felt, for some reason, that here, in apartments, shops, and coffeehouses, I should find intact an atmosphere that at present seems to have totally vanished everywhere else; (c) I hoped to hear in Istanbul, on the outskirts of history, that "overseas creak of a Turkish mattress" which I thought I discerned one night some twenty years ago in the Crimea; (d) I wanted to find myself addressed as "effendi;" (e)— But I'm afraid the alphabet isn't long enough to accommodate all these ridiculous notions (though perhaps it's better if you are set in motion precisely by some such nonsense, for it makes final disappointment so much easier to bear). So let us get on to the promised "chief" reason, even though to many it may seem deserving of at best the "f" in my catalogue of bêtises.

This "chief" reason represents the pinnacle of fancifulness. It has to do with the fact that several years ago, while I was talking to a friend of mine, an American Byzantinist, it occurred to me that the cross that Constantine beheld in his dream on the eve of his victory over Maxentius—the cross that bore the legend "In this sign, conquer"—was not in fact a Christian cross but an urban one, the basic element of any Roman settlement. According to Eusebius and others, Constantine, inspired by his vision, at once set off for the East. First at Troy and then, having abruptly abandoned Troy, at Byzantium he founded the new capital of the Roman Empire—that is, the Second Rome. The consequences of this move of his were so momentous that, whether I was right or wrong, I felt an urge to see this place. After all, I spent thirty-two years in what is known as the Third Rome, about a year and a half in the First. Consequently, I needed the Second, if only for my collection.

But let us handle all this in an



"Whose birthday did I not forget?"

orderly fashion, so far as this is feasible.

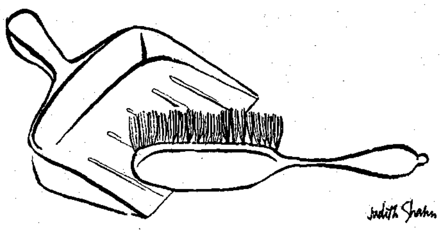
3

I ARRIVED in Istanbul, and left it, by air, having thus isolated it in my mind like some virus under a microscope. If one considers the infectious nature of any culture, the comparison does not seem irresponsible. Writing this note in the Hotel Aegean in the little place called Sounion—at the southeast corner of Attica, forty miles from Athens, where I landed four hours ago—I feel like the carrier of a specific infection, despite constant inoculations of the "classical rose" of the late Vladislav Khodasevich, to which I have subjected myself for the greater part of my life. I really do feel feverish from what I have seen; hence a certain incoherence in all that follows. I believe that my famous namesake experienced something of the sort as he strove to interpret the pharaoh's dreams—though it's one thing to bandy interpretations of sacred signs when the trail is hot (or warm, rather) and quite another a thousand and a half years later.

4

ABOUT dreams. This morning, in the wee hours, in Istanbul's Pera Palace, I, too, beheld something—something utterly monstrous. The scene was the Department of Philology of Leningrad University, and I was coming downstairs with someone I took to be Professor D. E. Maximov, except that he looked more like Lee Marvin. I can't recall what we were talking about, but that's not the point. My attention was caught by a scene of furious activity in a dark corner of the landing where the ceiling came down extremely low. I saw there three cats fighting with an enormous rat, which quite dwarfed them. Glancing over my shoulder, I noticed one of the cats ripped apart by the rat and writhing convulsively in agony on the floor. I chose not to watch the battle's outcome—I recall only that the cat became still—and, exchanging remarks with Marvin-Maximov, I kept going down the staircase. I woke up before I reached the hall.

To begin with, I adore cats. Then it should be added that I can't abide low ceilings; that the place only seemed like the Department of Philology, which is just two stories high anyway; that its grubby gray-brown color was that of the façades and interiors of Istanbul, especially the offices I had visited in the last few days; that the streets there are crooked, filthy, dreadfully cobbled, and piled up with refuse, which is constantly rummaged through by ravenous local cats; that the city, and everything in it, strongly smells of Astrakhan and Samarkand; and that the night before I had made up my mind to leave — But of that later. There was enough, in short, to pollute one's subconscious.



5

CONSTANTINE was, first and foremost, a Roman emperor—in charge of the Western part of the Empire—and for him "In this sign, conquer" was bound to signify, above

---

FOR NOW AND ALWAYS

I would like to hold you   bell that chimes in the underground
Bell wrapped in the vines of the afterlife
Made of smoke and hair
And dresses of pretty girls who would not undress for the commandant
But I can't   my hands have been cut off and are running away

I would like to hold you in my arms
Bell that waltzes in air the way bare feet touched these cold floors
I promise never to forget the sound that makes blood what it is
That icepick in the ear
I don't think that sound will ever melt

I would like to speak to you   sack of flour slung over a prisoner's shoulder
Powder-face of the dead in the baker's window
I would like to speak to you about large bodies of water
Breathing in and out ornate fans that keep them alive
About skyscrapers   tossing stars around in the heavens
Before falling asleep at the edge of town
I promise never to turn away   though my eyes are burning

And cloud   bright furnace of sunlight
Swinging back and forth in the sky as inside a great nightshirt
Like one large lung gasping for breath
I would like to see you again
Rather than go down to the sea and unlock icebergs
I have thought about it a long time
And that is what I want

Your silence is so peaceful   so restful
Any number of hats contain that silence   and go flying off in the wind
Any number of faces reflect its emptiness
That has escaped into the bones of sparrows already dead or still living on rooftops
It pushes a little flower cart across the prison grounds
Chases away bees that ring in the shadows

Starless night   I promise never to burn your photograph
My legs and feet are cold
Wire fences go travelling through my eyes as no travellers ever managed to before
Windmills tangle in my hair long into morning
Ashes   here is a kiss from the living
Impossible to see against the sky

(*Dachau, West Germany, 1979.*)

—GARY MYERS

• •

"Jonathan is associate professor of soups and salads at our local culinary institute."

• •

all, an extension of his own rule, of his control over the whole empire. There is nothing novel about divining the most immediate future by roosters' innards, or about enlisting a deity as your own captain. Nor is the gulf between absolute ambition and utmost piety so vast. But even if he had been a true and zealous believer (a matter on which various doubts have been cast, especially in view of his conduct toward his children and in-laws) "conquer" must have had for him not only the military, sword-crossing meaning but also an administrative one—that is, settlements and cities. And the plan of any Roman settlement is precisely a cross: a central highway running north and south (like the Corso in Rome) intersects a similar road running east and west. From Leptis Magna to Castricum, an imperial subject always knew where he was in relation to the capital.

Even if the cross of which Constantine spoke to Eusebius was that of the Redeemer, a constituent part of it in his dream was, un- or subconsciously, the principle of settlement planning. Besides, in the fourth century the symbol of the Redeemer was not the cross at all; it was the fish, a Greek acrostic for the name of Christ. And as for the Cross of the Crucifixion itself, it resembled the Russian (and Latin) capital "T," rather than what Michelangelo depicted on that staircase in St. Peter's, or what we nowadays imagine it to have been. Whatever Constantine may or may not have had in mind, the execution of the instructions he received in a dream took the form in the first place of a territorial expansion toward the East, and the emergence of a Second Rome was a perfectly logical consequence of this eastward expansion. Possessing, by all accounts, a dynamic personality, he considered a forward policy perfectly natural. The more so if he was in actual fact a true believer.

Was he or wasn't he? Whatever the answer might be, it is the genetic code that laughed the last laugh. For his nephew happened to be no one else than Julian the Apostate.

6

ANY movement along a plane surface which is not dictated by physical necessity is a spatial form of self-assertion, be it empire-building or tourism. In this sense, my reason for going to Istanbul differed only slightly from Constantine's. Especially if he really did become a Christian—that is, ceased to be a Roman. I have, however, rather more grounds for reproaching myself with superficiality; besides, the results of my displacements are of far less consequence. I don't even leave behind photographs taken "in front of" walls, let alone a set of walls themselves. In this sense, I am inferior even to the almost proverbial Japanese. (There is nothing more appalling to me than to think about the family album of the average Japanese: smiling and stocky, he/she/both against a backdrop of everything vertical the world contains—statues, foun-

DICK & MIMI NEAL
BACK TOGETHER AGAIN
WEBER

tains, cathedrals, towers, mosques, ancient temples, etc. Least of all, I presume, Buddhas and pagodas.) *Cogito ergo sum* gives way to *Kodak ergo sum*, just as *cogito* in its day triumphed over "I create." In other words, the ephemeral nature of my presence and my motives is no less absolute than the physical tangibility of Constantine's activities and his thoughts, real or supposed.

7

THE Roman elegiac poets of the end of the first century B.C.—especially Propertius and Ovid—openly mock their great contemporary Virgil and his Aeneid. This may be explicable in terms of personal rivalry or professional jealousy or opposition of their idea of poetry as a personal, private art to a conception of it as something civic, as a form of state propaganda. (This last may ring true, but it is a far cry from the truth, nonetheless, since Virgil was the author not only of the Aeneid but also of the Bucolics and the Georgics.) There may also have been considerations of a purely stylistic nature. It is quite possible that from the elegists' point of view the epic—any epic, including Virgil's—was a retrograde phenomenon. The elegists, all of them, were disciples of the Alexandrian school of poetry, which had given birth to a tradition of short lyric verse such as we are familiar with in poetry today. The Alexandrian preference for brevity, terseness, compression, concreteness, erudition, didacticism, and a preoccupation with the personal was, it seems, the reaction of the Greek art of letters against the surplus forms of Greek literature in the Archaic period: against the epic, the drama; against mythologizing, not to say mythmaking itself. A reaction, if one thinks about it—though it's best not to—against Aristotle. The Alexandrian tradition absorbed all these things and fitted them to the confines of the elegy or the eclogue: to the almost hieroglyphic dialogue in the latter, to an illustrative function of myth (*exempla*) in the former. In other words, we find a certain tendency toward miniaturization and condensation (as a means of survival for poetry in a world less and less inclined to pay it heed, if not as a more direct, more immediate means of influencing the hearts and minds of readers and listeners) when, lo and behold, Virgil appears with his hexameters and gigantic "social order."

I would add here that the elegists, almost without exception, were using the elegiac distich, a couplet combining dactylic hexameter and dactylic pentameter; also, that they, again almost without exception, came to poetry from the schools of rhetoric, where they had been trained for a juridical profession (as advocates: arguers in the modern sense). Nothing corresponds better to the rhetorical system of thought than the elegiac distich, which provided a means of expressing, at a minimum, two points of view, not to mention a whole palette of intonational coloring permitted by the contrasting metres.

All this, however, is in parentheses. Outside the parentheses lie the elegists' reproaches directed at Virgil on ethical rather than metrical grounds. Especially interesting in this regard is Ovid, in no way inferior to the author of the Aeneid in descriptive skills, and psychologically infinitely more subtle. In "Dido to Aeneas," one of his Heroides—a collection of made-up correspondence from love poetry's standard heroines to their either perished or unfaithful beloveds—the Carthaginian queen, rebuking Aeneas for abandoning her, does so in approximately the following fashion: "I could have understood if you had left me because you had resolved to return home, to

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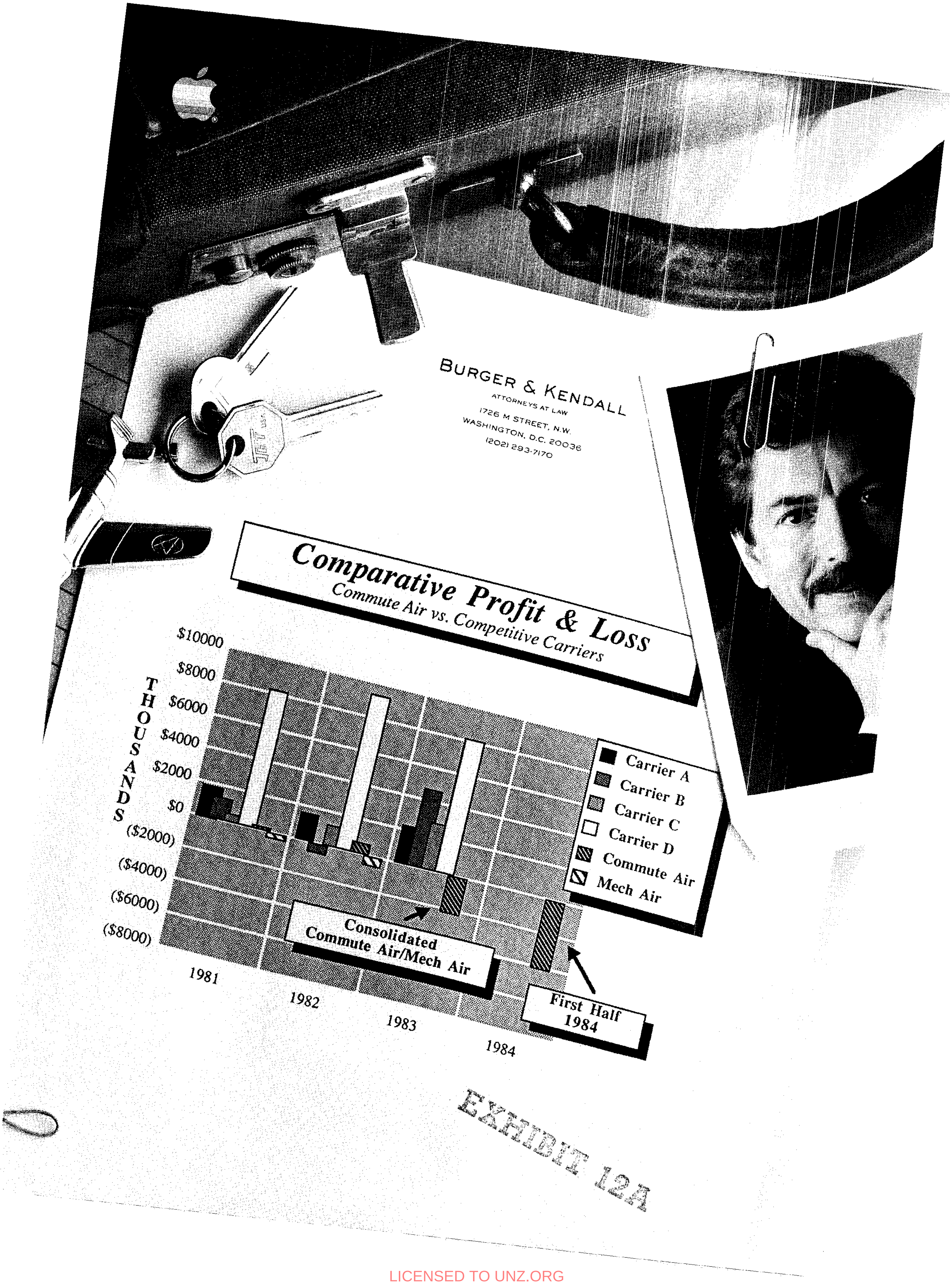
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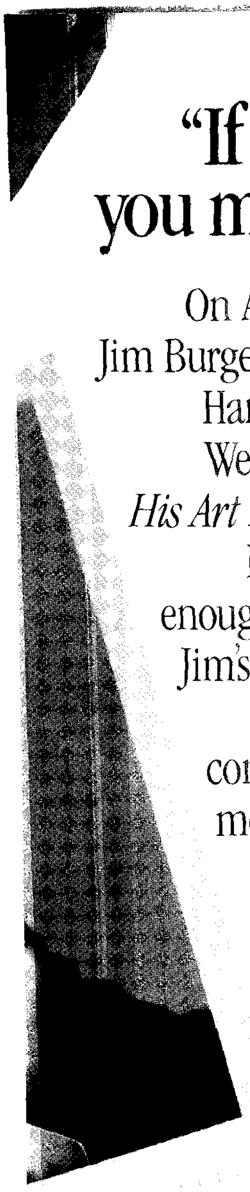

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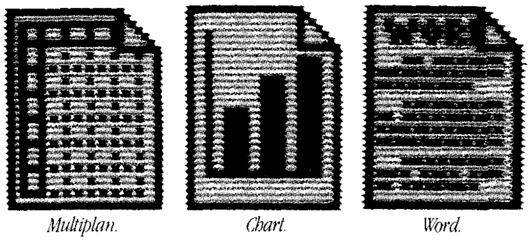

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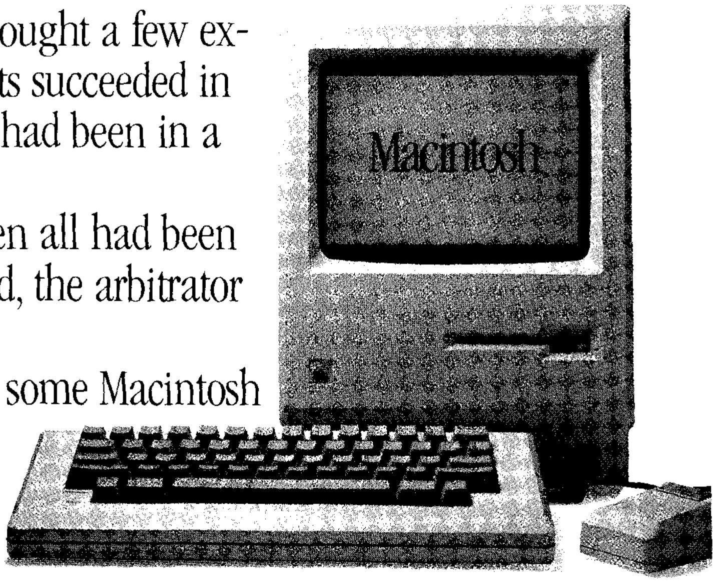

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your own kinfolk. But you are setting out for unknown lands, a new goal, a new, as yet unfounded city, in order, it seems, to break yet another heart." And so on. She even hints that Aeneas is leaving her pregnant and that one of the reasons for her suicide is the fear of disgrace. But this is not germane to the matter in hand. What matters here is that in Virgil's eyes Aeneas is a hero, directed by the gods. In Ovid's eyes, he is an unprincipled scoundrel, attributing his mode of conduct—his movement along a plane surface—to Divine Providence. (As for Providence, Dido has her own teleological explanations as well, but that is of small consequence, as is our all too eager assumption of Ovid's anti-civic posture.)

8

THE Alexandrian tradition was a Grecian tradition: one of order (the cosmos), of proportion, of harmony, of the tautology of cause and effect (the Oedipus cycle)—a tradition of symmetry and the closed circle, of *return to the origin*. And it is Virgil's concept of linear movement, his linear model of existence, that the elegists find so exasperating in him. The Greeks should not be idealized overmuch, but one cannot deny them their cosmic principle, informing celestial bodies and kitchen utensils alike.

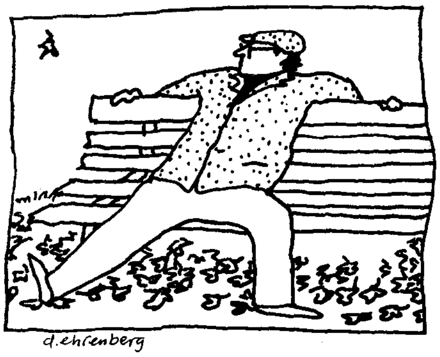
Virgil, it appears, was the first—in literature, at least—to apply the linear principle: his hero never returns; he always departs. Possibly, this was in the air; more likely, it was dictated by the expansion of the Empire, which had reached a scale in which human displacement had indeed become irreversible. This is precisely why the Aeneid is unfinished: it must not—indeed, could not—be completed. And the linear principle has nothing to do with the "feminine" character of Hellenism or with the "masculinity" of Roman culture—or with Virgil's own sexual tastes. The point is that the linear principle, detecting in itself a certain irresponsibility vis-à-vis the past—irresponsibility linked with the linear idea of existence—tends to balance this with a detailed projection of the future. The result is either a "retroactive prophecy," like Anchises' conversations in the Aeneid, or social utopianism or the idea of eternal life—i.e., Christianity. There is not much difference between these. In fact, it is their similarity, and not the "messianic" Fourth Eclogue, that practically allows one to consider Virgil the first Christian poet. Had I been writing "The Divine Comedy," I would have placed this Roman in Paradise: for outstanding services to the linear principle, into its logical conclusion.

9

THE delirium and horror of the East. The dusty catastrophe of Asia. Green only on the banner of the Prophet. Nothing grows here except mustaches. A black-eyed, overgrown-with-stubble-before-supper part of the world. Bonfire embers doused with urine. That smell! A mixture of foul tobacco and sweaty soap and the underthings wrapped around loins like another turban. Racism? But isn't it only a form of misanthropy? And that ubiquitous grit flying in your muzzle even in the city, poking the world out of your eyes—and yet one feels grateful even for that. Ubiquitous concrete, with the texture of turd and the color of an upturned grave. Ah, all that nearsighted scum—Corbusier, Mondrian, Gropius—who mutilated the world more effectively than any Luftwaffe! Snobbery? But it's only a form of despair. The local population in a state of total stupor whiling its time away in squalid snack bars, tilting its heads as in a *namaz* in reverse toward the television screen, where somebody is permanently beating somebody else up. Or else they're dealing out cards, whose jacks and nines are the sole accessible abstraction, the single means of concentration. Misanthropy? Despair? Yet what else could be expected from one who has outlived the apotheosis of the linear principle? From a man who has nowhere to go back to? From a great turdologist, sacrophag, and the possible author of "Sadomachia"?

10

A CHILD of his age—that is, the fourth century A.D., or, better, P.V. (Post-Virgil)—Constantine, a man of action, if only because he was emperor, could regard himself as not only the embodiment but also the instrument of the linear principle of existence. Byzantium was for him not only symbolically but literally a cross, an intersection of trade routes, caravan roads, etc.—both from east to west and from north to south. This alone might have drawn his attention to the place, which had given to the world (in the seventh century B.C.) something that in all tongues means the same: money.



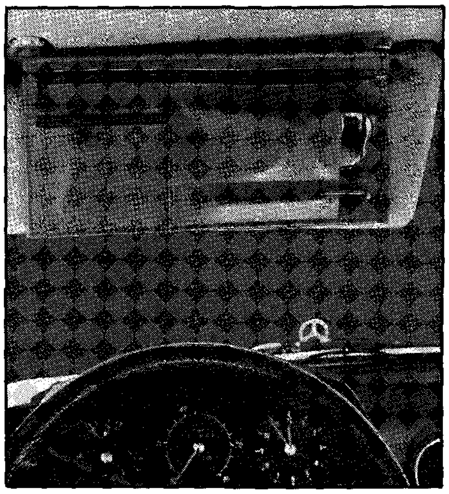
Money certainly interested Constantine exceedingly. If he did possess a measure of greatness, it was most likely financial. A pupil of Diocletian, having failed to learn his tutor's high art of delegating authority, he nonetheless succeeded in a by no means inferior art: to use the modern term, he stabilized the currency. The Roman solidus, introduced in his reign, played the role of our dollar for over seven centuries. In this sense, the transfer of the capital to Byzantium was a movement of the bank to the mint.

One should perhaps also bear in mind that the philanthropy of the Christian Church at this time was, if not an alternative to the state economy, then at least a recourse for a considerable part of the population, the have-nots. To a large extent, the popularity of Christianity was based not so much on the idea of the equality of souls before the Lord as on the tangible—for the have-nots—fruits of an organized system of mutual assistance. It was in its way a combination of food stamps and the Red Cross. Neither Neoplatonism nor the cult of Isis organized anything of the kind. In this, frankly, lay their mistake.

One may muse at length on what went on in Constantine's heart and mind with regard to the Christian faith, but as an emperor he could not fail to appreciate the organizational and economic effectiveness of this particular church. Besides, the transferring of the capital to the extreme rim of the Empire transforms that rim into the center, as it were, and implies an equally extensive space on the other side. On the map, this is equivalent to India: the object of all imperial dreams known to us, before and after the birth of Christ.

11

DUST! This weird substance, driving into your face! It merits attention; it should not be concealed behind the word "dust." Is it just agitated dirt, incapable of finding its own



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place but constituting the very essence of this part of the world? Or is it the earth striving to rise into the air, detaching itself from itself, like mind from body, like the body yielding itself to the heat? Rain betrays the nature of this substance when brown-black rivulets of it go snaking beneath your feet, beaten back to the cobbles and away down the undulating arteries of this primeval *kışlak*, and yet unable to amass themselves enough to form puddles, because of the countless splashing wheels, numerically superior to the faces of the inhabitants, that bear this substance off, to the sound of blaring horns, across the bridge into Asia, Anatolia, Ionia, to Trebizond and Smyrna.

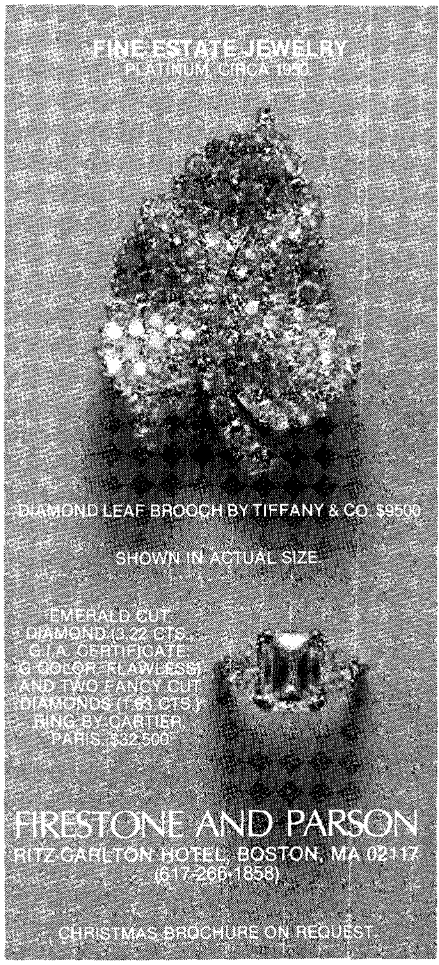
As everywhere in the East, there are vast numbers of shoe shiners here of all ages, with their exquisite brass-bound boxes housing their kit of boot creams in round, thinnest-of-copper containers with cupola lids. Like little mosques without the minarets. The ubiquity of the profession is explained by the dirt, by that dust which covers your dazzling, reflecting-the-entire-universe-just-five-minutes-ago loafer with a gray, impenetrable powder. Like all shoe shiners, these people are great philosophers. Or, better, all philosophers are but shiners of great shoes. For this reason, it isn't so very important whether you know Turkish.

12

WHO these days really examines maps, studies contours, reckons distances? Nobody, except perhaps vacationers or drivers. Since the invention of the push button, even the military don't do it anymore. Who writes letters listing the sights he has seen and analyzing the feelings he had while doing so? And who reads such letters? After us, nothing will remain that is worthy of the name of correspondence. Even young people, seemingly with plenty of time, make do with postcards. People of my age usually resort to those either in a moment of despair in some alien spot or just to kill time. Yet there are places examination of which on a map makes you feel for a brief moment akin to Providence.

13

THERE are places where history is inescapable, like a highway accident—places whose geography provokes history. Such is Istanbul, alias Constantinople, alias Byzantium. A traffic light gone haywire, with all



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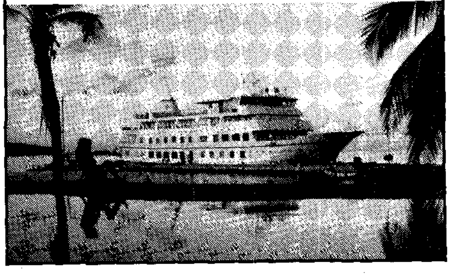

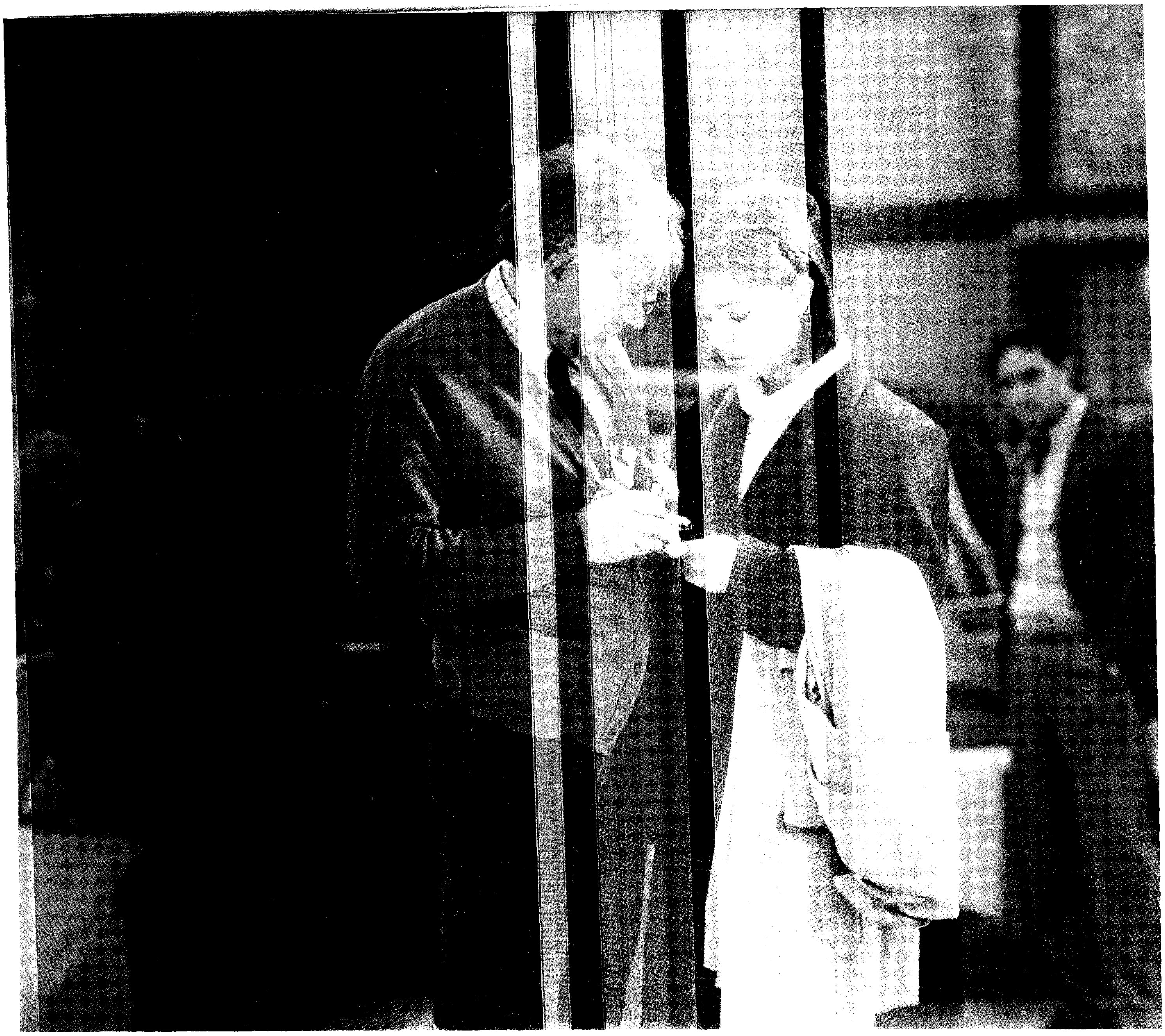

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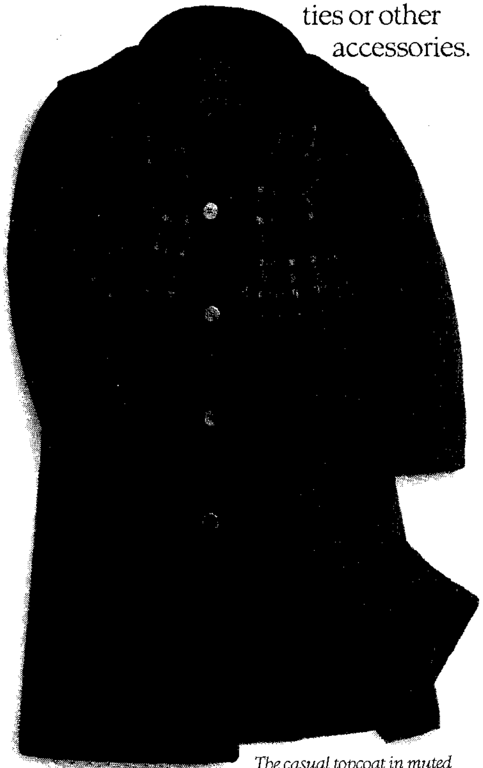

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three colors flaring up at once. Not red-amber-green but white-amber-brown. Also, of course, blue: for the water, for the Bosporus-Marmara-Dardanelles, which separates Europe from Asia—or does it? Ah, all these natural frontiers, these straits and Urals of ours! How little they have ever meant to armies or cultures, and even less to non-cultures—though for nomads they may actually have signified a bit more than for princes inspired by the linear principle and justified in advance by an entrancing vision of the future.

Did not Christianity triumph precisely because it provided an end that justified the means, because it temporarily—i.e., for the whole of one's life—absolved one from responsibility? Because the next step, any step at all, in any direction, was becoming logical? Wasn't it—Christianity—in the spiritual sense, at least, an anthropological echo of nomadic existence, its metastasis in the psychology of man the settler? Or, better still, hasn't it simply coincided with purely imperial needs? Pay alone could hardly be enough to stir a legionary (whose career's meaning lay precisely in a long-service bonus, demobilization, and getting a farm plot) from the spot. He should be inspired, too; otherwise, the legions turn into that wolf which only Tiberius could haul back by the ears.

14

A CONSEQUENCE can rarely look back at its cause with anything like approval. Still less can it suspect the cause of anything. The relations between effect and cause lack, as a rule, the rational, analytic element. As a rule, they are tautological and, at best, tinged with the incoherent enthusiasm the latter feels for the former.

It should not be forgotten, therefore, that the belief system called Christianity came from the East, and, for the same reason, it shouldn't be forgotten that one of the ideas that overpowered Constantine after the victory over Maxentius and the vision of the cross was the desire to come at least physically closer to the source of that victory and that vision: to the East. I have no clear notion of what was going on in Judaea at that time, but it is obvious, at least, that if Constantine had set off by land to go there he would have encountered a good many obstacles. In any event, to found a capital overseas would have contradicted plain common sense. Also, one

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shouldn't rule out a dislike of Jews, quite possible on Constantine's part.

There is something amusing, and even a bit alarming, isn't there, in the idea that the East is actually the metaphysical center of mankind? Christianity had been only one of a considerable number of sects within the Empire—though, admittedly, the most active. By Constantine's reign, the Roman Empire, in no small measure because of its sheer size, had been a veritable country fair or bazaar of creeds. With the exception of the Copts and the cult of Isis, however, the source of all the belief systems on offer was in fact the East.

The West was offering nothing. Essentially, the West was a customer. Let us treat the West with tenderness, then, precisely for its lack of this sort of inventiveness, for which it has paid quite heavily, that pay including the reproaches of excessive rationality one hears to this day. Is this not the way a vender inflates the price of his wares? And where will he go once his coffers are overflowing?

15

IF the Roman elegists reflected the outlook of their public in any way at all, one might suppose that by Constantine's reign—i.e., four centuries after the elegists—arguments like "The motherland is in danger" or "Pax Romana" had lost their spell and cogency. And if Eusebius' assertions are correct then Constantine turns out to be neither more nor less than the first Crusader. One should not lose sight of the fact that the Rome of Constantine was no longer the Rome of Augustus, or even that of the Antonines. It was, generally speaking, not ancient Rome anymore: it was Christian Rome. What Constantine brought to Byzantium no longer denoted classical culture: it was already the culture of a new age, brewed in the concept of monotheism, which now relegated polytheism—i.e., its own past, with all its spirit of law, and so forth—to the status of idolatry. This, to be sure, was already progress.

16

HERE I should like to admit that my ideas concerning antiquity seem somewhat wild even to me. I understand polytheism in a simple, and therefore no doubt incorrect, fashion. For me, it is a system of spiritual existence in which every form of human activity, from fishing to contemplating the constellations, is sanctified

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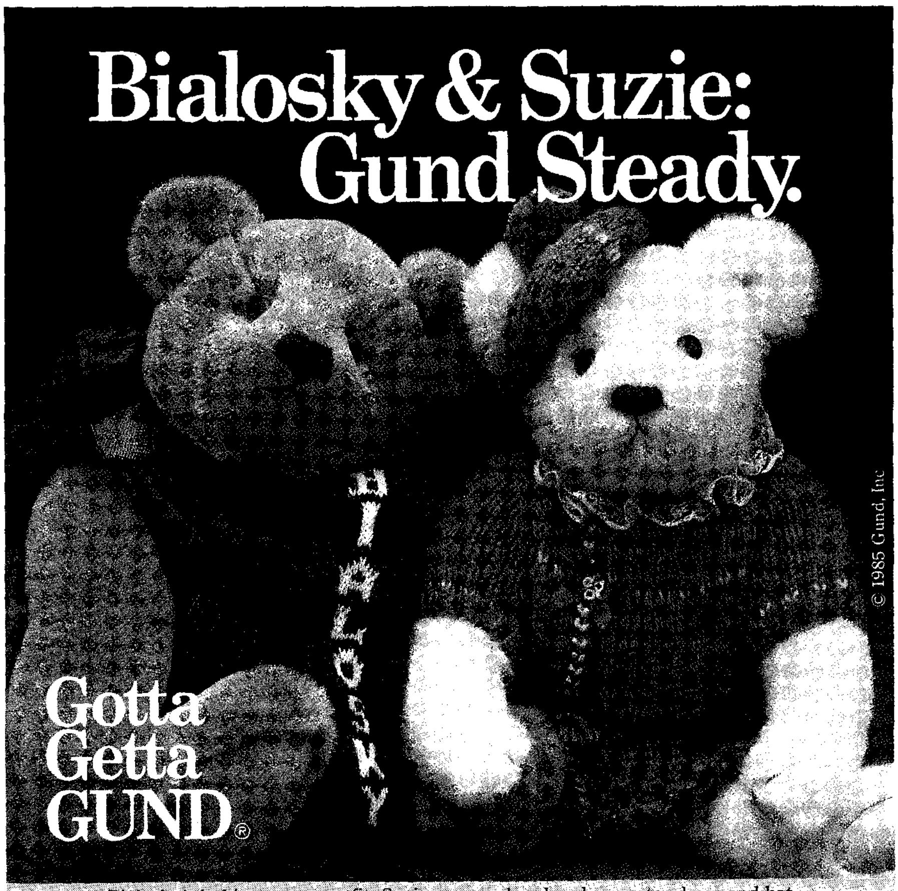

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by specific deities. An individual possessing appropriate will and imagination is thus able to discern in his activity its metaphysical, infinite lining. Alternatively, one or another god may, as the whim takes him, appear to a man at any time and possess him for a period. The only thing required of the latter, should he wish this to happen, is for him to "purify" himself, so as to enable the visit to take place. This process of purification (catharsis) varies a great deal and has an individual character (sacrifice, pilgrimage, a vow of some kind) or a public one (theatre, sporting contests). The hearth is no different from the amphitheatre, the stadium from the altar, the statue from the stewing pan.

A world view of this kind can exist, I suppose, only in settled conditions: when the god knows your address. It is not surprising that the culture we call Greek arose on islands. It is no surprise, either, that its fruits hypnotized for a millennium the entire Mediterranean, including Rome. And it is not surprising, again, that, as its Empire grew, Rome—which was not an island—fled from that culture. The flight began, in fact, with the Caesars and with the idea of absolute power, since in that intensely political sphere polytheism was synonymous with democracy. Absolute power—autocracy—was synonymous, alas, with monotheism. If one can imagine an unprejudiced man, then polytheism must seem far more attractive to him than monotheism, if only because of the instinct of self-preservation.

But there is no such person; even Diogenes, with his lamp, would fail to find him in broad daylight. Bearing in mind the culture we call ancient or classical, rather than the instinct of self-preservation, I can only say that the longer I live the more this idol worship appeals to me, and the more dangerous seems to me monotheism in its pure form. There's little point, I suppose, in laboring the matter, in calling the spade the spade, but the democratic state is in fact the historical triumph of idolatry over Christianity.

17

NATURALLY, Constantine could not know this. I assume he intuited that Rome was no more. The Christian in him combined with the ruler in a natural and, I am afraid, prophetic manner. In that very "In this sign, conquer" of his, one's ear discerns the ambition of power. And it was "conquer" indeed—more even than he imagined, since Christianity in Byzantium lasted ten centuries. But this victory was, I am sorry to say, a Pyrrhic one. The nature of this victory was what compelled the Western Church to detach itself from the Eastern. That is to say, the geographical Rome from the projected one, from Byzantium. The Church the bride of Christ from the Church the spouse of the State. And it is quite possible that in his drive eastward Constantine was in fact guided by the East's political climate—by its despotism without any experience of democracy, congenial to his own predicament. The geographical Rome, one way or another, still retained some memories of the role of the senate. Byzantium had no such memory.

18

TODAY, I am forty-five years old. I am sitting stripped to the waist in the Lykabettos Hotel, in Athens, bathed in sweat, absorbing vast quantities of Coca-Cola. In this city, I don't know a soul. In the evening, when I went out looking for a place to have supper, I found myself in the thick of a highly excited throng shouting something unintelligible. As far as I can make out, elections are imminent. I was shuffling along some endless main street blocked by people and vehicles, with car horns wailing in my ears, not understanding a word, and it suddenly dawned on me that this, essentially, is the afterlife—that life had ended but movement was still continuing; that this is what eternity is all about.

Forty-five years ago, my mother gave me life. She died the year before last. Last year, my father died. I, their only child, am walking along the evening streets in Athens, streets they never saw and never will. The fruit of their love, their poverty, their slavery in which they lived and died—their son walks free. Since he doesn't bump into them in the crowd, he realizes that he is wrong, that this is not eternity.

19

WHAT did Constantine see and not see as he looked at the map of Byzantium? He saw, to put it mildly, a tabula rasa. An imperial province settled by Greeks, Jews, Persians, and such—a population he was used to dealing with, typical subjects of the eastern part of his Empire. The language was Greek, but for an edu-

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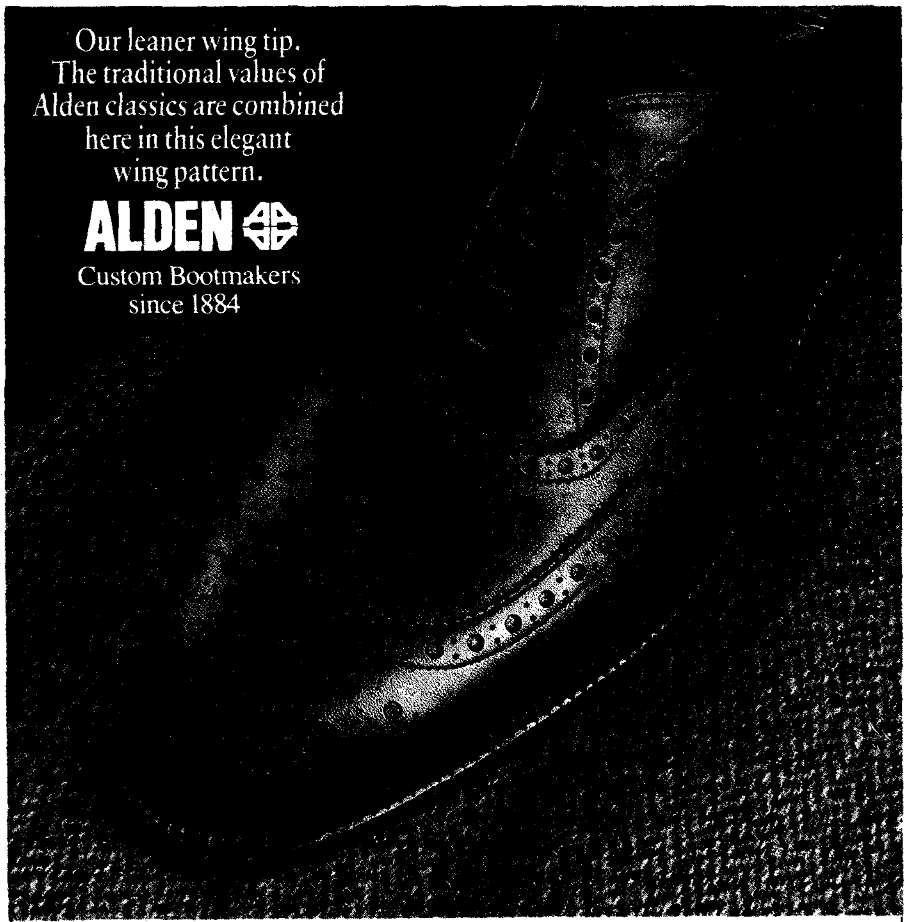

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cated Roman this was like French for a nineteenth-century Russian nobleman. Constantine saw a town jutting out into the Sea of Marmara, a town that would be easy to defend if a wall was just thrown around it. He saw the hills of this city, somewhat reminiscent of Rome's, and if he pondered erecting, say, a palace or a church he knew that the view from the windows would be really smashing: on all Asia. And all Asia would gape at the crosses that would crown that church. One may also imagine him toying with the idea of controlling the access of those Romans he had dropped behind him. They would be compelled to trail across the whole of Attica to get here, or to sail around the Peloponnesus. "This one I'll let in, that one I won't." In these terms, no doubt, he thought of his version of the earthly Paradise. Ah, all these excise man's dreams! And he saw, too, Byzantium acclaiming him as her protector against the Sassanids and against our —your and my, ladies and comrades— ancestors from that side of the Danube. And he saw a Byzantium kissing the cross.

What he did not see was that he was dealing with the East. To wage wars against the East—or even to liberate the East—and actually to live there are very different things. For all its Greekness, Byzantium belonged to a world with totally different ideas about the value of human existence from those current in the West: in—however pagan it was—Rome. For Byzantium, Persia, for example, was far more real than Hellas, if only in a military sense. And the differences in degree of this reality could not fail to be reflected in the outlook of these future subjects of their Christian lord. Though in Athens Socrates could be judged in open court and could make whole speeches—three of them!—in his defense, in Isfahan, say, or Baghdad such a Socrates would simply have been impaled on the spot, or flayed, and there the matter would have ended. There would have been no Platonic dialogues, no Neoplatonism, nothing: as there wasn't. There would have been only the monologue of the Koran: as there was. Byzantium was a bridge into Asia, but the traffic across it flowed in the opposite direction. Of course, Byzantium accepted Christianity, but there this faith was fated to become Orientalized. In this, too, to no small degree lies the root of the subsequent hostility of the Roman Church toward the Eastern. Certainly

Christianity nominally lasted a thousand years in Byzantium, but what kind of Christianity it was and what sort of Christians these were is another matter.

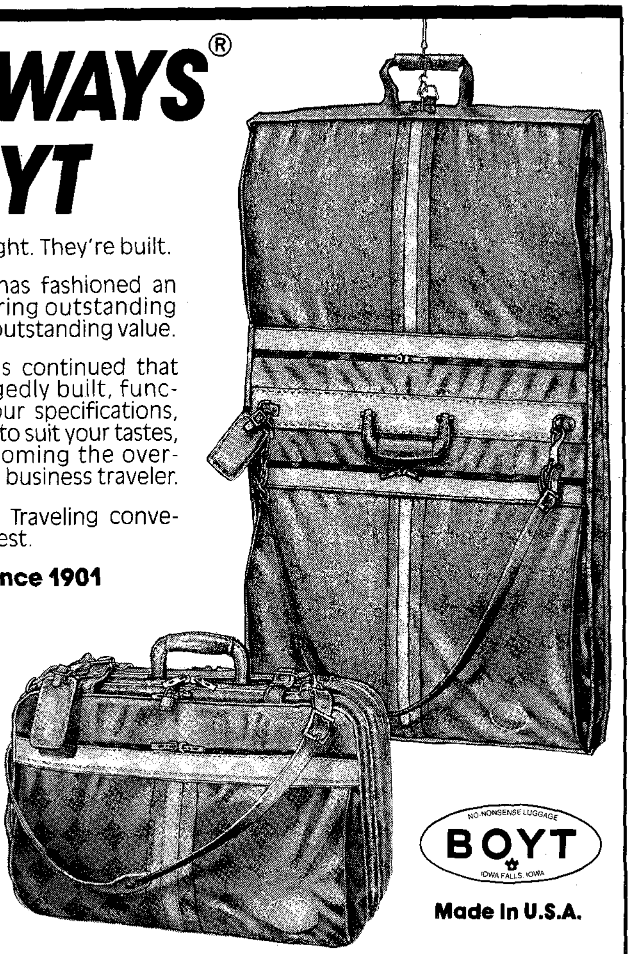
Oh, I am afraid I am going to say that all the Byzantine scholastics, all Byzantium's scholarship and ecclesiastical ardor, its Caesaro-papism, its theological and administrative assertiveness, all those triumphs of Photius and his twenty anathemas—all these came from the place's inferiority complex, from the youngest patriarchy's grappling with its own ethnic incoherence. Which in the far end, where I find myself standing, has spawned its dark-haired, levelling victory over that incredibly high-pitched spiritual quest which took place here, and reduced it to a matter of wistful yet reluctant mental archeology. And—oh, again—I am afraid I am going to add that it is for this reason, and not just because of mean, vengeful memory, that Rome, which doctored the history of our civilization anyway, deleted the Byzantine millennium from the record. Which is why I find myself standing here in the first place. And the dust stuffs my nostrils.

20

HOW dated everything is here! Not old, ancient, antique, or even old-fashioned, but dated. This is where old cars come to die, and instead become *dolmuşlar*, public taxis; a ride in one is cheap, bumpy, and nostalgic to the point of making you feel that you are moving in the wrong, unintended direction—in part, because the drivers rarely speak English. The United States naval base near here presumably sold all these Dodges and Plymouths of the fifties to some local entrepreneur, and now they prowl the mud roads of Asia Minor, rattling, throttling, and wheezing in evident disbelief in this so taxing afterlife. So far from Dearborn; so far from the promised junk yard!

21

AND also Constantine did not see—or, more precisely, did not foresee—that the impression produced on him by the geographical position of Byzantium was a natural one. That if Eastern potentates should also glance at a map they were bound to be similarly impressed. As, indeed, was the case—more than once—with consequences grievous enough for Christianity. Up until the seventh century, friction between East and West in By-



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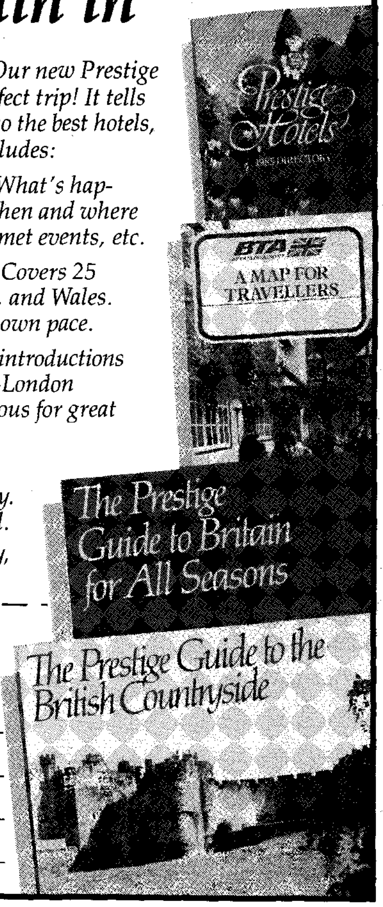
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zantium was of a standard, I'll-skin-you-alive military sort and was resolved by force of arms, usually in the West's favor. If this did not increase the popularity of the cross in the East, at all events it inspired respect for it. But by the seventh century what had risen over the entire East and started to dominate it was the crescent of Islam. Thereafter, the military encounters between East and West, whatever their outcome, resulted in a gradual but steady erosion of the cross and in a growing relativism of the Byzantine outlook as a consequence of too close and too frequent contact between the two sacred signs. (Who knows whether the eventual defeat of iconoclasm shouldn't be explained by a sense of the inadequacy of the cross as a symbol and by the necessity for some visual competition with the anti-figurative art of Islam? Whether it wasn't the nightmarish Arabic lace that was spurring John Damascene?)

Constantine did not foresee that the anti-individualism of Islam would find the soil of Byzantium so welcoming that by the ninth century Christianity would be more than ready to flee to the north. He, of course, would have said that it was not flight but, rather, the expansion of Christianity which he had—in theory, at least—dreamed of. And many would nod to this in agreement: yes, an expansion. Yet the Christianity that was received by Rus from Byzantium in the ninth century already had absolutely nothing in common with Rome. For, on its way to Rus, Christianity dropped behind it not only togas and statues but also Justinian's Civil Code. No doubt in order to facilitate the journey.

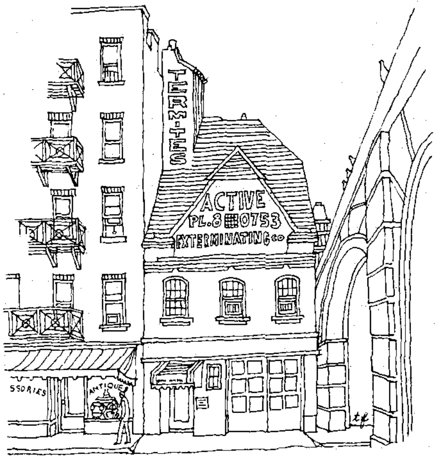
22

HAVING decided to leave Istanbul, I set about finding a steamship company serving the route from Istanbul to Athens or, better still, from Istanbul to Venice. I did the rounds of various offices, but, as always happens in the East, the nearer you get to the goal the more obscure become the means of its attainment. In the end, I realized that I couldn't sail from either Istanbul or Smyrna for two more weeks, whether by passenger ship, freighter, or tanker. In one of the agencies, a corpulent Turkish lady, puffing a frightful cigarette like an ocean liner, advised me to try a company bearing the Australian—as I at first imagined—name Boomerang. Boomerang turned out to be a grubby office smelling of stale tobacco, with two tables, one telephone, a map of—naturally—The World on the wall, and six stocky, pensive, dark-haired men, torpid from idleness. The only thing I managed to extract from the one sitting nearest the door was that Boomerang dealt with Soviet cruises in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, but that that week there were no sailings. I wonder where that young Lubyanka lieutenant who dreamed up that name came from. Tula? Chelyabinsk?

23

DREADING a repetition, I will nonetheless state again that if Byzantine soil turned out to be so favorable for Islam it was most likely because of its ethnic texture—a mixture of races and nationalities that had neither local nor, moreover, over-all memory of any kind of coherent tradition of individualism. Dreading generalizations, I will add that the East means, first of all, a tradition of obedience, of hierarchy, of profit, of trade, of adaptability: a tradition, that is, drastically alien to the principles of a moral absolute, whose role—I mean the intensity of the sentiment—is fulfilled here by the idea of kinship, of family. I foresee objections, and am even willing to accept them, in whole or in part. But no matter what extreme of idealization of the East we may entertain we'll never be able to ascribe to it the least semblance of democracy.

And I am speaking here of Byzantium before the Turkish domination: of the Byzantium of Constantine, Justinian, Theodora—of Christian Byzantium, anyway. Still, Michael Psellus, the eleventh-century Byzantine historian, describing in his "Chronographia" the reign of Basil II, tells us about Basil's prime minister, also Basil, who was the Emperor's uncle and, because of that, was simply castrated in childhood to eliminate any possible claim to the throne. "A natural precaution," comments the historian, "since as a eunuch he would not attempt to usurp the throne from the legitimate heir." Psellus adds, "He was completely reconciled to his fate, and was sincerely dedicated to the ruling house. After all, it was his family." Let's make a note that this was written about the time of the reign of Basil II (A.D. 976-1025), and that Psellus mentions the incident very much in passing, as a routine affair—as, indeed, it was—at the Byzantine court. If this was A.D., what, then, of B.C.?



24

AND how do we measure an age? And is an age susceptible to measurement? We should also note that what Psellus describes takes place before the arrival of the Turks. There are no Bajazet-Muhammad-Suleimans about, none of that. For the time being, we are still interpreting sacred texts, warring against heresy, gathering at universal councils, erecting cathedrals, composing tracts. That's with one hand. With the other, we are castrating a bastard, so that when he grows up there will be no extra claim to the throne. That, indeed, is the Eastern attitude toward things—toward the human body in particular—and whatever era or millennium it is is irrelevant. So it is hardly surprising that the Roman Church turned its nose away from Byzantium.

But something needs to be said here about that church, too. It was natural for it to shun Byzantium, both for the reasons given above and because Byzantium—this new Rome—had abandoned Rome proper completely. With the exception of Justinian's short-lived efforts to restore imperial coherence, Rome was left solely to its own devices and to its fate, which meant to the Visigoths, the Vandals, and whoever else felt inclined to settle old and new scores with the former capital. One can understand Constantine: he was born, and spent his entire childhood, in the Eastern empire, at Diocletian's court. In this sense, Roman though he was, he wasn't a Westerner, except in his administrative designation or through his mother. (Believed to be born in Britain, she was the one who was interested in Christianity first—to the extent that she travelled later in her life to Jerusalem and discovered there the True Cross. In other words, in that family it was the mom who was a believer. And although there is am-

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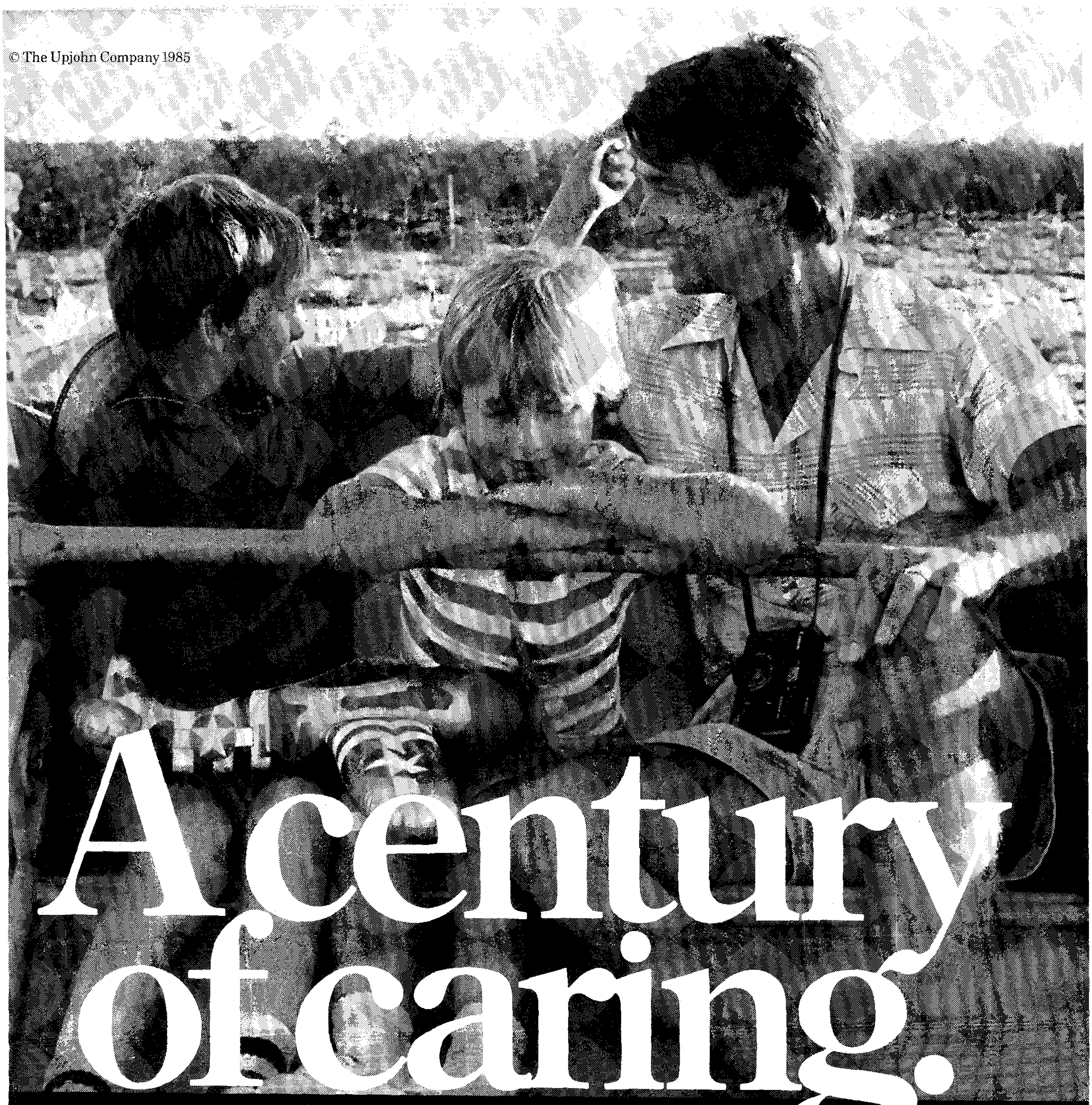
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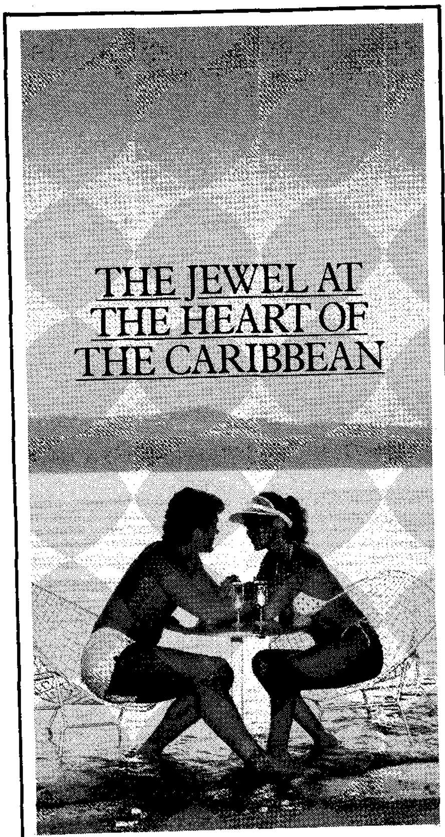

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ple reason to regard Constantine as a true mama's boy, let's avoid the temptation—let's leave it to the psychiatrists, as we don't hold a license.) One, let's repeat, can understand Constantine.

As for the attitude of the subsequent Byzantine emperors toward the genuine Rome, it is more complex and rather less explicable. Surely, they had their fill of problems right there in the East, both with their subjects and with their immediate neighbors. Yet the title of Roman emperor, it would seem, should have implied certain geographical obligations. The whole point, of course, was that the Roman emperors after Justinian came for the most part from provinces farther and farther East, from the Empire's traditional recruiting grounds: Syria, Armenia, and so on. Rome was for them, at best, an idea. Several of them, like the majority of their subjects, knew no word of Latin and had never set foot in the city that even by then was quite Eternal. And yet they all regarded themselves as Romans, called themselves so and signed themselves as such. (Something of the sort may be observed even today in the many and varied dominions of the British Empire, or let's recall—so that we don't twist our necks looking for examples—the Evenki, who are Soviet citizens.)

In other words, Rome was left to itself, as was the Roman Church. It would be too lengthy a haul to describe the relations between the Eastern and Western Churches. It may be noted, however, that in general the abandonment of Rome was to a certain degree to the Roman Church's advantage, but not entirely to its advantage.

25

I DID not expect this note on my trip to Istanbul to expand so much, and I am beginning to feel irritated both with myself and with the material. On the other hand, I am aware that I won't have another chance to discuss all these matters, or if I do I will consciously miss it. From now on, I do promise myself and anyone who has got this far a greater compression—though what I would like to do right now is drop the whole business.

If one must resort to prose, a procedure utterly hateful to the author of these lines, for the very reason that it lacks any form of discipline aside from that generated in the process—if one must use prose, it would be better to concentrate on details, descriptions of

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places and character; i.e., on things the reader presumably may not have a chance to come across. For the bulk of the aforesaid, as well as everything that follows, is sooner or later bound to occur to anybody, since we are all, one way or another, dependent on history.

26

THE advantage of the Roman Church's isolation lay above all in the natural benefits to be derived from any form of autonomy. There was almost nothing and nobody, with the exception of the Roman Church itself, to prevent its developing into a defined, fixed system. Which is what indeed took place. The combination of Roman law, reckoned with more seriously in Rome than in Byzantium, and the specific logic of the Roman Church's inner development evolved into the ethico-political system that lies at the heart of the so-called Western conception of the state and of individual being. Like almost all divorces, the one between Byzantium and Rome was by no means total; a great deal of property stayed shared. But in general one can insist that this Western conception drew around itself a kind of circle, which the East, in a purely conceptual sense, never crossed, and within whose ample bounds was elaborated what we term, or understand as, Western Christianity and the world view it implies.

The drawback of any system, even a perfect one, is that it is a system—i.e., that it must by definition exclude certain things, regard them as alien to it, and as far as possible relegate them to the nonexistent. The drawback of the system that was worked out in Rome—the drawback of Western Christianity—was the unwitting reduction of its notions of evil. Any notions about anything are based on experience. For Western Christianity, the experience of evil was the experience reflected in the Roman law, with the addition of firsthand knowledge of the persecution of Christians by the emperors before Constantine. That's a lot, of course, but it is a long way from exhausting the reality of evil. By divorcing Byzantium, Western Christianity consigned the East to nonexistence, and thus reduced its own notion of human negative potential to a considerable, perhaps even a perilous, degree.

Today, if a young man climbs up a university tower with an automatic rifle and starts spraying passersby, a judge—this is assuming, of course,

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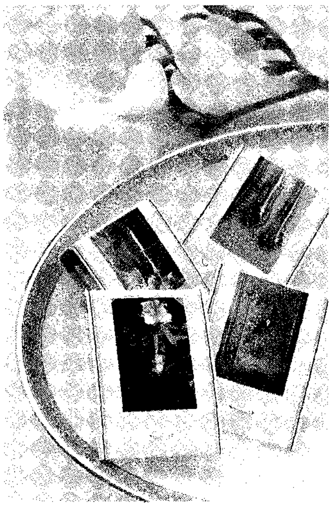

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that the young man has been disarmed and brought to court—will class him as mentally disturbed and lock him up in a mental institution. Yet in essence the behavior of that young man cannot be distinguished from the castration of the royal by-blow as related by Psellus. Nor can it be told apart from the Iranian Imam's butchering tens of thousands of his subjects in order to confirm his version of the will of the Prophet. Or from Dzhugashvili's maxim, uttered in the course of the Great Terror, that "with us, no one is irreplaceable." The common denominator of all these deeds is the anti-individualistic notion that human life is essentially nothing—i.e., the absence of the idea that human life is sacred, if only because each life is unique.

I am far from asserting that the absence of this concept is a purely Eastern phenomenon; it is not, and that is what's indeed scary. But Western Christianity, along with developing all its ensuing ideas about the world, law, order, the norms of human behavior, and so forth, made the unforgivable error of neglecting, for the sake of its own growth and eventual triumph, the experience supplied by Byzantium. After all, that was a shortcut. Hence all these daily—by now—occurrences that surprise us so much; hence that inability on the part of states and individuals to react to them adequately, which shows itself in their dubbing the aforementioned phenomena mental illness, religious fanaticism, and whatnot.

27

IN Topkapi, the former palace of the sultans, which has been turned into a museum, are now displayed in a special chamber the objects, most sacred to every Muslim's heart, associated with the life of the Prophet. Exquisitely encrusted caskets preserve the Prophet's tooth, locks from the Prophet's head. Visitors are asked to be quiet, to keep their voices down. All about hang swords of all kinds, daggers, the moldering pelt of some animal bearing the discernible letters of the Prophet's missive to some real historical character, along with other sacred texts. Contemplating these, one feels like thanking fate for one's ignorance of the language. For me, I thought, Russian will do. In the center of the room, inside a gold-rimmed cube of glass, lies a dark-brown object, which I was unable to identify without the assistance of the label. This, in bronze inlay, read, in Turkish and English, "Impress of the Prophet's footprint." Size 18 shoe minimum, I thought as I stared at the exhibit. And then I shuddered: Yeti!

28

BYZANTIUM was renamed Constantinople during Constantine's lifetime, if I am not mistaken. So far as simplicity of vowels and consonants goes, the new name was presumably more popular among the Seljuk Turks than Byzantium had been. But Istanbul also sounds reasonably Turkish—to the Russian ear, at any rate. The fact is, however, that Istanbul is a Greek name, deriving, as any guidebook will tell you, from the Greek *stin poli*, which means simply town. *Stin*? *Poli*? A Russian ear? Who here hears whom? Here, where *bardak* (brothel in Russian) means glass, where *durak* (fool) means stop. *Bir bardak çay*—one glass of tea; *otobüs durağı*—a bus stop. Good thing "*otobüs*," at least, is only half Greek.

29

FOR anyone suffering from shortness of breath, there's nothing to do here—unless he hires a taxi for the day. For anyone coming to Istanbul from the West, the city is remarkably cheap. With the price converted into dollars, marks, or francs, several things here actually cost nothing at all. Those shoe shiners again, for example, or tea. It's an odd sensation to watch human activity that has no monetary expression: it cannot be evaluated. It feels like a sort of heaven, an ur-world; it's probably this otherworldliness that constitutes that celebrated "fascination" of the East for the northern Scrooge.

Ah, this battle cry of the graying blonde: "Bargain!" Doesn't it sound guttural even to an English ear? And, ah, these "Isn't that cute, dearie?"s in a minimum of three European languages, and the rustle of worthless banknotes under the scrutiny of dark, apprehensive eyes, otherwise doomed to the TV set's interference and the voluminous family. Ah, this middle age dispatched all over the world by its suburban mantelpieces! And yet, for all its vulgarity and crassness, this quest is markedly more innocent, and of better consequence for the locals, than that of some talkative smart-ass Parisienne, or of the spiritual lumpen fatigued by yoga, Buddhism, or Mao and now digging into the depths of Sufi, Sunni, Shia "secret" Islam, etc.

No money changes hands here, of course. Between the actual and the mental bourgeois, one is better off with the former.

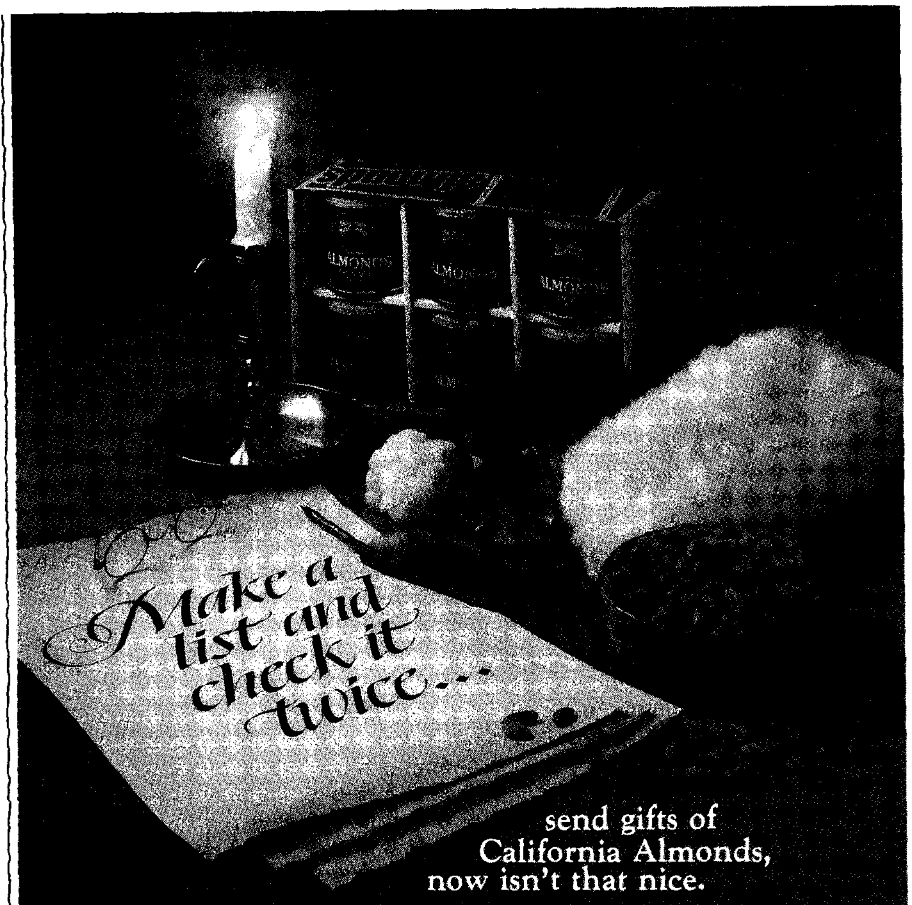
30

WHAT happened next everybody knows: from out of who knows where appeared the Turks. There seems to be no clear answer to where they actually came from; obviously, a very long way off. What drew them to the shores of the Bosporus is also not terribly clear. Horses, I guess. The Turks—more precisely, *tuyrks*—were nomads, so we were taught at school. The Bosporus, of course, turned out to be an obstacle, and here, all of a sudden, the Turks made up their minds not to wander back the way they had come but, instead, to settle. All this sounds rather unconvincing, but let's leave it the way we got it. What they wanted from Byzantium-Constantinople-Istanbul is, at any rate, beyond argument: they wanted to be in Constantinople—i.e., more or less the same thing that Constantine himself wanted. Before the eleventh century, the Turks had no shared symbol. Then it appeared. As we know, it was the crescent.

In Constantinople, however, there were Christians; the city churches were crowned with the cross. The *tuyrks'*—gradually becoming the Turks'—love affair with Byzantium lasted approximately three centuries. Persistence brought its rewards, and in the fifteenth century the cross surrendered its cupolas to the crescent. The rest is well documented, and there is no need to expand upon it. What is worth noting, however, is the striking similarity between "the way it was" and "the way it became." For the meaning of history lies in the essence of structures, not in the character of décor.

31

THE meaning of history! How, in what way, can the pen cope with this aggregation of races, tongues, creeds: with the vegetative—nay, zoological—pace of the crumbling down of the tower of Babel, at the the end of which one fine day, among the teeming ruins, an individual catches himself gazing in terror and alienation at his own hand or at his procreative organ, not in Wittgensteinian fashion but possessed, rather, by a sensation that these things don't belong to him at all, that they are but components of some do-it-yourself toy set: details,



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shards in a kaleidoscope through which it is not the cause that peers at the effect but blind chance squinting at the daylight. Unobscured by the blowing dust.

32

THE difference between spiritual and secular power in Christian Byzantium wasn't terribly striking. Nominally, the Emperor was obliged to take the views of the Patriarch into account, and, indeed, this often happened. On the other hand, the Emperor frequently appointed the Patriarch and on occasion was, or had grounds for supposing himself to be, a superior Christian vis-à-vis the Patriarch. And, of course, we need not mention the concept of the Lord's anointed, which of itself could relieve the Emperor of the necessity of reckoning with anyone's metaphysics at all. This also happened, and, in conjunction with certain mechanical marvels, of which Theophilus was greatly enamored, played a decisive role in the adoption of Eastern Christianity by Rus in the ninth century. (Incidentally, these marvels—the throne ascending into the air, the metal nightingale, the roaring lions of the same material, and so on—were borrowed by the Byzantine ruler, with minor modifications, from his Persian neighbors.)

Something very similar also occurred with the Sublime Porte, which is to say the Ottoman Empire, alias Muslim Byzantium. Once again, we have an autocracy, heavily militarized and somewhat more despotic. The absolute head of the state was the Padishah, or Sultan. Alongside him, however, existed the Grand Mufti, a position combining—indeed, equating—spiritual and administrative authority. The whole state was run by a vastly complex hierarchical system, in which the religious—or, to put it more conveniently, staunchly ideological—element predominated.

In purely structural terms, the difference between the Second Rome and the Ottoman Empire is accessible only in units of time. What is it, then? The spirit of place? Its evil genius? The spirit of bad spells—*porcha* in Russian? Where, incidentally, do we get this word *porcha* from? Might it not derive from *porte*? It doesn't matter. It's enough that both Christianity and *bardak* with *durak* came down to us from this place where people were becoming converted to Christianity in the fifth century with the same ease

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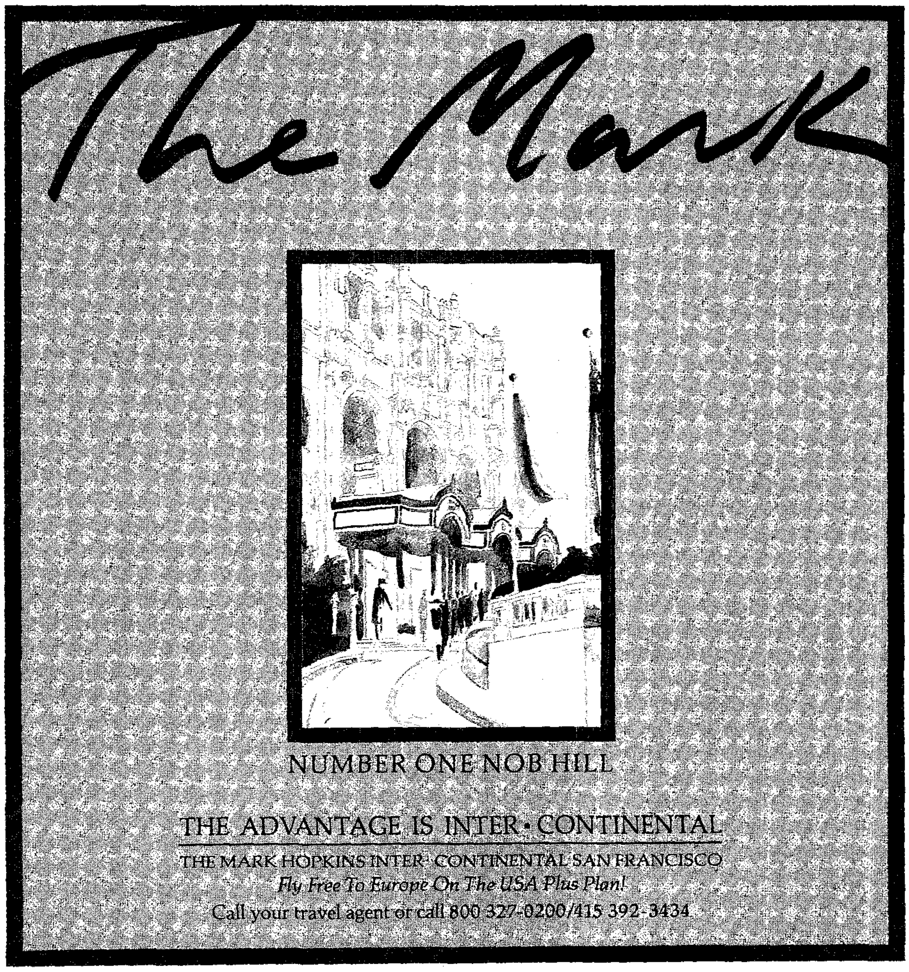

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with which they went over to Islam in the fifteenth (even though after the fall of Constantinople the Turks did not persecute the Christians in any way). The reason for both conversions was the same: pragmatism. Not that this is connected with the place, however; this has to do with the species.

33

OH, all these countless Osmans, Muhammads, Murads, Bajazets, Ibrahims, Selims, and Suleimans slaughtering their predecessors, rivals, brothers, parents, and offspring—in the case of Murad II, or III (who cares?), eighteen brothers in a row—with the regularity of a man shaving in front of a mirror. Oh, all these endless, uninterrupted wars: against the infidel, against their own but Shiite Muslims, to extend the Empire, to avenge a wrong, for no reason at all, and in self-defense. And, oh, those Janissaries, the élite of the Army, dedicated at first to the Sultan, then gradually turning into a separate caste, with only its own interests at heart. How familiar it all, including the slaughter, is! All these turbans and beards, that uniform for heads possessed by one idea only—massacre—and because of that, and not at all because of Islam's ban on the depiction of anyone or anything living, totally indistinguishable from one another! And perhaps "massacre" precisely because all are so much alike that there is no way to detect a loss. "I massacre, therefore I exist."

And, broadly speaking, what, indeed, could be nearer to the heart of yesterday's nomad than the linear principle, than movement across a surface, in whatever direction? Didn't one of them, another Selim, say during the conquest of Egypt that he, as Lord of Constantinople, was heir to the Roman Empire and therefore had a right to all the lands that had ever belonged to it? Do these words sound like justification or do they sound like prophecy, or both? And does not the same note ring four hundred years later in the voice of Ustryalov and the Third Rome's latter-day Slavophiles, whose scarlet, Janissary's-cloaklike banner neatly combined a star and the crescent of Islam? And that hammer, isn't it a modified cross?

These non-stop, lasting-a-thousand-years wars, these endless tracts of scholastic interpretation of the art of archery—might not these be responsible for the development in this part of the world of a fusion between army

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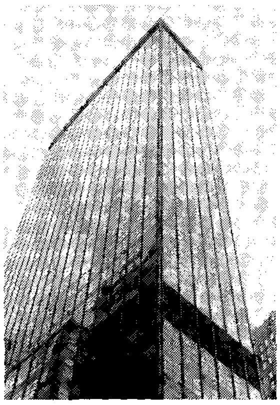

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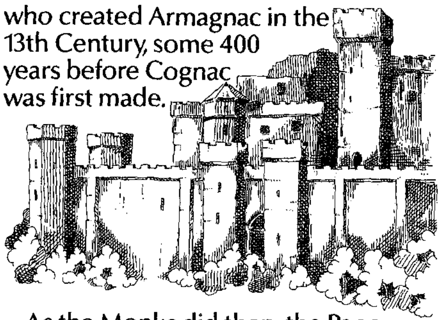

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and state, for the concept of politics as the continuation of war by other means, and for the phantasmagoric, though ballistically feasible, fantasies of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, the grandfather of the missile?

A man with imagination, especially an impatient one, may be sorely tempted to answer these questions in the affirmative. But perhaps one shouldn't rush; perhaps one should pause and give them the chance to turn into "accursed" ones, even if that may take several centuries. Ah, these centuries, history's favorite unit, relieving the individual of the necessity of personally evaluating the past, and awarding him the honorable status of victim of history.

34

UNLIKE the Ice Age, civilizations, of whatever sort, move from south to north, as if to fill up the vacuum created by the retreating glacier. The *tropical forest* is gradually ousting the conifers and mixed woodland—if not through foliage, then by way of architecture. One sometimes gets the feeling that baroque, rococo, and even the Schinkel style are simply a species' unconscious yearning for its equatorial past. Fernlike pagodas also fit this idea.

As for latitudes, it's only nomads who move along them, and usually from east to west. The nomadic migration makes sense only within a distinct climatic zone. The Eskimos glide within the Arctic Circle, the Tartars and Mongols in the confines of the black-earth zone. The cupolas of yurts and igloos, the cones of tents and tepees.

I have seen the mosques of Central Asia, of Samarkand, Bukhara, Khiva: genuine pearls of Muslim architecture. As Lenin didn't say, I know nothing better than the Shah-i-Zinda, on whose floor I passed several nights, having nowhere else to lay my head. I was nineteen then, but I *retain* tender memories of these mosques not at all for that reason. They are masterpieces of scale and color; they bear witness to the lyricism of Islam. Their glaze, their emerald and cobalt get imprinted on your retina, not least because of the contrast with the yellow-brown hues of the surrounding landscape. This contrast, this memory of a coloristic (at least) alternative to the real world, may also have been the main pretext for their birth. One does, indeed, sense in them an idiosyncrasy, a self-absorption, a striving to accomplish, to per-

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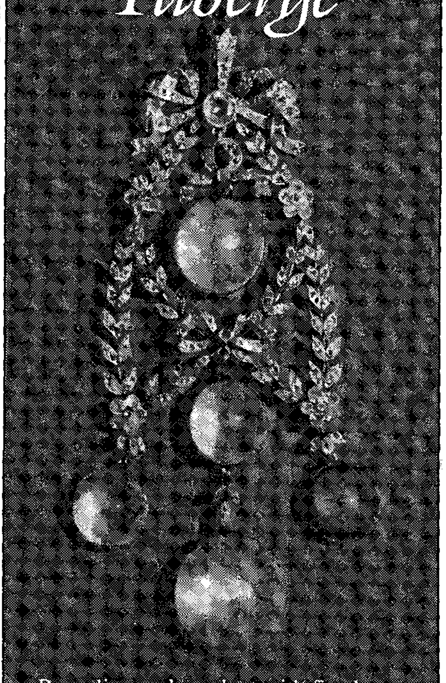

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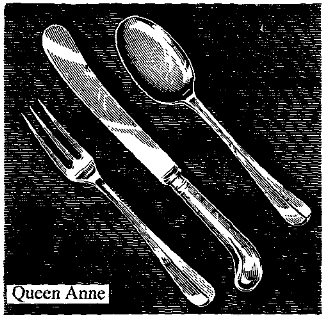

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fect themselves. Like lamps in the darkness. Better: like corals in the desert.

35

WHEREAS Istanbul's mosques are Islam triumphant. There is no greater contradiction than a triumphant church—or greater tastelessness, either. St. Peter's in Rome suffers from this as well. But the Istanbul mosques! These enormous toads in frozen stone, squatting on the earth, unable to stir. Only the minarets, resembling more than anything (prophetically, alas) ground-to-air batteries—only they indicate the direction the soul was once about to take. Their shallow domes, reminiscent of saucepan lids or cast-iron kettles, are unable to conceive what they are to do with the sky: they preserve what they contain, rather than encourage one to set eyes on high. Ah, this tent complex! This complex of spreading on the ground. Of *namaz*.

Silhouetted against the sunset, on the hilltops, they create a powerful impression: the hand reaches for the camera, like that of a spy spotting a military installation. There is, indeed, something menacing about them—eerie, otherworldly, galactic, totally hermetic, shell-like. And all this in a dirty-gray color, like most of the buildings in Istanbul, and all set against the turquoise of the Bosporus.

And if one's pen does not poise to chide their nameless true-believing builders for being aesthetically dumb it is because the tone for these ground-hugging, toad- and crablike constructions was set by the Hagia Sophia, an edifice in the utmost degree Christian. Constantine, it is asserted, laid the foundations; it was erected, though, in the reign of Justinian. From the outside, there is no way to tell it from the mosques, or them from it, for fate has played a cruel (or was it cruel?) joke on the Hagia Sophia. Under Sultan Whatever-His-Redundant-Name-Was, our Hagia Sophia was turned into a mosque.

As transformations go, this one didn't require a great deal of effort: all the Muslims had to do was to erect four minarets, one on each side of the cathedral. Which they did; and it became impossible to tell the Hagia Sophia from a mosque. That is, the architectural standard of Byzantium was taken to its logical end, for it was exactly the squat grandeur of this Christian shrine that the builders of Bajazet, Suleiman, and the builders of

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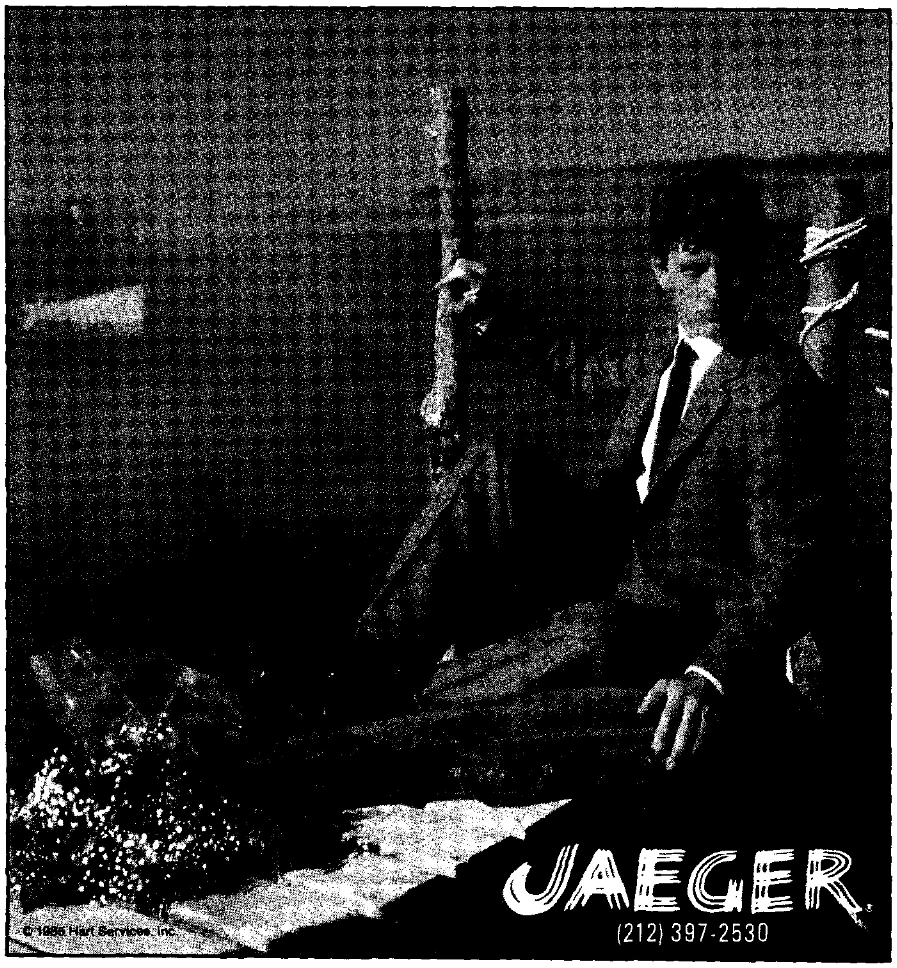

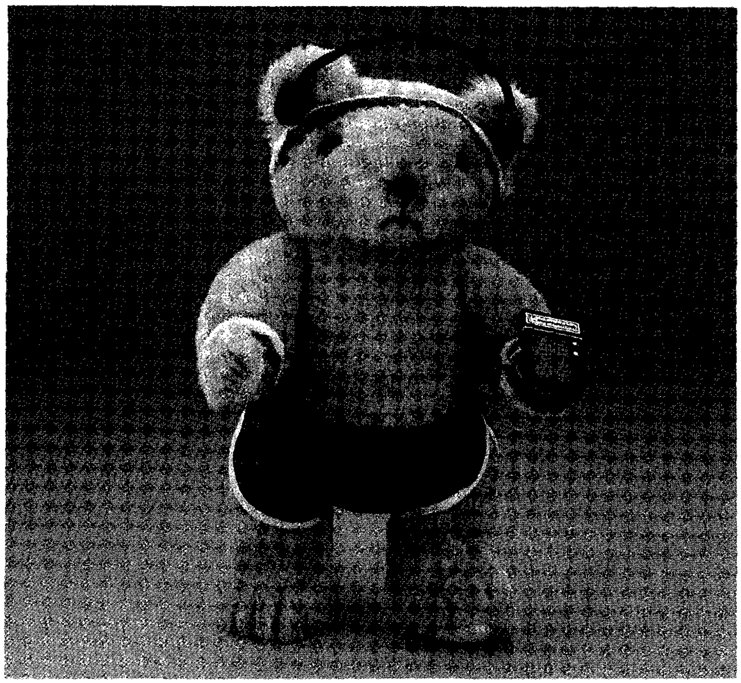
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the Blue Mosque, not to mention their lesser brethren, sought to emulate. And yet they shouldn't be reproached for that, partly because by the time of their arrival in Constantinople it was the Hagia Sophia that loomed largest over the entire landscape; mainly, however, because in itself the Hagia Sophia was not a Roman creation. It was an Eastern—or, more precisely, Sassanid—product. And, similarly, there is no point in blaming that Sultan What's-His-Name—was it Murad?—for converting a Christian church into a mosque. This transformation reflected something that one may, without giving the matter much thought, take for profound Eastern indifference to problems of a metaphysical nature. In reality, though, what stood behind this, and stands now, in much the same way as the Hagia Sophia, with her minarets and with her Christian-Muslim décor inside, is a sensation, instilled by both history and the Arabic lace, that everything in this life intertwines—that everything is, in a sense, but a pattern in a carpet. Trodden underfoot.

36

IT is a monstrous idea, but not without a measure of truth. So let us try to grapple with it. At its source lies the Eastern principle of ornamentation, whose basic element is a verse from the Koran, a quotation from the Prophet: sewn, engraved, carved in stone or wood, and graphically coincident with this very process of sewing, engraving, carving if one bears in mind the Arabic form of writing. In other words, we are dealing with the decorative aspect of calligraphy, the decorative use of sentences, words, letters—with a purely visual attitude to them. Let us, disregarding here the unacceptability of this attitude toward words (and letters, too), point out only the inevitability of a literally spatial—because conveyed by distinctly spatial means—perception of any sacred locution. Let us note the dependence of this ornament on the length of the line and on the didactic character of the locution, often ornamental enough in itself. Let us remind ourselves: the unit of Eastern ornament is the sentence, the word, the letter.

The unit—the main element—of ornamentation that arose in the West was the notch, the tally, recording the passage of days. Such ornament, in other words, is temporal. Hence its rhythm, its tendency toward symmetry, its essentially abstract character, ubordinating graphic expression to a hythmic sense. Its extreme non-anti- idacticism. Its persistence—by means f rhythm, or repetition—in abstract- ng from its unit, from that which has lready been once expressed. In short, s dynamism.

I would also remark that the unit of his ornamentation—the day, or the lea of the day—absorbs into itself any xperience, including that of the sa- red locution. From this follows the ggestion that the natty little bordure n a Grecian urn is superior to a attern in a carpet. Which, in turn, ads us to consider who is more the omad, the one who wanders in space r the one who migrates in time. owever overwhelming (literally, o) the notion that all is interwoven, at everything is merely a pattern in a rpet, trodden underfoot, it frankly elds to the idea that everything gets ft behind—the carpet and one's own ot upon it included.

37

H, I foresee objections! I see an art historian or an ethnologist eparing to wage battle, figures or tsherds in his hands, over every- ing stated above. I can see a be- ectacled someone carrying in an dian or Chinese vase with a mean- r or epistyle just like the natty lit- Greek bordure and exclaiming, Vell, what about this? Isn't India r China) the East?" Worse still, at vase or dish may turn out to be om Egypt or elsewhere in Africa, om Patagonia, or from Central merica. Then out will gush a down- ur of proofs and incontrovertible cts that pre-Islamic culture was figu- tive, that, thus, in this area the West nply lags behind the East, that orna- nt is by definition nonfunctional, d that space is greater than time. Or at I, for no doubt political reasons, substituting anthropology for his- y. Something like that, or worse.

What can I say to this? And need I anything? I'm not sure, but, all the ne, I will point out that if I hadn't eseen these objections I wouldn't ve taken up my pen—that space to is, indeed, both lesser and less dear n time. Not because it is lesser but ause it is a thing, while time is an a about a thing. In choosing be- een a thing and an idea, the latter is ays to be preferred, say I.

And I also foresee that there will be vase, no potsherds, no dish, or pectacled someone. That no objec- ns will be issued, that silence will

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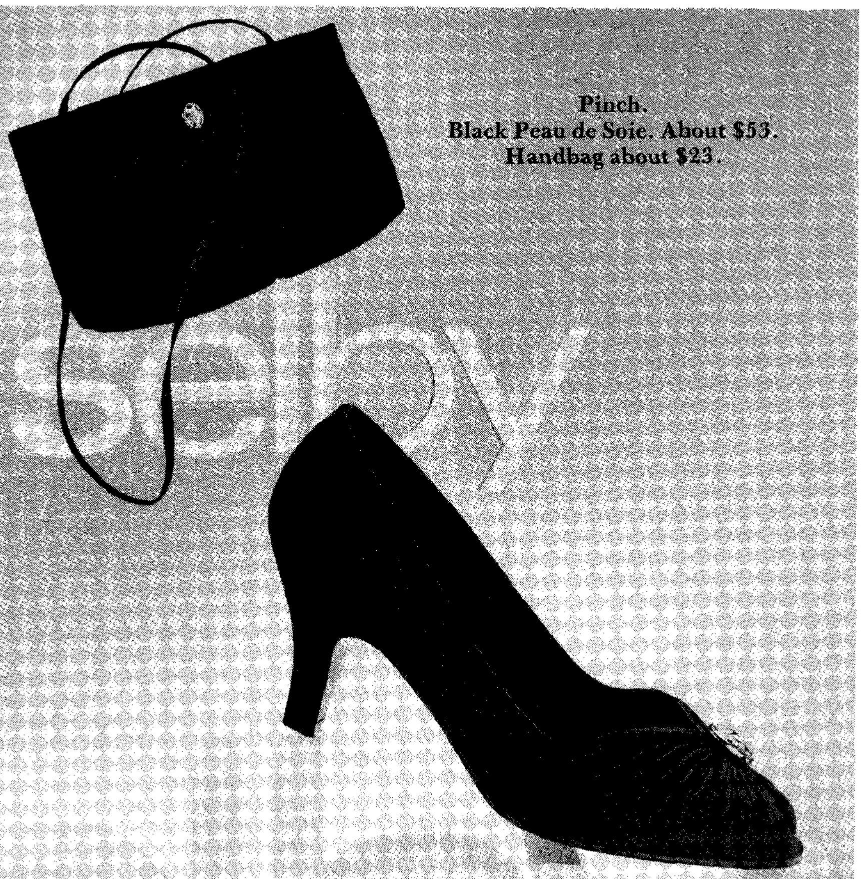

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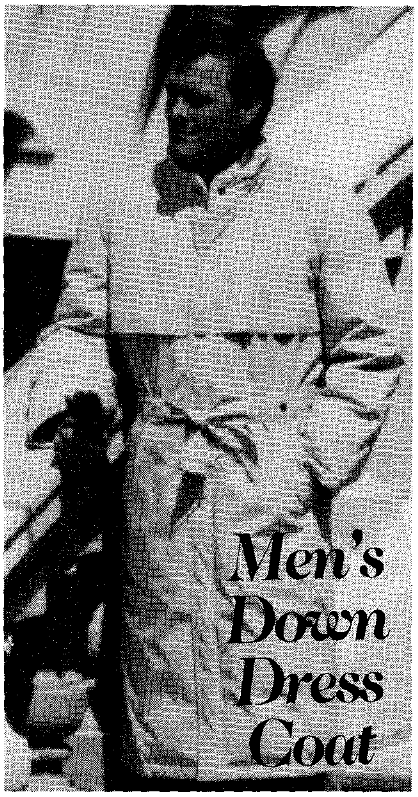

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reign supreme. Less as a sign of assent than as one of indifference. So let us nastify our conclusion somewhat and add that an awareness of time is a profoundly individual experience. That in the course of his life every person sooner or later finds himself in the position of Robinson Crusoe, carving notches and, having counted, say, seven of them, or ten, crossing them out. Such is the origin of ornament, regardless of preceding civilizations, or of that to which this given person belongs. And these notches are a profoundly solitary activity, isolating the individual and forcing him toward an understanding, if not of his uniqueness, then at least of the autonomy of his existence in the world. That is what the basis of our civilization is, and that is what Constantine walked away from to the East. To the carpet.

38

A NORMAL hot, dusty, perspiring summer day in Istanbul. Moreover, it is Sunday. A human herd loitering about under the vaults of the Hagia Sophia. Up there aloft, inaccessible to the sight, are mosaics representing either kings or saints. Lower down, accessible to the eye, yet not to the mind, are circular metallic-looking shields with lacelike quotations from the Prophet in gold against dark-green enamel. Monumental cameos with coiling characters, evoking shadows of Jackson Pollock or Kandinsky. And now I become aware of a slipperiness: the cathedral is sweating. Not only the floor but the marble of the walls as well. The stone is sweating. I inquire, and am told it is because of the sharp jump in temperature. I decide it is because of my presence, and leave.

39

TO get a good picture of one's native realm, one needs either to get outside its walls or to spread out a map. But, as has been remarked before, who looks at maps nowadays?

If civilizations—of whatever sort they are—do indeed spread like vegetation in the opposite direction to the glacier, from south to north, where could Rus, given her geographical position, possibly tuck herself away from Byzantium? Not just Kievan Rus but Muscovite Rus as well, and then all the rest of it between the Donets and the Urals. And one should, frankly, thank Tamerlane and Genghis Khan for retarding the process somewhat, by somewhat freezing—or, rather, tram-

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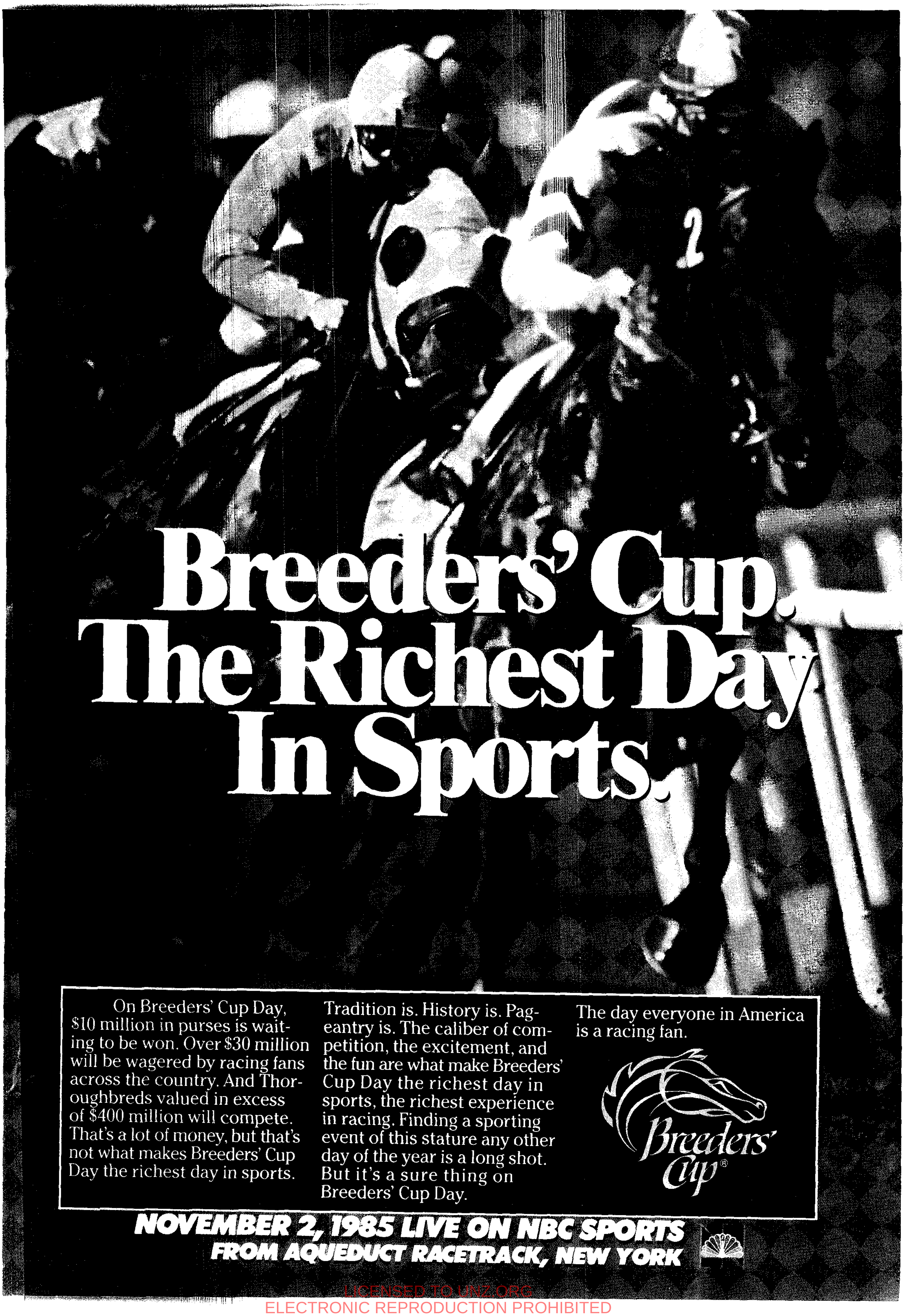
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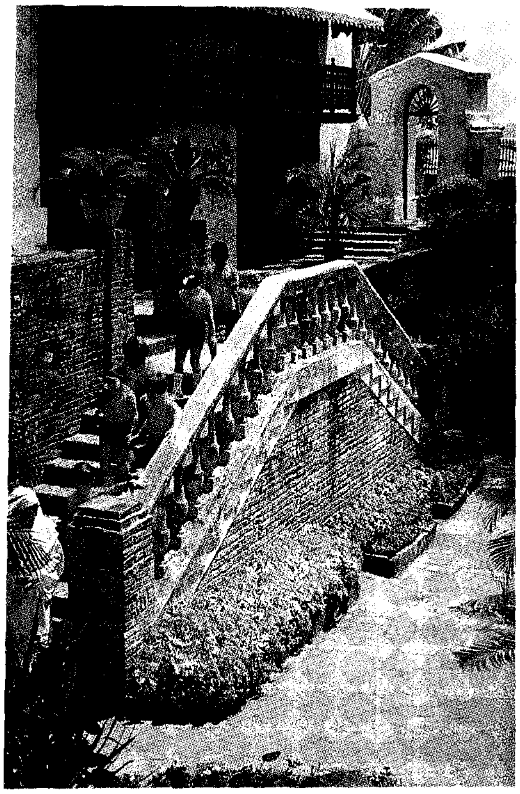

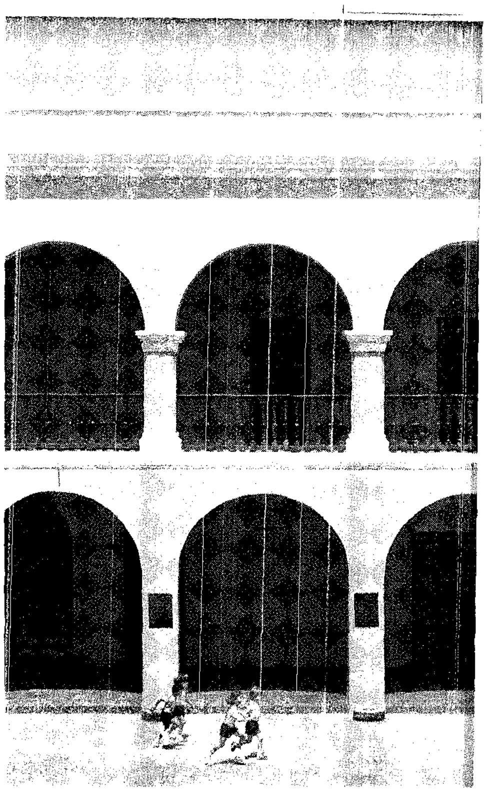

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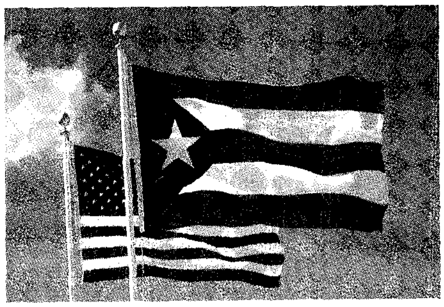

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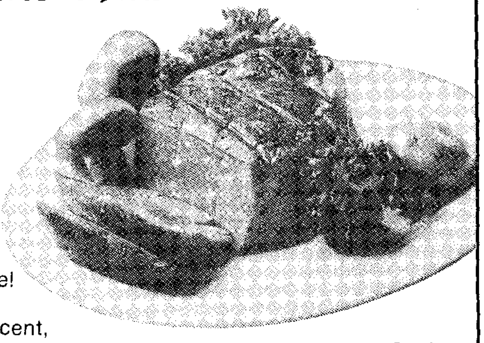
pling—the flowers of Byzantium. It is not true that Rus played a shielding role for Europe, preserving the West from the Mongol yoke. It was Constantinople; then still the bulwark of Christendom, that played that role. (In 1402, incidentally, a situation developed under the walls of Constantinople which pretty nearly turned into a total catastrophe for Christianity and, indeed, for the whole of the then known world: Tamerlane encountered Bajazet. Luckily, they turned their arms against each other: interracial rivalry, it would seem, made itself known. Had they joined forces against the West—that is, in the direction both were moving—we would now be looking at the map with an almond-shaped, predominantly hazel eye.)

There was nowhere for Rus to go to get away from Byzantium—any more than for the West to get away from Rome. And, just as the West in age after age became overgrown with Roman colonnades and legality, Rus happened to become the natural geographical prey of Byzantium. If in the way of the former stood the Alps, the latter was impeded only by the Black Sea—a deep but, in the final analysis, flat thing. Rus received, or took, from Byzantine hands everything: not only the Christian liturgy but also the Christian-Turkish system of statecraft (gradually more and more Turkish, less vulnerable, more militarily ideological), not to mention a significant part of its vocabulary. The only thing Byzantium shed on its way north was its remarkable heresies—its Monophysites, its Arians, its Neoplatonists, and so on—which had constituted the very essence of its literary and spiritual life. But then its northward expansion took place at a time of growing domination by the crescent, and the purely physical power of the Sublime Porte hypnotized the North in far greater measure than the theological polemics of dying-out scholiasts.

Still, in the end Neoplatonism triumphed in art, didn't it? We know where our icons are from, we know the same about our onion-domed churches. We also know that there is nothing easier for a state than to adapt to its own ends Plotinus' maxim that an artist's task must be the interpretation of ideas rather than the imitation of nature. As for ideas, in what way does the late M. Suslov, or whoever is now scraping the ideological dish, differ from the Grand Mufti? What distinguishes the General Secretary from the Padishah—or, indeed, the Em-



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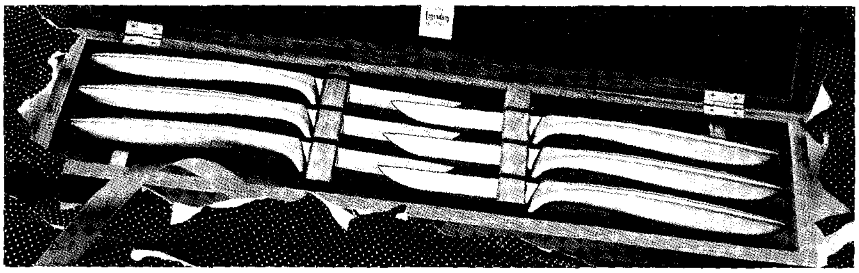

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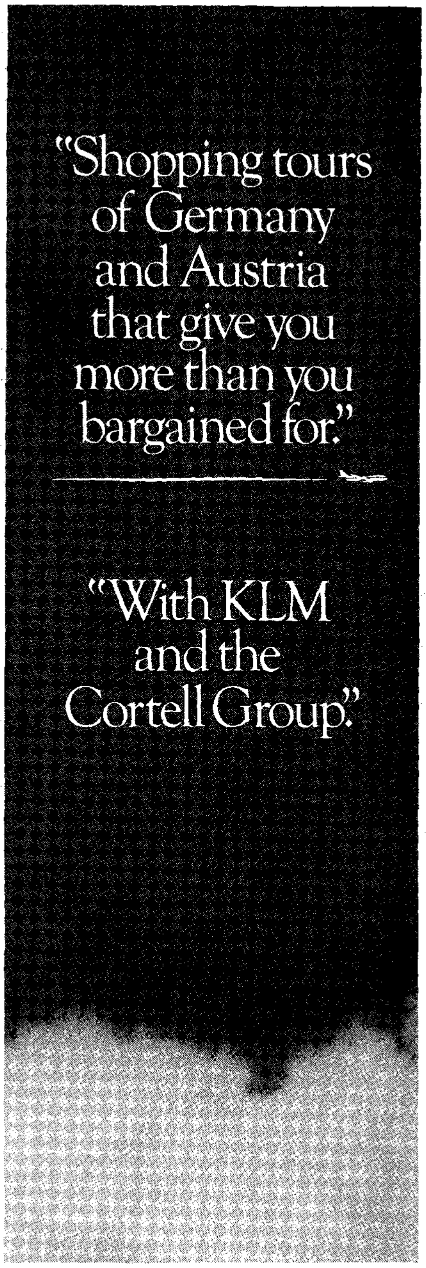
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peror? And who appoints the Patriarch, the Grand Vizier, the Mufti, or the Caliph? What distinguishes the Politburo from the Great Divan? And isn't it only one step from a divan to an ottoman?

Isn't my native realm an Ottoman Empire now—in extent, in military might, in its threat to the Western world? Aren't we now by the walls of Vienna? And is not its threat the greater in that it proceeds from the Easternized, to the point of unrecognizability—no, recognizability!—Christianity? Is it not greater because it is more seductive? And what do we hear in that howl of the late Milyukov under the cupola of the short-lived Duma: "The Dardanelles will be ours!" An echo of Cato? The yearning of a Christian for his holy place? Or still the voice of Bajazet, Tamerlane, Selim, Muhammad? And if it comes to this, if we are quoting and interpreting, what do we discern in that falsetto of Konstantin Leontiev, the falsetto that pierced the air precisely in these parts, where he served in the Czarist Embassy: "Russia must rule shamelessly"? What do we hear in this putrid, prophetic exclamation? The spirit of the age? The spirit of the nation? Or the spirit of the place?

40

God forbid we delve any further into the Turkish-Russian dictionary. Let us just take the word "*çay*," meaning "tea" in both languages, whatever its origins. The tea in Turkey is wonderful—better than the coffee—and, like the shoe-shining, costs almost nothing in any known currency. It's strong, the color of transparent brick, but it has no overstimulating effect, because it is served in a *bardak*, a fifty-gram glass, no more. Of all things I came across in this mixture of Astrakhan and Stalinabad, it's the best item. Tea—and the sight of Constantine's wall, which I would not have seen if I hadn't struck it lucky and got a rogue taxi-driver who, instead of going straight to Topkapi, bowled around the whole city.

You can judge the seriousness of the builder's intent by the wall's height and width and the quality of the masonry. Constantine was thus extremely serious: the ruins where gypsies, goats, and young people trading in their tender parts may be found could withstand even today any army, given a positional war. On the other hand, if civilizations are granted vegetative—

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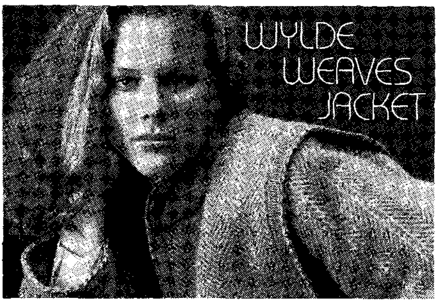

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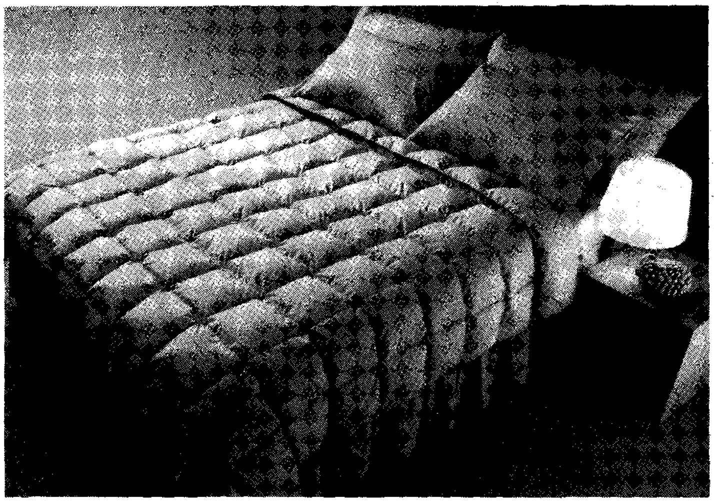

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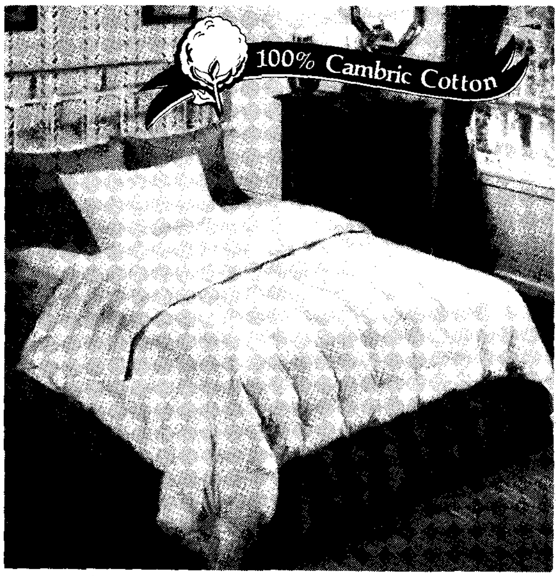

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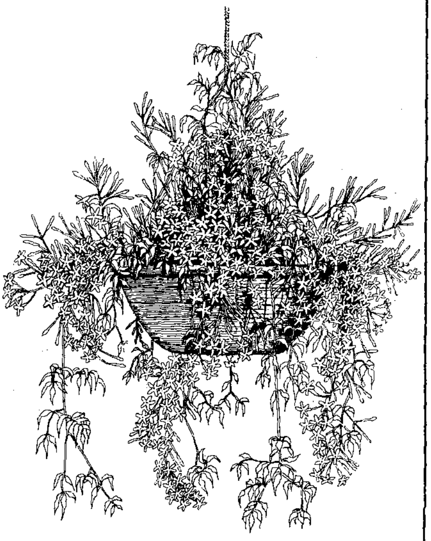

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in other words, ideological—character, the erection of the wall was a sheer waste of time. Against anti-individualism, to say the least, against the spirit of relativism and obedience, neither wall nor sea offers a protection.

When I finally reached Topkapi and, having surveyed a good part of its contents—predominantly the *kaftans* of the Sultans, which correspond linguistically and visually to the wardrobe of the Muscovite rulers—headed toward the object of my pilgrimage, the seraglio, I was greeted, sadly, at the door of this most important establishment in the world by a notice in Turkish and English: "CLOSED FOR RESTORATION." "Oh, if only!" I exclaimed inwardly, trying to control my disappointment.

41

THE quality of reality always leads to a search for a culprit—more accurately, for a scapegoat. Whose flocks graze in the mental fields of history. Yet, a son of a geographer, I believe that Urania is older than Clio; among Mnemosyne's daughters, I think, she is the oldest. So, born by the Baltic, in the place regarded as a window on Europe, I always felt something like a vested interest in this window on Asia with which we shared a meridian. On grounds perhaps less than sufficient, we regarded ourselves as Europeans. By the same token, I thought of the dwellers of Constantinople as Asians. Of these two assumptions, it's only the first that proved to be arguable. I should also admit, perhaps, that East and West vaguely corresponded in my mind to the past and the future.

Unless one is born by the water—and at the edge of an empire at that—one is seldom bothered by this sort of distinction. Of all people, somebody like me should be the first to regard Constantine as the carrier of the West to the East, as someone on a par with Peter the Great: the way he is regarded by the Church itself. If I had stayed longer at that meridian, I would. Yet I didn't, and I don't.

To me, Constantine's endeavor is but an episode in the general pull of the East westward, a pull motivated neither by the attraction of one part of the world for another nor by the desire of the past to absorb the future—although at times and in some places, of which Istanbul is one, it seems that way. This pull, I am afraid, is magnetic, evolutionary; it has to do, pre-

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sumably, with the direction in which this planet rotates on its axis. It takes the forms of an attraction to a creed, of nomadic thrusts, wars, migration, and the flow of money. The Galata Bridge is not the first to be built over the Bosporus, as your guidebook would claim; the first one was built by Darius. A nomad always rides into a sunset.

Or else he swims. The strait is about a mile wide, and what could be done by a "blond cow" escaping the wrath of Jupiter's spouse could surely have been managed by the dusky son of the steppes. Or by lovesick Leander or by sick-of-love Lord Byron splashing across the Dardanelles. Bosporus! Well-worn strip of water, the only cloth that is properly Urania's, no matter how hard Clio tries to put it on. It stays wrinkled, and on gray days, especially, no one would say that it has been stained by history. Its surface current washes itself off Constantinople in the north—and that's why, perhaps, that sea is called Black. Then it somersaults to the bottom and, in the form of a deep current, escapes back into Marmara—the Marble Sea—presumably to get itself bleached. The net result is that dusted-bottle-green color: the color of time itself. The child of the Baltic can't fail to recognize it, can't rid himself of the old sensation that this rolling, non-stop, lapping substance itself is time, or that this is what time would look like had it been condensed or photographed. This is what, he thinks, separates Europe and Asia. And the patriot in him wishes the stretch were wider.

42

TIME to wrap it up. As I said, there were no steamers from Istanbul or Smyrna. I boarded a plane and, after less than two hours' flight over the Aegean, through air that at one time was no less inhabited than the archipelago down below, landed in Athens.

Forty miles from Athens, in Sounion, at the top of a cliff plummeting to the sea, stands a temple to Poseidon, built almost simultaneously—a difference of some fifty years—with the Parthenon in Athens. It has stood here for two and a half thousand years.

It is ten times smaller than the Parthenon. How many times more beautiful it is would be hard to say; it is not clear what should be considered the unit of perfection. It has no roof.

There is not a soul about. Sounion is a fishing village with a couple of

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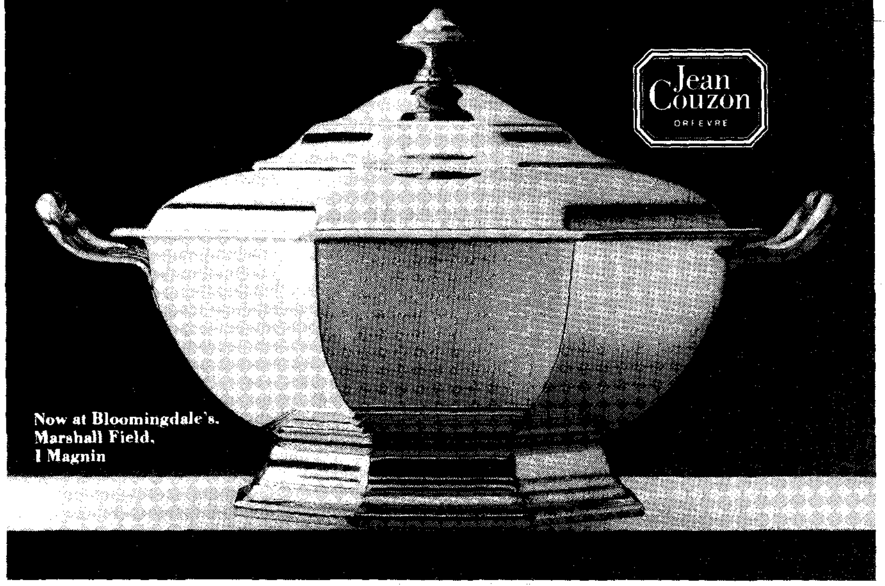

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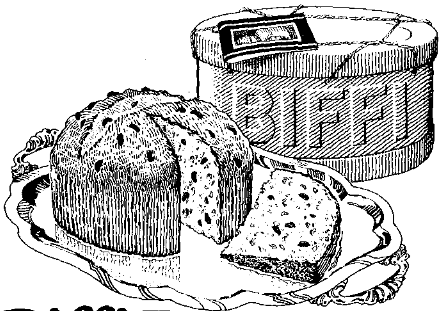

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modern hotels now, and lies far below. There, on the crest of the dark cliff, the shrine looks from a distance as if it had been gently lowered from Heaven rather than been erected on earth. Marble has more in common with the clouds than with the ground.

Fifteen white columns connected by a white marble base stand evenly spaced. Between them and the earth, between them and the sea, between them and the blue sky of Hellas, there is no one and nothing.

As practically everywhere else in Europe, here, too, Byron incised his name on the base of one of the columns. In his footsteps, the bus brings *tourists;* later it takes them away. The erosion that is clearly affecting the surface of the columns has nothing to do with weathering. It is a pox of stares, lenses, flashes.

Then twilight descends, and it gets darker. Fifteen columns, fifteen vertical white bodies evenly spaced at the top of the cliff, meet the night under the open skies.

If they counted days, there would have been a million such days. From a distance, in the evening haze, their white vertical bodies resemble an ornament, thanks to the equal intervals between them.

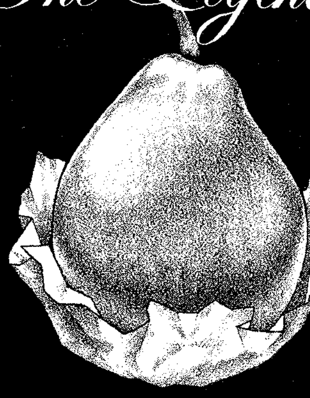
An idea of order? The principle of symmetry? Sense of rhythm? Idolatry?

43

PRESUMABLY, it would have been wiser to take letters of recommendation, to jot down two or three telephone numbers at least, before going to Istanbul. I didn't do that. Presumably, it would have made sense to make friends with someone, get into contact, look at the life of the place from the inside, instead of dismissing the local population as an alien crowd, instead of regarding people as so much psychological dust in one's eyes.

Who knows? Perhaps my attitude toward people has in its own right a whiff of the East about it, too. When it comes down to it, where am I from? Still, at a certain age a man gets tired of his own kind, weary of cluttering up his conscious and subconscious. One more, or ten more, tales of cruelty? Another ten, or hundred, examples of human baseness, stupidity, valor? Misanthropy, after all, should also have its limits.

It's enough, therefore, to glance in the dictionary and find that *katorga* (forced labor) is a Turkish word, too. And it's enough to discover on a Turkish map, somewhere in Anatolia,



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or Ionia, a town called Niğde (Russian for nowhere).

44

I'M not a historian, or a journalist, or an ethnographer. At best, I'm a traveller, a victim of geography. Not of history, be it noted, but of geography. This is what still links me with the country where it was my fate to be born, with our famed Third Rome. So I'm not particularly interested in the politics of present-day Turkey, or in what happened to Atatürk, whose portrait adorns the greasy walls of every last coffeehouse as well as the Turkish lira, unconvertible and representing an unreal form of payment for real labor.

I came to Istanbul to look at the past, not at the future—since the latter doesn't exist here: whatever there was of it has gone north as well. Here there is only an unenviable, third-rate present of the people, industrious yet plundered by the intensity of the local history. Nothing will happen here anymore, apart perhaps from street disorders or an earthquake. Or perhaps they'll discover oil: there's a fearful stench of sulfureted hydrogen in the Golden Horn, crossing whose oily surface you get a splendid panorama of the city. Still, it's unlikely. The stench comes from oil seeping out of rusty, leaking, nearly hole-ridden tankers passing through the Strait. One might squeeze out a living from refining that alone.

A project like that, though, would probably strike a local as altogether too enterprising. The locals are rather conservative by nature, even if they are businessmen or dealers; as for the working class, it is locked, reluctantly but firmly, in a traditional, conservative mentality by the beggarly rates of pay. In his own element, a native finds himself only within the infinitely intertwining—in patterns akin to the carpet's or the mosque walls'—weblike, vaulted galleries of the local bazaar, which is the heart, mind, and soul of Istanbul. This is a city within a city; it, too, is built for the ages. It cannot be transported west, north, or even south. GUM, Bon Marché, Macy's, Harrods taken together and raised to the cube are but child's babble compared with these catacombs. In an odd way, thanks to the garlands of yellow hundred-watt bulbs and the endless wash of bronze, beads, bracelets, silver, and gold under glass, not to mention the very carpets and the icons, samovars, crucifixes, and so on, this bazaar in Istanbul produces the

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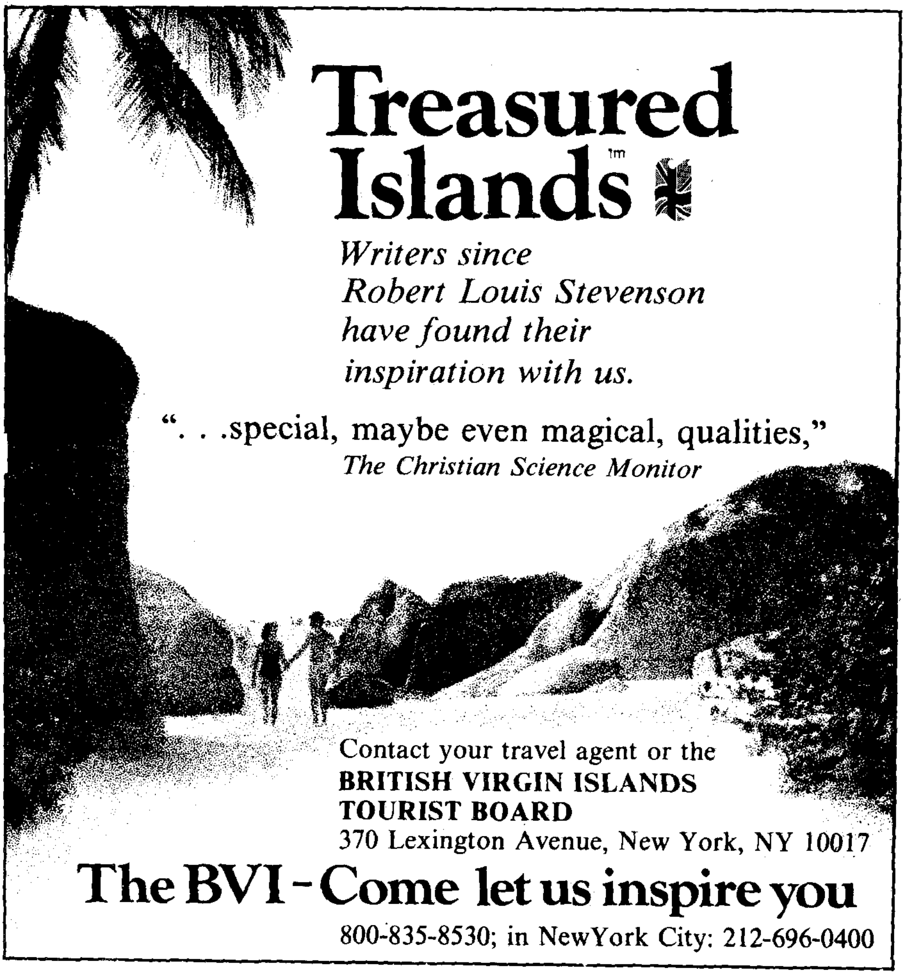
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impression of—of all things—an Orthodox church, though convoluted and branching like a quotation from the Prophet. A laid-out version of the Hagia Sophia.

45

CIVILIZATIONS move along meridians; nomads (including our modern warriors, since war is an echo of the nomadic instinct) along latitudes. This seems to be yet another version of the cross that Constantine saw. Both movements possess a natural (vegetable or animal) logic, considering which one easily finds oneself in the position of not being able to reproach anyone for anything. In the state known as melancholy—or, more exactly, fatalism. It can be blamed on age, or on the influence of the East, or, with an effort of the imagination, on Christian humility.

The advantages of this condition are obvious, since they are selfish ones. For it is, like all forms of humility, always achieved at the expense of the mute helplessness of the victims of history, past, present, and future; it is an echo of the helplessness of millions. And if you are not at an age when you can draw a sword from a scabbard or clamber up to a platform to roar to a sea of heads about your detestation of the past, the present, and what is to come; if there is no such platform or the sea has dried up, there still remain the face and the lips, which can accommodate your slight—provoked by the vista opening to both your inner and your naked eye—smile of contempt.

46

WITH it, with that smile on the lips, one may board the ferry and set off for a cup of tea in Asia. Twenty minutes later, one can disembark in Çengelköy, find a café on the very shore of the Bosporus, sit down and order tea, and, inhaling the smell of rotting seaweed, observe without changing the aforesaid facial expression the aircraft carriers of the Third Rome sailing slowly through the gates of the Second on their way to the First. —JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Alan Myers and the author.*)

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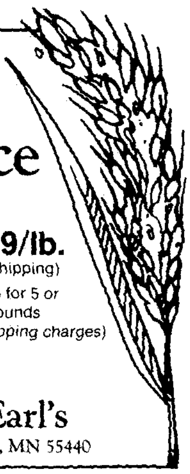

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Defending Beaumarchais

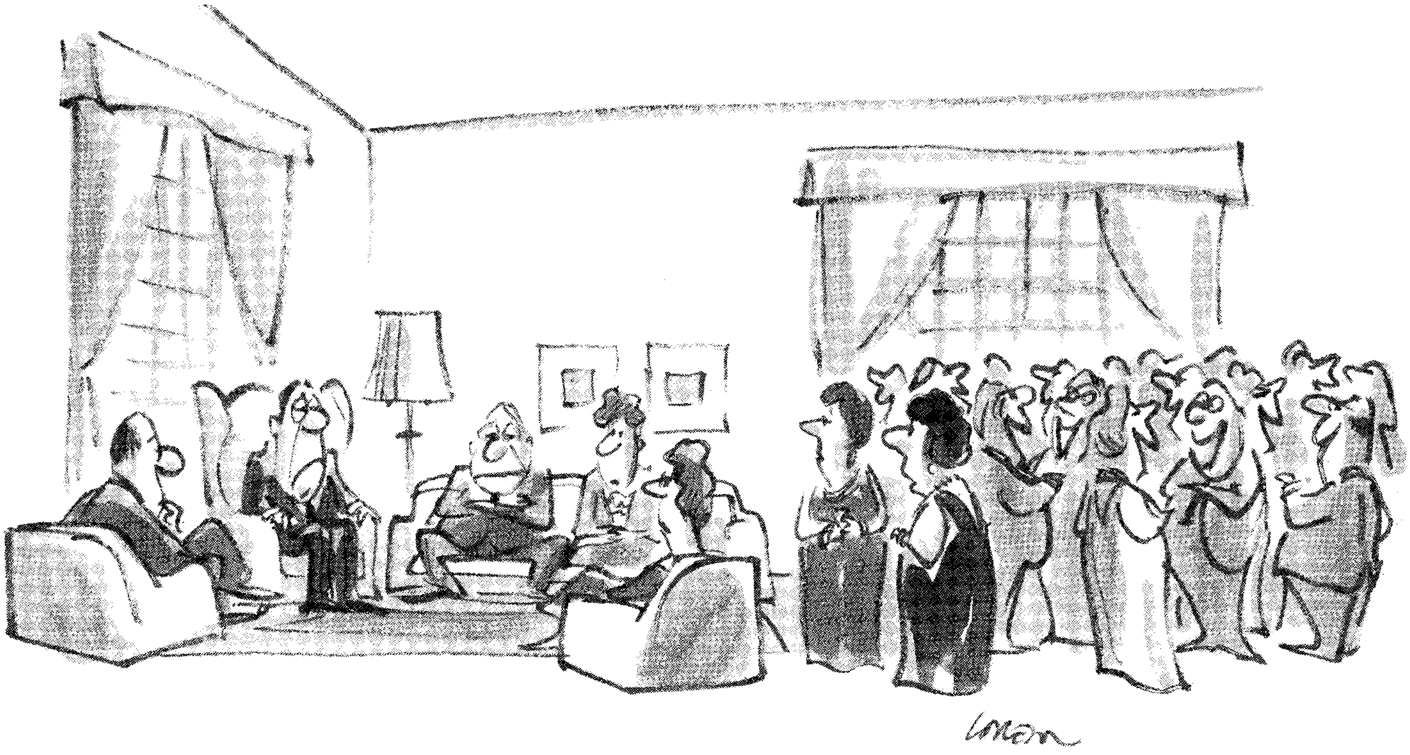
ANDREI SERBAN is master of an art that Niccolo Tucci has defined as "the defoliation of the classics." One takes a play that has given satisfaction for decades, and perhaps for centuries, and mutilates it almost beyond recognition, for a purpose never openly expressed but seemingly related to the notion that a classic will be refreshed from one generation to the next by being trashed—will gain a factitious illumination by dint of being pitched headlong into some scruffy, dehumanizing, contemporary gutter. I would be tempted to call this art a black one, save that "black" implies attributes that are magical as well as merely nefarious, and there is nothing magical about Mr. Serban's directorial assaults upon the handiwork of his betters. The latest Serban victim is Pierre Augustin Beaumarchais, whose comedy "The Marriage of Figaro" has just opened at the Circle in the Square, adapted and translated by Richard Nelson. Beaumarchais has been in his grave for a hundred and eighty-six years, and is, one assumes, past being troubled by the idiotic disembowelments that have been practiced upon his play in the present production. Still, I would feel delinquent if I failed to raise a cry of protest on the author's behalf. A play that ever since it was first performed, in Paris in 1784, has proved itself capable of being performed successfully all over the world has been reduced by Serban and Nelson to the level of rubbishy farce, fit only for backward schoolchildren to guffaw at. Why? For that matter, why should Beaumarchais's dialogue, as lively and insouciant as the day it was written, be obliged to give way to visual gags employing roller skates, chain saws, skateboards, and other specimens of twentieth-century domestic debris? As for Nelson's translation, why should it be so often ungrammatical—a slapdash, slangy Amurrican English wholly at odds with the tone of the original?

The cast of this production has my sympathy, if not, in every case, my respect. Poor Anthony Heald, as Figaro, must deliver his celebrated last-act soliloquy while zigzagging through the air on a rope swing hanging from the flies. Christopher Reeve, as the Count, and Dana Ivey, as his Countess, appear to have no relationship to each other, and the Count's infatuation with Figaro's betrothed, the pretty Suzanne (endearingly portrayed by Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio), is also lacking in plausibility. Mr. Reeve's exceptional good looks and lofty stature are a disadvantage to him; one thinks of him as no more likely to suffer discomfiture than a carved figurehead on a Nantucket whaler. Caitlin Clarke is charming as Cherubino, and James Cahill is shockingly inept as a slobbering Bazile, confined for no particular reason to a glittering, chromium-plated wheelchair. The setting, which relies heavily on sheets of shiny plastic, is by Beni Montresor, who also designed the costumes. In the first act, everyone is dressed in white, like the staff of some large metropolitan hospital; in the second act, everyone is dressed in black, and the effect is that of a combined garden fête and funeral, sketched in charcoal by Watteau. Amiable music has been composed for the occasion by Richard Peaslee; the performers of the music are kept hidden offstage, and no doubt count themselves fortunate not to have been asked to perform visibly, on pogo sticks. —BRENDAN GILL

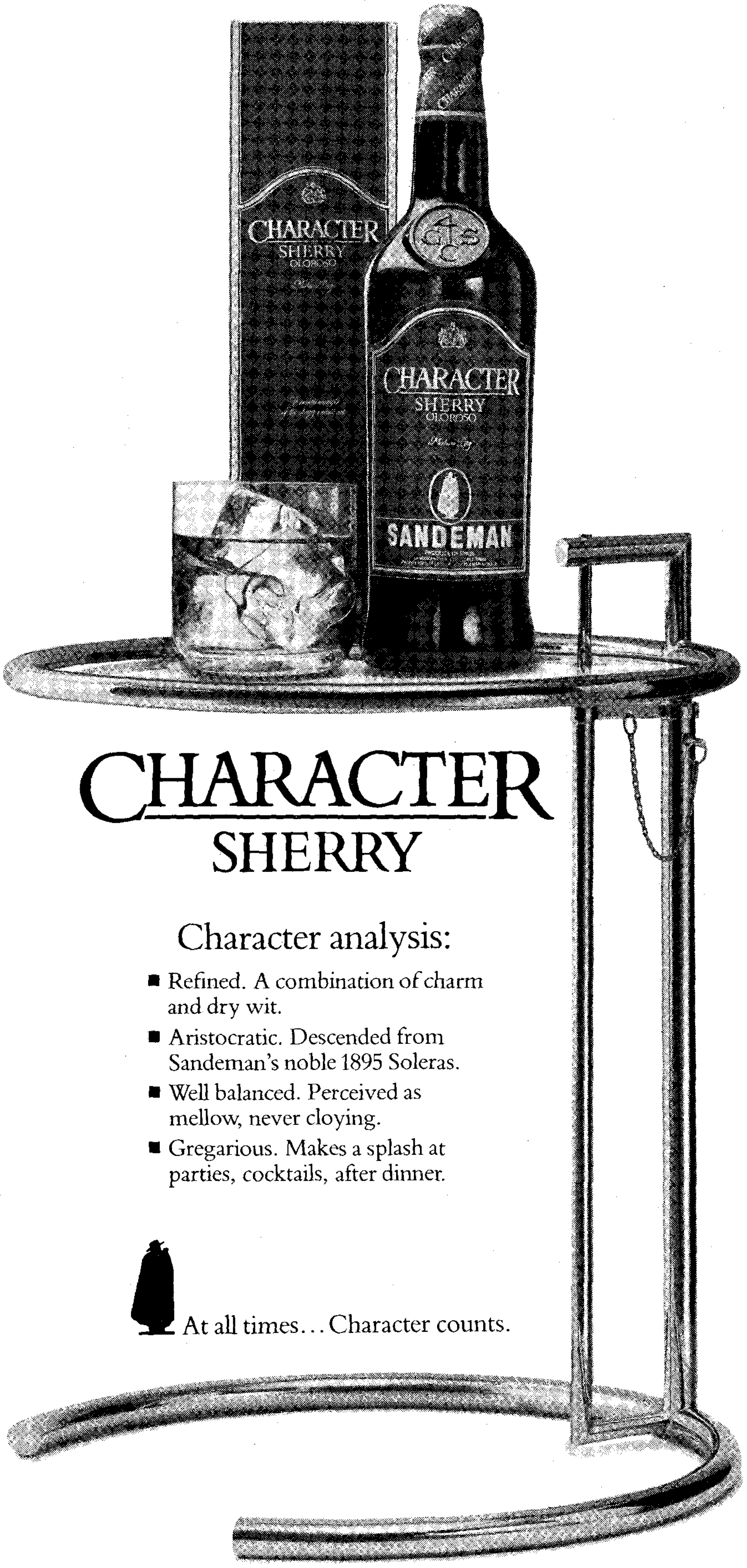
OFF BROADWAY

Empty Toreador

LAST week, the Roundabout presented a respectable but very tame revival of Jean Anouilh's comedy "The Waltz of the Toreadors," in a fine translation by Lucienne Hill—a revival with a hollow center, though, because of the drastic miscasting of the stolid Lee Richardson in the pivotal role of the foolish, amorous general whose story is being told. The gener-



"*Sometimes I think Roswell is too much of a moderating influence.*"



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al, who is presumably in his late forties, hates his bedridden wife (a victim, we learn, of hysterical paralysis) and his two adolescent daughters (whose ugliness inspires constant complaints from him). He spends much of his time dictating his memoirs to the young man who serves as his secretary and confiding his discontent to his only friend, the doctor who looks after his wife. The general is a most disagreeable character, who can be redeemed only by a performance as mercurial and profound as Ralph Richardson's, in the play's original production here, in 1957: Sir Ralph was as funny and pathetic a buffoon as I've ever seen. The general is preoccupied always by his dreams of a young girl whom he fell in love with at a ball seventeen years before, and who has remained a virgin ever since, out of fidelity to him. This silly creature is embodied here by Carole Shelley, whose wit and radiance almost save the show. (This is not the first time Miss Shelley has come to the rescue of a dull performance.) Her repeated "Not 'Madame'—'*Mademoiselle*' " has an edge that cuts through any amount of guff. There is guff aplenty; there is also plenty of plot, which I see no reason to go into. Tammy Grimes does well as the general's nagging wife—a voice from an offstage bedroom until a switch in scene brings her into view. I also admired Alvin Epstein, another actor with an inborn comic sense, as the doctor. It could be added that no great work of dramatic art was debased by this effort. "The Waltz of the Toreadors," if properly done, with its weaknesses masked, can be an entertaining romp, but no more than that. Kate Edmunds' settings, as lighted by Barry Arnold, and Robert Pusilo's costumes are very good indeed.

A MUSICAL based on "Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl" sounds outrageous and offensive, yet "Yours, Anne," at Playhouse 91, is so vapid and dim and sentimental that, watching it, one feels all outrage seep away, along with every other response, as numbness sets in.

—Edith Oliver

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror*]

CORRECTION

The address of Anthony Potter was incorrectly reported in last week's paper as 10 King Street, Siasconset.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Making Music Theatre

WE need a term to describe the way that in the opera house the music itself can seem not merely to enhance but to create, even become, the drama. *Dramma per musica*, a phrase from opera's early days, is sometimes used to suggest what happens, but strictly it means no more than a play written to be set to music, a drama for—not "through"—music. The text of Aurelio Aureli's "Erismena" (1655), written for Cavalli, was published as a *drama per musica*. (The spelling with two "m"s was established only later.) Another designation of those days for what we now call a libretto was *dramma musicale;* as such, G. A. Cicognini's texts for Cavalli's "Giasone" and Cesti's "Orontea" (both 1649) were published. In the later nineteenth century, the term was revived (and not only for Wagner's "music dramas") to distinguish from mere "operas" those works all of whose musical, verbal, and scenic elements conspired to create the "drama." Verdi chided an enthusiast transported by the solos and duets of "La Forza del Destino" for inattention to "the varied, vaster scenes that fill half the opera and constitute the real *dramma musicale*." The librettos Verdi supervised and set were published with various designations: *dramma lirico*, *tragedia lirica*, *melodramma*. (The last does not indicate—as a recent reviewer of "Rigoletto" thought—an opera whose action is melodramatic; it seems to have been used for librettos with some literary pretension.) More is at issue than nice terminological games: the attempts at definition reflect discernment of particular qualities in particular operas and kinds of opera. "Music theatre" is one phrase that has been much heard in the last twenty years. For the New Grove, I defined it thus: "A catch-phrase that became common in the 1960s, particularly among composers, producers and critics who had artistic or social objections to the cost of traditional grand opera and the conservatism of grand opera companies and their audiences. It was, and is, loosely used in three senses: (1) To designate musical works for small or moderate forces which involve a dramatic element in their presentation. . . . (2) To describe either an opera in which the theatrical element is deemed powerful enough to compensate for an indifferent or insubstantial score . . . or any uncommonly dramatic opera. (3) To describe a manner of opera performance in which the acting and staging are thought to be so vivid as to compensate for mediocre, or complement admirable, singing and playing." (Penderecki's "The Devils" and Felsenstein's carefully acted productions of the traditional repertory are offered as examples of "music theatre" in the second and third senses.) I might frame that less tendentiously today than I did twelve years ago. It's hard to find definitions not excluding the proposition that all good operas, well performed, are "music theatre." And if one tries to proceed by elimination—"Fat sopranos and tenors walking about the stage and making loud noises are *not* music theatre"—one is halted by the realization that a loud, true, ringing high C can, in the right context, be excellently dramatic.

The first newsletter of the American Music Theatre Festival, in Philadelphia, begins with a statement by its directors, Eric Salzman and Marjorie Samoff: "Music theatre is the bursting, blooming, burgeoning American art form of the moment. Contemporary music theatre has roots in opera, in musical comedy, in pop and classical music, and in the avant garde. It is both serious and entertaining, a mixture of art, ideas and fun. . . . It is a form in evolution—particularly American, very alive and very much of our time." The program book attempts a definition: "Music theatre is theatre that sings. It's an art form in which music and theatre play equal roles." So is opera (or so it should be), and so is the musical. But "because the traditional institutions of opera and Broadway provide few opportunities for bold and adventurous new work," this annual festival has been brought into being as "a place where a wide range of works and artists can come together during an intensive time period," and "creators, performers and the public can participate in an atmosphere of creative excitement." The 1985 festival, the second, ran for five weeks in September and October. It presented Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's "The Gospel at Colonus;" Zalmen Mlotek and Moishe Rosenfeld's English-Yiddish musical "The Golden Land" (which comes to the Second Avenue Theatre, in New York, next month); Kirk Nurock and C. J. Ellis's Kipling musical "Mowgli;" "X," an opera by Anthony, Thulani, and Christopher Davis; and "Seehear," a collaborative "performance work" from California. Four theatres of different shapes and sizes were used. After the shows, there was festival cabaret. Some mornings, there were panel discussions. Before considering the two productions I saw—"Seehear" and "X"—let me report that during a short visit I found the directors' hopes fulfilled: Philadelphia was indeed a place where people who care about music and theatre were busily receiving and exchanging ideas.

THE POET AND HIS DOG

"SEEHEAR" is the third panel of the "How Trilogy," made up of "performance works" directed by George Coates. (The earlier parts are "The Way of How," which was done at the Brooklyn Academy's 1983 Next Wave festival, and "are/are.") The music is by Paul Dresher. The work was "conceived through a collaborative process" by Coates, Dresher, the tenor John Duykers, and the scenic designer Jerome Sirlin. Thirteen musicians and their conductor are assembled on the stage, in a pyramidal set. Light plays upon them; they merge into the setting; often

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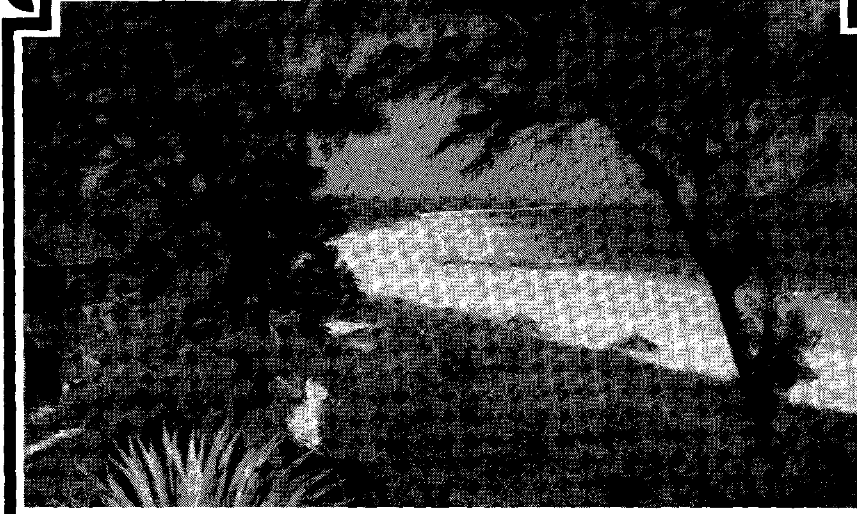
it seems as if the décor were making music. The scenes shift constantly, changing color, pattern, and form. An abstract stippled or hatched design becomes a temple, a cathedral, a palace room, a prison, a cityscape. The backcloth becomes a magic casement opening onto strange scenes and images: a giant chess game in the sky is one. Drops go up and down, but most of the transformations are achieved by projection; Jeremy Hamm and Clint Gilbert are the lighting designers. A mime (Soo-Young Chin), a soprano (Thomasa Eckert), and two tenors (Duykers and Rinde Eckert) come and go. The arias are wordless. (In “The Way of How,” “Vesti la giubba” and “Recondita armonia” are sung over accompaniments that Leoncavallo and Puccini would not recognize.) Odd, quaint things happen: principals are transported on and off on dollies (“I always think of opera singers as sort of being these immense MX missiles,” Coates has said. “I just think they should be wheeled on, put in place, sing their song, then be wheeled off”); sometimes the conductor is upside down. The music is a fluent, colorful, diatonic, repetitive, and—to my ears—banal minimalist suite. Eighty minutes go by easily enough, and some particularly striking scenic effects—drawing oohs and ahs of delighted surprise from the audience—are held in reserve to recall attention when, having admired the technical invention and ingenuity of the illusions, one starts to think about other things. The piece comes from Berkeley, a place I associate with more rigorous modes of artistic activity.

IN the old days, opera composers learned their skills, as a rule, by working in opera companies—as instrumentalists (Beethoven played viola in the Bonn pit), coaches, chorus directors, subconductors, conductors, house composers. Today, when opera companies play more old works than new, and active composers figure seldom on musical staff lists, other ways are found to help beginners over the hurdles on the way to a successful first appearance before the opera public. The first act and part of Act II of “X,” Anthony Davis’s first opera, were tried out as a work-in-progress at last year’s American Music Theatre Festival. In April this year, the Springfield Symphony gave a concert performance of Acts I and II; in May, there was a monthlong “workshop” at the Brooklyn Academy of Music during which further work was done on the piece. “X” had its full-length première in Philadelphia this month; but its “official world première” has been billed for the New York City Opera next season. I’m glad the City Opera is taking up the piece. It struck me as not just a stirring and well-fashioned opera—that already is much—but one whose music adds a new, individual voice to those previously heard in our opera houses.

The protagonist is Malcolm X. Act I deals with his childhood and criminal youth; it ends with him in prison, reflecting on the forces that have shaped his life. Act II tells of his conversion to Elijah Muhammad’s Nation of Islam and his role as its minister; it ends with his comment on President Kennedy’s assassination, “In my view, it’s a case of the chickens coming home to roost,” and Elijah Muhammad’s displeasure thereat. Act III deals with his secession from the Nation, his pilgrimage to Mecca, and his conversion from Elijah Muhammad’s theories to a wider vision of an Islamic brotherhood of man; it ends with his assassination, in 1965. Toward the end of his autobiography, Malcolm X remarks that his life “never has stayed fixed in one position for very long,” that he has “often known unexpected drastic changes.” The autobiography itself is an impressive but disconcerting book. It was related (to Alex Haley) largely before but partly after Malcolm X’s pilgrimage to Mecca, and the first sixteen and the last three chapters might almost have been written by different people. (It’s rather as if Saul/Paul had written epistles both before and after the light from Heaven shone round about him as he approached Damascus, and had left them to be read in sequence, without annotation or editing.) References to the blue-eyed devil white man, contempt for Martin Luther King and the March on Washington (“that ‘Farce on Washington,’ I call it”), and remarks like “All women, by their nature, are fragile and weak” cadence at last into “I saw all *races*, all *colors*—blue-eyed blonds to black-skinned Africans—in *true* brotherhood! In unity! Living as one! Worshipping as one!”

This is difficult matter for opera. The dreams and acts of a fiery popular leader, his political and personal development, his effect on public life, the opposition he arouses call for treatment on the scale of Wagner’s five-act, six-hour “Rienzi.” “X” is half that length. But then it is not intended to be an epic opera or a full-scale dramatic biography. It is, rather, a dramatic poem, woven from strands in Malcolm X's life, dealing with his personality and with reasons for the influence it exerted. Much is omitted; much is condensed. The various companions of Malcolm's youth in Boston coalesce into Street, his mentor in methods of survival. In Philadelphia, one tenor doubled the role and that of Elijah Muhammad, Malcolm's spiritual mentor. Many other doublings, not random, suggest patterns and recurrent imagery while allowing a company of twenty-three singers and eight figurants to encompass a many-charactered cast. Besides Street and Elijah, the principals around the protagonist are his mother, Louise (soprano), his sister Ella (mezzo-soprano), and his brother Reginald (bass-baritone). The "story" was shaped by Christopher Davis, the composer's brother, a director, actor, and writer. The libretto was written by the poet Thulani Davis, the composer's cousin, and it is very well written—in language direct enough for the stage yet poetically charged, in strong lines that move surely between narrative, reflection, and rhetoric. Anthony Davis, born in 1951, was Yale trained, and was then prominent in the New York jazz loft scene. (His work can be heard on the India Navigation and Gramavision labels.) "X" was accompanied initially by his ten-piece group Episteme (Knowledge); the scoring is now for an orchestra of thirty-five. (In Philadelphia, Episteme and the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia combined.) The score is conveniently described as "third-stream music," which—in the words of Gunther Schuller, who coined the term—"synthesizes the essential characteristics and techniques of contemporary Western art music and various types of ethnic music." Through the Harlem chapters of Malcolm X's autobiography the music of Lionel Hampton and Billie Holiday often rises, and I imagine it is a current in parts of Davis's score. But Davis in his approach disciplines the jazz musician's fondness for extended self-expression. He here makes virtuosity serve specific dramatic ends. His score is constantly impressive for its metric, rhythmic, and harmonic control of structures and pacing. I'm treading unfamiliar ground, diffidently, but will suggest that, just as ears customarily attuned to "Western art music" can respond readily to, say,



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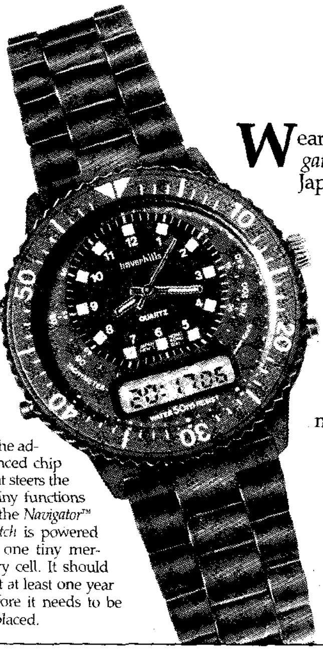

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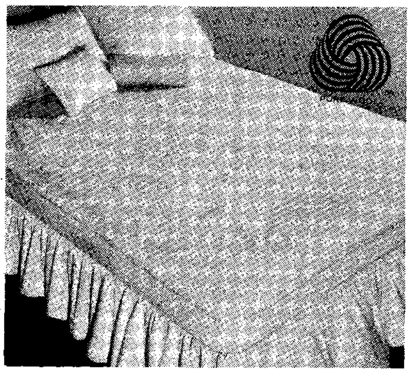

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Thelonious Monk's command of thematic variation and added-note harmonies, and to his feeling for the expressive connotations of intervals, so an "ordinary" operagoer will be able to respond readily to the music of "X." The vocal lines are eloquent. The choral writing is vivid.

The Philadelphia production was devised and directed by Rhoda Levine, who has been with "X" from the start as "creative consultant." It was a skillful and potent staging, in simple but telling décor by John Conklin. Peter Aaronson was a sure conductor. Avery Brooks was very impressive in the title role, which he had assumed at a few days' notice, when Michael Smartt fell ill. (Brooks was the Street of the 1984 partial production—the role can be taken by baritone or tenor—and the Malcolm of the Brooklyn workshop.) He played with confidence and subtlety. An actor and a pianist as well as an accomplished singer, he was musically trenchant, and he has the ability—which should be commoner than it is—to sing lines with the awareness of their meaning that a keen speaker would give to them. Priscilla Baskerville, the Louise, was a moving actress—except during her long aria in Act I. Then she became something more like an opera singer, pouring out notes that shone beautifully but doing so in a manner unresponsive to Thulani Davis's poetry. Deborah Ford, a young singer of great promise, gave an admirable performance as Malcolm's calm, capable sister—until she reached the big aria in Act III. Then she seemed to be playing Jessye Norman rather than Ella, and projecting her rich, powerful voice as if into the Met rather than into the thousand-seat Walnut Street Theatre. On the other hand, Thomas Young, the Street and the Elijah, made every word tell, added incisiveness of inflection to clear pronunciation, hit words and notes precisely, and didn't break character in either role. In the large cast, there were several other sharply etched performances.

BETWEEN now and September next year, when "X" is due at the State Theatre, there will presumably be more work on the opera. I'll put in my two bits' worth of suggestions. The ten-minute overture for piano solo is a bold stroke, but I'm not sure that in the larger theatre it would be effective to keep all the other instrumentalists silenced for quite so long. (The Philadelphia pit is unfortunately

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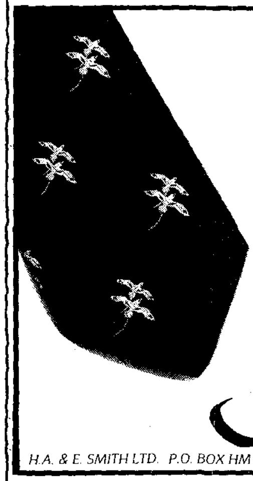

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deep and is partly recessed under the stage; in New York a closer relationship between orchestra and actors will be possible.) There should certainly be an intermission between Acts II and III; in Philadelphia they were played without a break, and the clear dramatic shape was somewhat obscured. Act II would end more strongly with Malcolm's "home to roost" remark and its choral echo; Elijah's reaction to it could be kept for Act III. The mystical quality of the Mecca scene, marvellously expressed in Davis's music, calls for a fuller, stranger scenic realization. Levine's swiftly efficient open-stage scene changes may need slowing down if it's not to seem that Davis has written too much music for them. (I'd not suggest shortening the instrumental interludes; they are musically important, and in the State Theatre the orchestra can be given a livelier presence.) And the scenes leading up to the assassination—crosscuts of interviews, speeches, conspiracies, after the return from Mecca—strike me as somewhat confused and confusing; they need a sharper focus.

—ANDREW PORTER

●

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THE ART WORLD

David Park

DAVID PARK's finest paintings—they're from the first half or so of the fifties—are scenes of everyday life. His images aren't dramatic. At first sight, there's even something bland about these pictures—of boys playing ball on a beach; of two fellows in a canoe; of people walking with their heads down, like inmates, across a college campus; of a boy in a car, looking out at another car; of jazz musicians playing; of a group of people, possibly a family, at a table. We're taken back to the time when abstraction was king, and if you wanted to paint the figure you were careful to paint non-scenes—scenes where figures and faces were little more than statues that reflected light. Park comes from this era, but in a refreshing way; it's as though he used the played-down, no-comment spirit of figurative painting of the time to tell stories in code. He makes his figures and, even more, their faces with a slightly rubbery, unrealistic line. We're drawn to these people. Their heads, limbs, and torsos seem to be bigger than their minds or characters as yet. We're especially aware of their necks—they're a bit too large, and Park likes to show people whose heads are bowed. His people are reminiscent of the elongated, reflective people of the great German sculptor Lehmbruck—the author of the large "Standing Youth" and "Kneeling Woman" in the Modern.

Park is best known as one of the Bay Area figurative painters—West Coast artists who were prominent in the fifties and sixties because they gave up on abstraction and returned to painting the figure. Park is remembered as the founder of this school (it was more like a shared taste than a school), and for having died at an early age—at forty-nine, in 1960—just as he was becoming nationally known. The current show at the Salander-O'Reilly Galleries is the largest he has had in New York since a memorial show that began here in 1961. On the basis of this current show, Park doesn't seem to be a big artist who has been overlooked; a good bit of his work is disappointing. But he is a more powerful and inventive painter than has generally been thought. His best pictures look as if they could have been made today, because they're a touch cartoonish, and yet there is a subtle psychological flavor to them and an almost otherworldly radiance to his light.

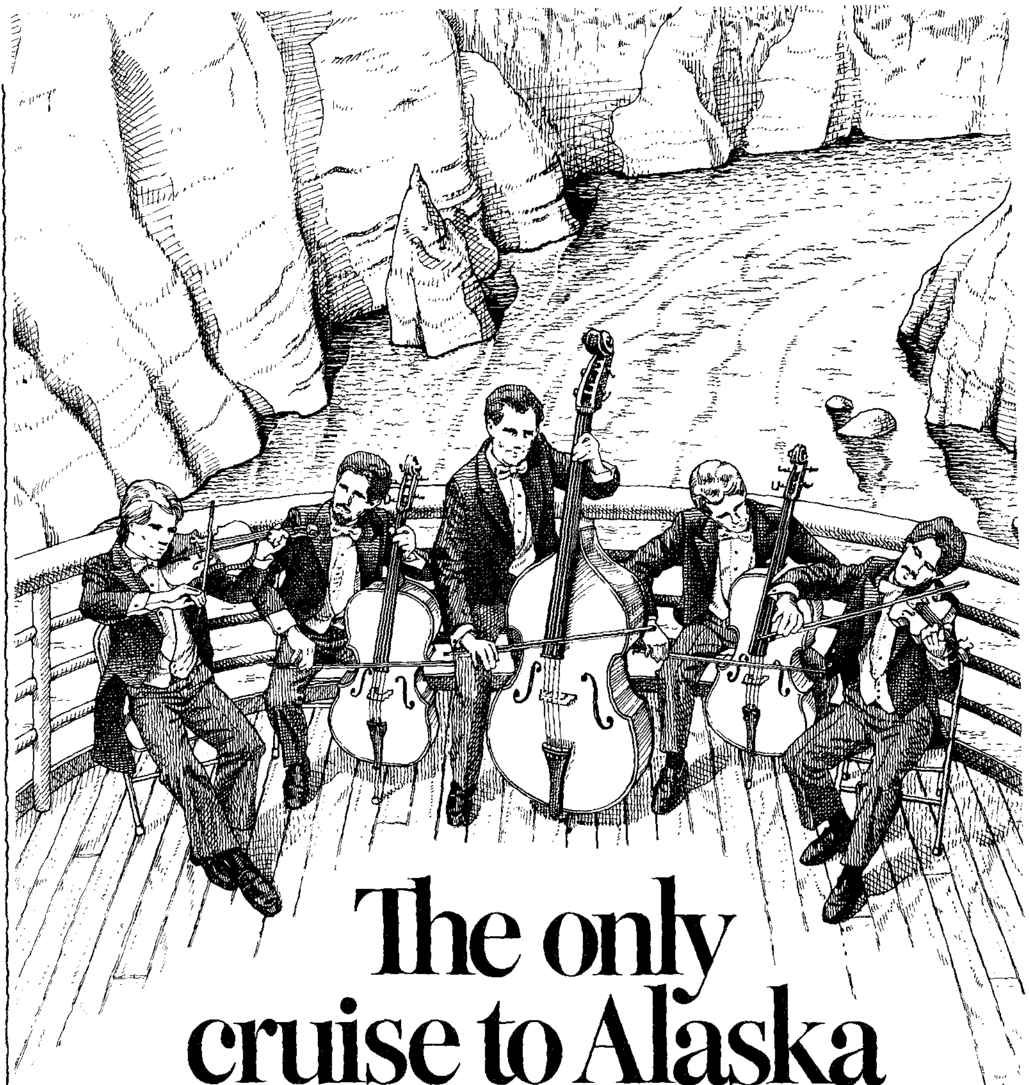
The most contemporary aspect of Park's work is his sense of space. In the 1953 "Ball Game on the Beach," one of his very best paintings, a boy is about to throw a beach ball to a group of fellows who run along the sparkling beach, their arms outstretched. The painting is like a photo from *Life* crossed with a Maori carving, all done in Halloween oranges, yellows, blacks, whites. The fellows on the beach are gesticulating stick figures; they are jaggedly drawn and painted, with parts of their bodies orange, parts black. The boy is naturalistically drawn, and our viewpoint is so close to his upraised arms and the ball he holds that we feel we're "with" him, and that the stick figures in the distance might be in his imagination. In another first-rank picture, "Berkeley Jazz Band," of 1951-53, seven musicians are crowded into a small room, playing; we're below them, looking up through their backs and faces to a bit of ceiling at the top of the picture. It takes a while for our eyes to adjust to the dark browns, maroons, and tans; we have to search to see where all the hands and faces are. And there is a fearless passage of painting: the clarinet player's shirt is a rich red, the background wall is a dark brown, and Park brings them together without any "air" between them, like two hot, strong, different sounds.

Park's indirect, over-the-shoulder way of presenting a scene isn't exactly his own. He may have been thinking about Degas—those pictures of concerts where we are in the pit with the musicians, looking up over their shoulders to the tiny figures on the stage, and where parts of the figure closest to us have been cut off by the frame. But Park makes this exaggerated near-to-far space unsettling. He was developing an odd but interesting way of presenting reality. There's something modest and grandiose, anonymous and self-centered about these accordionized views. You feel as though you were a squashable fly next to the giant foreground figures, and, also, as though you were an uninvolved watcher of people; you feel you're appraising them from behind a one-way mirror. And these Park pictures are still vibrant, as objects. In an appreciation in the show's brochure, Richard Diebenkorn says exactly what a viewer senses: that Park was "*in love* with oil paint and its potential to become *merde*." Park's hand is assured and swift, but it seems as if at any moment everything could turn to sludge.

Park is no longer the best-known Bay Area painter—Diebenkorn is—but he may still be the most complex and best of them. The idea of a "return to the figure" after painting abstractly seems to have meant more to Park than to any other West Coast artist at the time. He was the first to do it. The others—including Diebenkorn and Elmer Bischoff—

were at first appalled, or felt superior to him. Then, within a few years, they followed him. Looked at from 1985, Park is as much a characteristic figure of his time as Jackson Pollock. We feel in Park (though in a less mighty and significant way than in Pollock) an impatience with any authority, a desire to get out on his own. Park broke with Abstract Expressionism in 1949, when the finest works of the movement were being made. He made his move dramatically. He took every abstract work he had in his studio but one to a dump in Berkeley, and burned them. He was thirty-eight, and had worked as an abstract painter for four years. As Henry Geldzahler and Carl Belz point out in essays for the current show's brochure, Park was largely a self-taught artist. He was a part-time teacher at the California School of Fine Arts in the forties, when Clyfford Still taught there. Still was then—and may even now be thought of as—one of the big men of the Abstract Expressionist movement, and Park was impressed. But he couldn't abide the man's autocratic self-assurance, or the self-assurance of many of the Abstract Expressionists and their admirers.

David Park was blondish and handsome. In photos that Imogen Cunningham took of him, he has Gary Cooperish looks—though he isn't as good-looking as Cooper. He was a rebel in a number of ways. He came from a Boston Brahmin family. His father was a Unitarian minister. The painter, who was one of four children, was expected to go through school (and through life) with the right, high-minded values. He didn't finish high school, though (and he never went to college), and he was at odds with his father for years. In the thirties, he found himself on the West Coast, doing odd jobs, drifting. Eventually, he married; he and his wife, Lydia Newell Park, had two daughters, and settled in Berkeley. For a number of years, he was able to paint full time because his wife worked at the university library. From 1955 on, Park was on the faculty of the university, and they lived more easily, in a redwood house in the Berkeley hills. His two real loves as a boy were painting and music—playing the piano—and he apparently painted and played music with relish all his life. He played classical music and, increasingly as he got older, jazz. In his youth, he made amusing, romantic (and not very good) pictures—they



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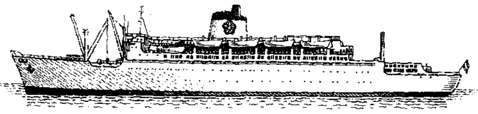

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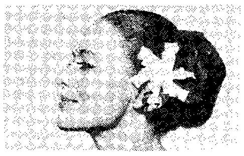

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are reproduced in catalogues from earlier Park shows—of sprawled-out lovers, dancing couples, and young men playing violins. Park was drawn, he said, to the primitive, the unrefined, the un-dressed-up. In a biographical statement from 1959, he writes at some length, for no particular reason, about how little he reads books. He wants us to see him as a regular guy in a T-shirt. But his comments, here and elsewhere, are hardly those of a lunkhead; his statements and recorded bits of conversation are highly literate, compressed, strong.

THE unexpected part of the show was how much Park's best work recalls the fifties. I'm equivocal about this. Part of me thinks that there is something weak and commercial about this period look, that I'm drawn to the pictures for nostalgic reasons. But part of me is fascinated by it. It is said that most photographs have a period flavor that becomes apparent only years after the picture is taken. This is rarely said about paintings, but it applies to Park's work. The fifties are felt in little details: in the T-shirts his figures wear, in their short haircuts, in the mere image of a boy in a car, in the way the jazz musicians hunch over their instruments, in the image of a "sophisticated" cocktail party. The period flavor is felt in the way he stylizes people and scenes. One is reminded of UNICEF and Ban the Bomb posters and of artwork for record covers and book jackets by Joseph Low and Ben Shahn, where people seem butterflylike, helpless, unanchored, lost in their thoughts. Park makes this UNICEF-poster appearance strange, almost grand—perhaps because his paint surface is so meaty, physical, uncooked.

The odd thing is that Park worked not from photographs or from life but from memory. He didn't even make on-the-spot pencil sketches. All his work comes out of his head, so to speak, and at first this is hard to believe—especially because he paints light, and its absence, so precisely. He gives the exact visual sensation of how thick or heavy an arm is, say, or a finger, by showing how much light it has absorbed. In "Berkeley Jazz Band," we feel that a strong, clear light has momentarily been blocked and we're in a shadowed world, but if a figure were to move, or if our point of view were to change by a hair, light would stream in.

In the end, though, Park's not painting from life worked against him

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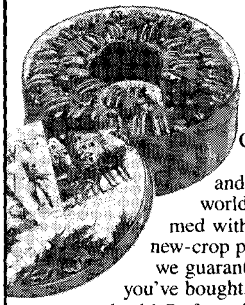

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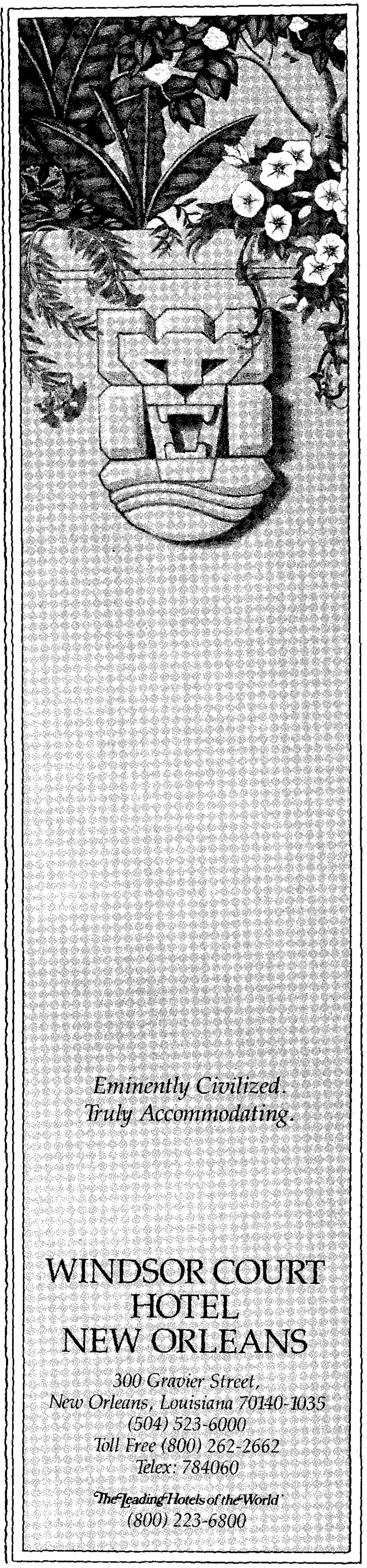
—his art became theoretical. His best-known paintings are from his last years, and most show young men who wear swim trunks or are nude—they're on a beach or by a boat. The present show made it clear that these pictures are not his best. They're not the equal of the more realistic "scene" pictures from the first two-thirds of the fifties (which are barely known). The later Parks are on the stark, allegorical side. The faces of his young men are made up of thick, single strokes of dark paint—a line or two for eyes, nose, mouth. The backgrounds are shimmery and oily, and the figures appear to be emerging from them. The colors generally are dark blues and greens, with patches of red and orange and pure white here and there.

Park produced many such "bather" pictures—and similar pictures of women and of figures playing musical instruments—in the last few years of his life. His single best-known painting, "Four Men"—it is owned by the Whitney—is one of them. It's obvious why they were considered important at the time, especially to viewers impressed by Abstract Expressionism. The figures are a touch mythical and battle-worn, and the paintings appear to be, at heart, abstractions. The abstract quality is what is wrong with them. The people are empty, they aren't real. Park isn't struggling enough in these pictures, and he said as much in interviews; he said he didn't care what viewers thought, he knew he was in the groove. But his brushwork is showy and his color is blaring.

One feels that he was a victim of the moment, that, in a way, he capitulated to Abstract Expressionism. He may have felt that he was getting closer to the "primitive" and the "natural" in these paintings, which have a "universal" quality. But he seems to have become the sort of artist he once railed against. He had a nose for rhetorical gestures and heroics—whether in Clyfford Still or anybody else—but he took his fresh, new figurative art in the same direction. His many late bather pictures might be called figurative Stills.

Park's work wasn't all downhill. There are paintings from the end of the fifties that are strong—particularly "Crowd," which shows a number of heads that appear to bob in a sea of paint. And he didn't stop painting everyday life. "The Table"—a 1957 work that is in the show—is one of his finest pictures. This scene of four people at a table, talking, holding glasses and cups, is primarily in earth colors (for the people and background wall) and white (for the foreground shirt and table), with bits of blue on the dishes and glasses. The picture brings together a French feeling for the subtle beauties of paint handling and color, a German feeling for mood and drama—for something spiritual that is immanent in the scene—and a fifties American appearance, a tone of seriousness and innocence. Again, Park gives us an image where we look up at, and over, someone's shoulder to get into the scene. There is hardly anything going on in "The Table;" the figures barely look at each other. Yet this picture is his most Lehmbruck-like: it is majestic and tender. We're surprised to see these plain, big-necked Americans painted in such a muzzy light, with such an earthy and elegant palette. The many browns and tans have a pale light coming through them, and the bit of blue on the glasses and plates introduces just the right note of icy refinement. It is as though Park had joined the two parts of himself: Boston and the West Coast (or the newer, brighter, less formal America).

Park's very last pictures—they are works on paper—are good, too. In the late fifties, he suffered from back ailments, and underwent a number of operations to alleviate the pain. A 1960 operation disclosed terminal cancer. He wasn't strong enough to paint, and began working with pen and ink, watercolor, and gouache. His subject matter continued to be rather "universal" figures and encounters, but these images aren't monotonous, as the paintings could be. His drawings—there is a good selection at the show—are often of museum quality. Though they aren't as absorbing as his paintings, they're beautiful, unlabored—especially those of fiddlers. And in the final months of his life Park made a thirty-foot-long scroll with felt-tip pens. It is housed in Zellerbach Hall, on the Berkeley campus. The scroll is about his life; the scenes go in and out of remembered events in Boston and Berkeley. Snippets of it are reproduced in old catalogues, and it looks lightweight, yet one feels that, like his more realistic paintings, it might have more life for us than it had for viewers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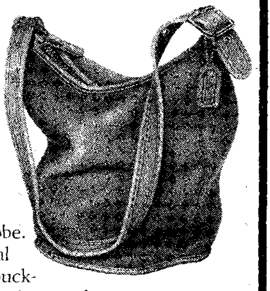

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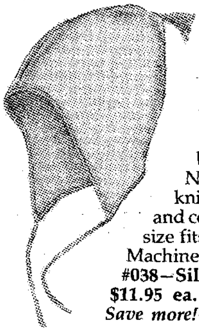

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in the sixties or seventies. There ought to be a comprehensive Park show and a book (there are only a number of old catalogues); it would be especially wonderful to see the full scope of his scenes of everyday fifties life.

WHERE does Park fit in the larger scheme of American art? One thinks of him in relation to Edward Hopper, Alex Katz, Milton Avery, Fairfield Porter. Park probably doesn't have the range of any of them—though, in his struggle with paint and his ambitions, he is more exciting than Avery. He is most similar to Porter. (A large Porter show was at Hirschl & Adler Modern last month.) The two were about the same age as the Abstract Expressionists, and they bloomed relatively late in life—by going against that movement. Porter rejected the new American painting in as emphatic a way as Park's bonfire at the Berkeley dump. Porter was in the habit of sparring with Clement Greenberg. In the early fifties, Greenberg said to Willem de Kooning, who was Porter's friend, that painting the figure was regressive, it could no longer be done. (De Kooning was working on his "Woman" paintings at the time.) Porter said that he knew what he wanted to do from that moment: exactly what he wasn't supposed to do.

Porter's work is more unified and developed than Park's, but Park is the more daring painter. Porter sometimes painted landscapes and interiors with a brilliantly clear light, but he was most assured with muted, cozy moments and places. His rare snow scenes (and his small landscapes in general) are delectable. He is a master of foggy, hazy light and of nebulous views. He's a champ with odd, off colors: grays, pinks, English-mustard yellow. His still-lifes and interiors, though, have a passive prettiness, and his portraits—or those paintings where the people in them are more than a bit of décor—are wooden. Porter the man may have understood people, but Porter the painter has little to say about them. In "The Table" alone, Park does what all Porter's figure paintings together do not do: Park takes a casual, everyday moment and illuminates it in a new way. And he does this without being sentimental.

Park's great gift was for painting people. I have seen many of his portraits in catalogues, and if the actual pictures are as good as the reproduc-

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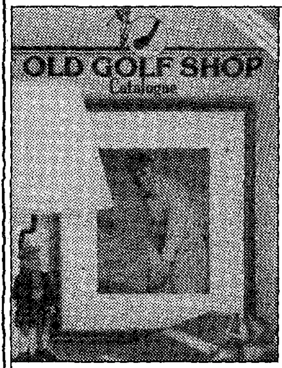

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tions he was a first-rate portraitist. He painted his wife and friends, many of whom were painters and writers and were associated with the university: Mark Schorer, Hassel Smith, Phyllis Diebenkorn, Richard Diebenkorn, Elmer Bischoff, Stephen Pepper. The portraits—they, too, were painted from memory, not from life—aren't major undertakings; many are small and appear to be gifts to the people painted. They're caricaturish, but we feel different aspects of the person, and Park paints light and shade in the same experimental and unorthodox way that he does in his more ambitious paintings.

Park's special moment is when he paints someone in a relationship with someone else or a lone individual taking in the surrounding light. Few American paintings have such a sense of intimacy as "Flower Market," a 1955 Park owned by the Whitney. (It isn't in the present show but was on view over the summer at the museum.) This picture shows a woman facing a man at a market—he is seen with his back to us. The picture is mostly in smoky red-oranges and greens that give off a kind of North African heat and light. One feels that nothing else Park did is as beautiful or as mysteriously achieved as the grayish-green and glowing orange face of the woman. She is not a portrait; she is simply a lovely woman of no clear age. We're pleased by the gentle and spontaneous way Park has painted the heads, hand, and bouquet, and created such a distinct mood. The picture strikes us the way it may have struck viewers thirty years ago: we, too, believe that this is a fresh, new way to paint the figure. —SANFORD SCHWARTZ

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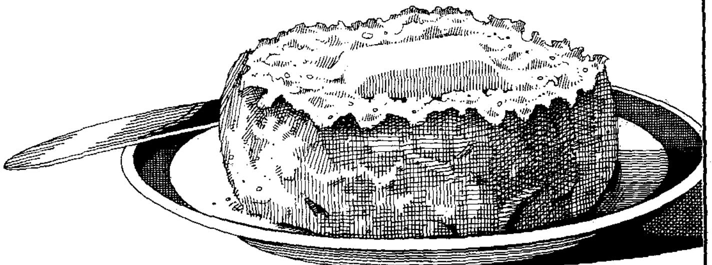

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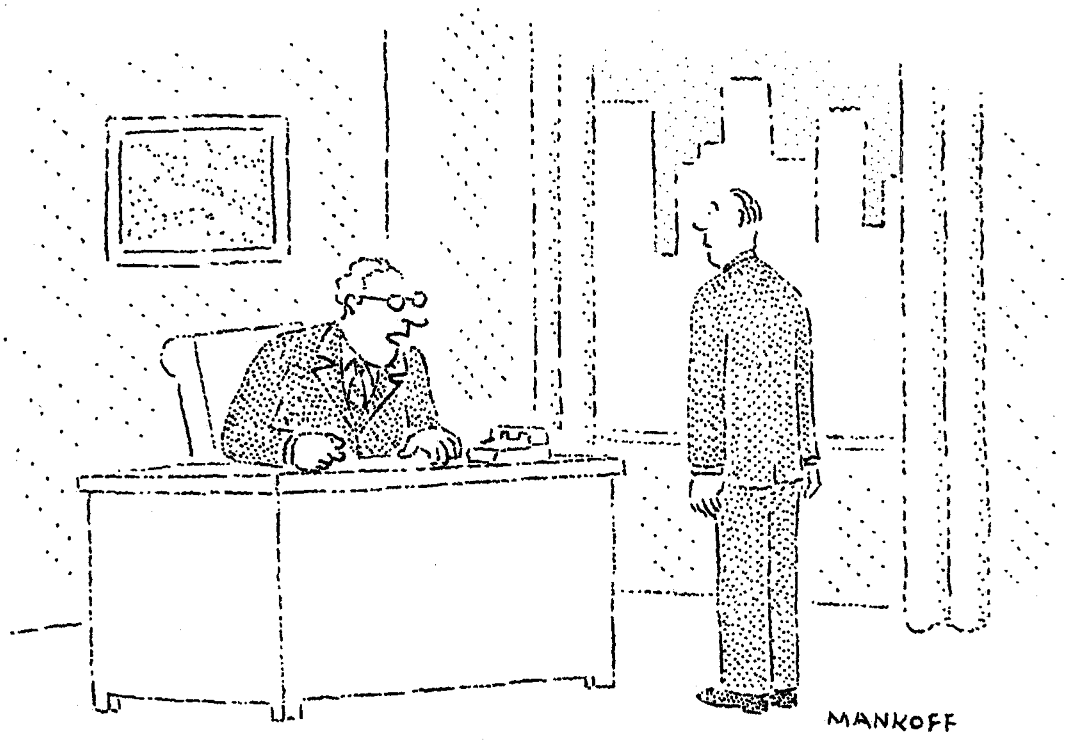
JAZZ

Coleman Hawkins

Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young—the emperors of the tenor saxophone and the inventors of so much regal, original music—were opposites. Hawkins was a vertical improviser, who ran the chord changes and kept the melody in his rearview mirror. Young was a horizontal improviser, who kept the melody beside him and cooled the chord changes. Hawkins had a voluminous, enveloping tone. Young had an oblique, flyaway sound. Hawkins played so many notes in each chorus that he blotted out the sun. Young handpicked his notes, letting the light and air burnish them. Hawkins played with a ferocious, on-the-beat intensity. Young seemed to be towed by the beat. Hawkins was handsome, sturdy, and businesslike. Young was slender, fey, and oracular. Hawkins had a heavy voice, and he spoke rapidly and articulately. Young had a light voice and talked elliptically, in a funny, poetic language of his own. Hawkins appeared to grow bigger and denser when you looked at him. Young verged on transparency. But the two were not totally dissimilar. Hawkins eventually destroyed himself with alcohol, and so did Young, although he did the job quicker. (Hawkins died at the age of sixty-four, in 1969, and Young at the age of forty-nine, in 1959.) Both were assiduous dressers, with Hawkins being something of a fashion plate. Both were consumed by their music, and have countless musical descendants.

Hawkins invented the tenor saxophone in the way that Richardson invented the novel: he took an often misunderstood instrument and made it work right for the first time. The saxophone, like the tuba, had been used for comic effects and in marching bands, and it was regarded—half brass, half reed—as a hybrid. It took Hawkins ten years to figure out completely what the instrument was capable of. He hit upon using an unusually wide mouthpiece and a hard reed, and by 1933 he had developed a tone that had never before been heard on a saxophone. (There were saxophone virtuosos before Hawkins, but they had a facile tone, and concentrated on creamy glissandos and dazzling arpeggios.) His tone had the edgelessness of cellos and contraltos. It filled the mind with images of firelit mahogany, of august spaces, of great elms. Hawkins reflected his tone. He talked (when he talked—he was taciturn) the way he played: crowding his words together, and steadily gaining momentum. Here he is on an autobiographical recording made almost thirty years ago for Riverside. He is discussing his style: "It changed automatically through different things that I heard. It always shows in your music. I mean it just comes spontaneously. I mean you don't have to practice it. I never practiced anything like that, you know. I never practiced any particular thing to learn a style or anything like that. I never did in my life. I find myself playing a lot of things, changing them around and playing them completely different than what I would perhaps have played them a year before. But that just came through, I mean, different things I've heard. You know, I've heard it and I remembered it, you know what I mean. The next night, I perhaps didn't remember it, but maybe six months later it would show up in the music. . . . That's what used to happen. That's why the style used to change all the time. And I tell you something else I used to do. I was the only one—there wasn't anybody else doing this. I used to go out on these road trips with Fletcher [Henderson]. Every time we came in after a road trip, I always had me some new things. And you know where I used to find them? In these little clubs and places, in all these little towns we used to go in and play. . . . I've never stopped, you know; I'm still doing the same thing right today. I hear every musical organization of any interest that there is." And here he is, on the Riverside record, talking about the effect of New York on newly arrived country-mouse musicians: "This place makes all musicians sound funny when they come around. When they first come here—I don't care what they were in their home towns—when they first come here, they get cut. They get cut every time. They have to come here and learn all over again, practically. Then when they come back they're all right, or if they stay here they'll develop to be all right."

Hawkins walked quickly, in an erect, the-meeting-will-now-come-to-order fashion. He did not smile much; he was a reserved man, surrounded by



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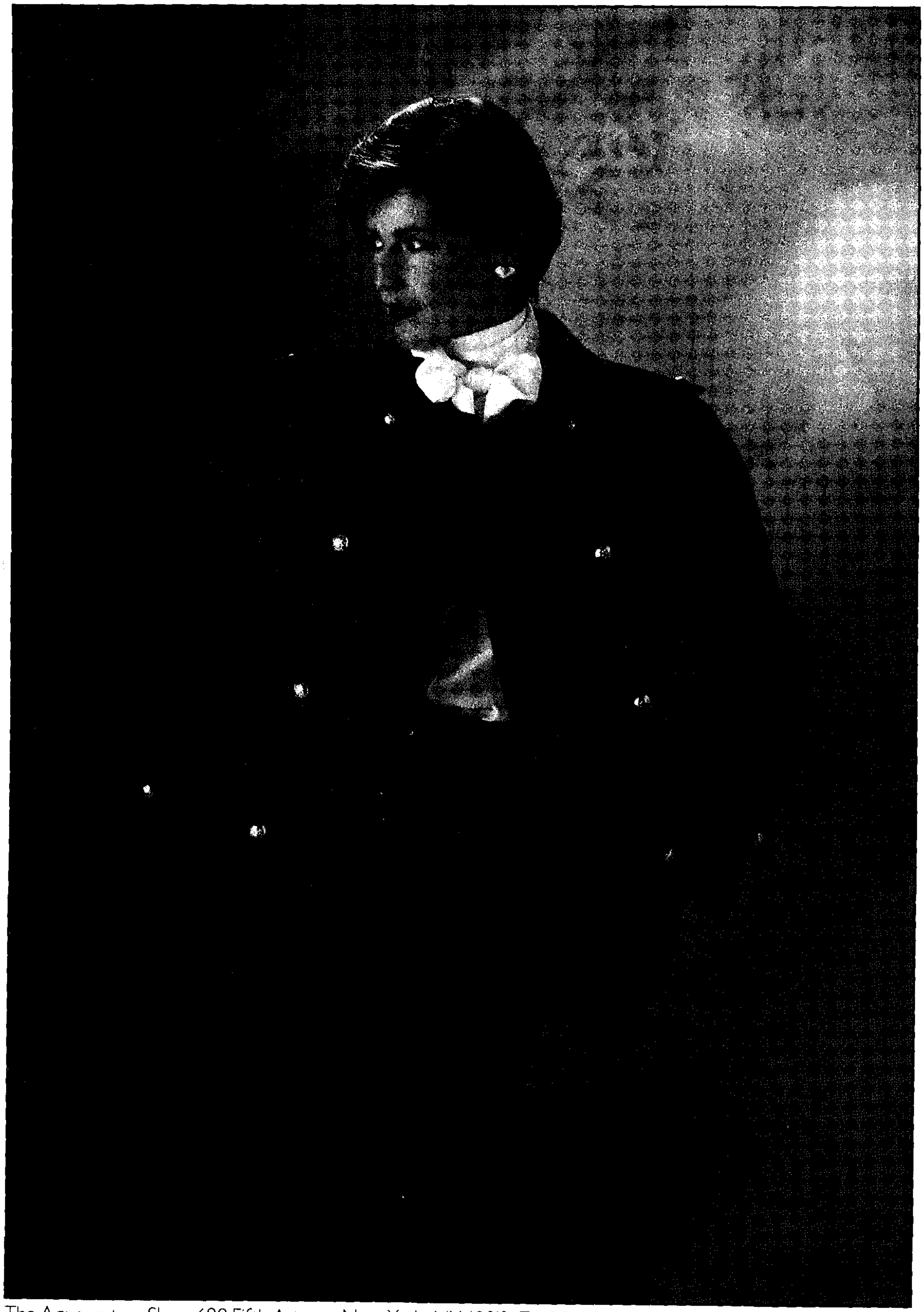

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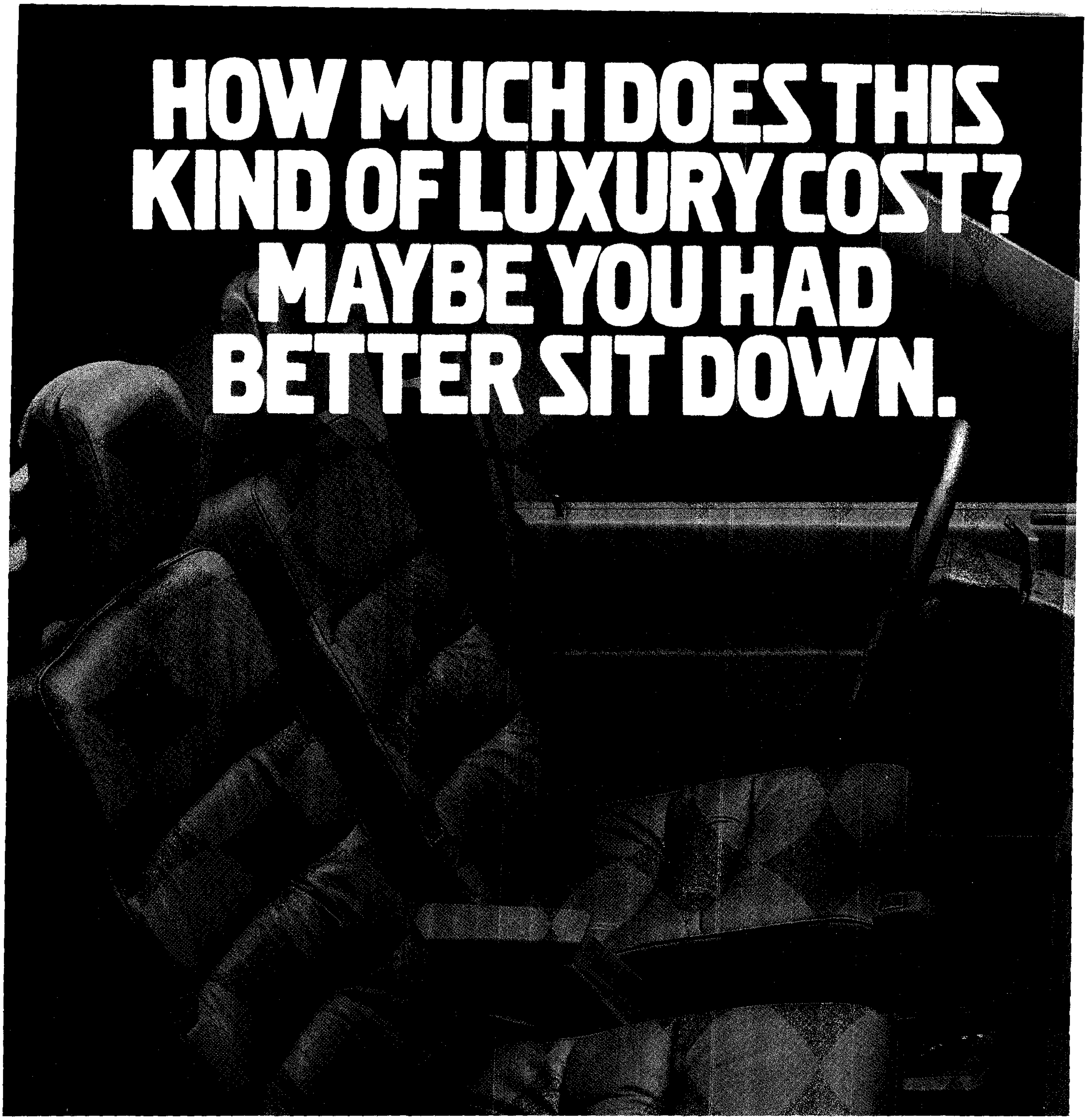
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lawns of reticence. But reserved people often conceal hellions. Hawkins loved to play jokes on his friends, and he loved to drive fast. The trombonist Sandy Williams told Stanley Dance, in "The World of Swing," "I remember coming with him and Walter Johnson from Philly once, and he had just got a new Imperial. He decided to open it up on a long stretch, and he had it up to a hundred and three miles an hour. That was the first time I ever did over a hundred an hour, but Hawk was a good driver. 'Hell, I don't want to kill myself,' he'd tell you right quick. 'What are you worried about?' " Hawkins had no showmanship, and when he played he closed his eyes and held his horn to the right of him, almost at port arms.

Hawkins was born in 1904, or perhaps earlier, in St. Joseph, Missouri. He was the second child of Cordelia Coleman and Wil Hawkins. (Their only other child, a girl, died in infancy.) He liked to tell interviewers that he was born at sea while his parents were returning from a European vacation—he was a great leg-puller and a good mythologist. His father was an electrical worker who was killed accidentally in the twenties, and his mother was a schoolteacher who lived to be ninety-five. (A grandmother reached a hundred and four.) He took up the piano when he was five, studied cello for several years, and was given a tenor saxophone when he was nine. By the time he was thirteen, he was full-grown, and his parents had sent him to Chicago, where he lived with friends and went to high school. He also heard King Oliver and Louis Armstrong and Jimmy Noone. He is supposed to have attended Washburn College, in Topeka, but there is no proof he did. In 1921, he was working at the Twelfth Street Theatre in Kansas City, where he was heard by the blues singer Mamie Smith, whose accompanists included the Ellington trumpeter Bubber Miley and the reedman Garvin Bushell. Bushell told Nat Hentoff, in *The Jazz Review*, 'We played the Twelfth Street Theatre and that's where I first met Coleman Hawkins. They had added a saxophone to play the show with us in the pit. He was ahead of everything I ever heard on that instrument. It might have been a C melody he was playing then. Anyway, he was about fifteen years old—I remember that because one night we went to his mother's house in St. Joseph and asked her to let him go with us, and she said, 'No, he's only a baby; he's only fifteen.' He was really advanced. He read everything without missing a note. I haven't heard him miss a note yet in thirty-seven years. And he didn't—as was the custom then—play the saxophone like a trumpet or clarinet. He was also running changes then, because he'd studied the piano as a youngster."

Hawkins joined Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds in 1922, and Fletcher Henderson's first band in 1923. He stayed eleven years. The Henderson band—powerful, erratic, undisciplined—was the first big swing band and the model for almost every big band of the thirties. It was also an academy for such first-rate jazz musicians as Louis Armstrong, Rex Stewart, Red Allen, Roy Eldridge, Joe Thomas, Jimmy Harrison, Sandy Williams, Benny Morton, J. C. Higginbotham, Dicky Wells, Keg Johnson, Benny Carter, Ben Webster, Lester Young, Chu Berry, John Kirby, Walter Johnson, and Sidney Catlett. Rex Stewart, in his "Jazz Masters of the Thirties," recalls Hawkins in the early thirties: "As usual, on hitting a town, we all went to look the burg over, and it so happened that I found myself with Coleman in a department store. He went to the cosmetic counter and bought several bars of a very expensive soap. Hawk's remark that this was a year's supply and a great bargain made me wonder how he could figure that six bars of soap would last him a whole year. But the next morning in the hotel, I found out. First, out came a pair of ornate washcloths, then the special soap, then some ordinary soap. One cloth was for the special soap, the other for the ordinary, and never the twain should meet. The fancy soap was daintily applied to a corner of washcloth number one. That was for his face and around his eyes only. Then, the ordinary soap, applied to the other cloth, was used on his body." Stewart went on to say, "Another facet of Mr. Saxophone's character is his frugality . . . This is not to imply that Hawk is cheap; it's just that he is cautious. Before he got over his mistrust of

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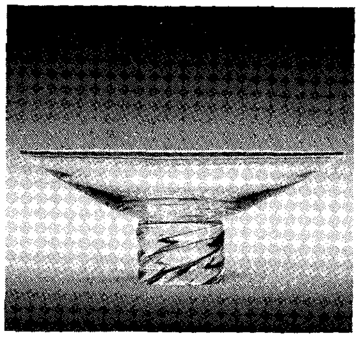

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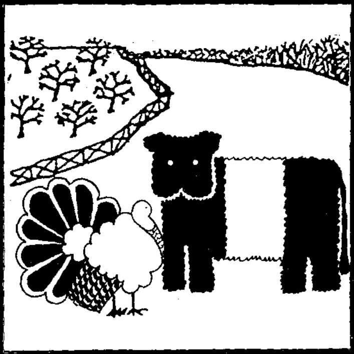

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banks, it was common for him to walk around with $2,000 or $3,000 in his pockets! One time, he carried with him his salary from an entire season of summer touring, about $9,000. When we became stranded, for some reason or other, Hawk laughed while showing his roll. But he wouldn't give a quarter to see the Statue of Liberty do the twist on the Brooklyn Bridge at high noon."

In 1934, Hawkins, tired of Henderson's lackadaisical ways as a leader and a businessman, and curious about the high-class things he had heard about Europe, wired the British bandleader Jack Hylton, was offered a job, and took a six-month leave of absence. He remained abroad five years, and it *may* have been the happiest time of his life. He was one of the first great jazz soloists, and he was treated like royalty wherever he went. He played in England and Wales, then settled on the Continent, where he worked in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, and France. He recorded with English and Dutch and French and Belgian musicians, among them Django Reinhardt and Stéphane Grappelli, and with such Americans as Benny Carter, Tommy Benford, and Arthur Briggs. According to Chris Goddard, in "Jazz Away Home," Briggs once gave this picture of Hawkins in Paris: "He was such a wonderful person. I couldn't believe that anyone could drink so much alcohol and that it would have so little effect on him. When we were working together in Belgium . . . he would drink a bottle of brandy a day . . . He would be featured at the tea dance. He did three numbers so most of the time he was free in the baccarat room. He didn't gamble. He'd just be at the bar. And when I sent someone to fetch him to play he'd come on as straight as ever. I never knew him to practice. . . . He didn't talk much. But he had wonderful taste. I remember him paying twenty dollars for a pair of socks. He was crazy about beautiful shirts in silk and things like that. He would dress like a prince. I think Europe was a rest cure for him."

HAWKINS returned from Europe in July of 1939, two jumps ahead of the war. In October, he recorded (as an afterthought) his celebrated "Body and Soul" for Victor, and early in 1940 he put together a big band. Hawkins' playing passed through four phases in his life, and he was about to enter his third and best period. His

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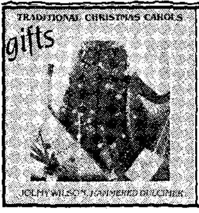

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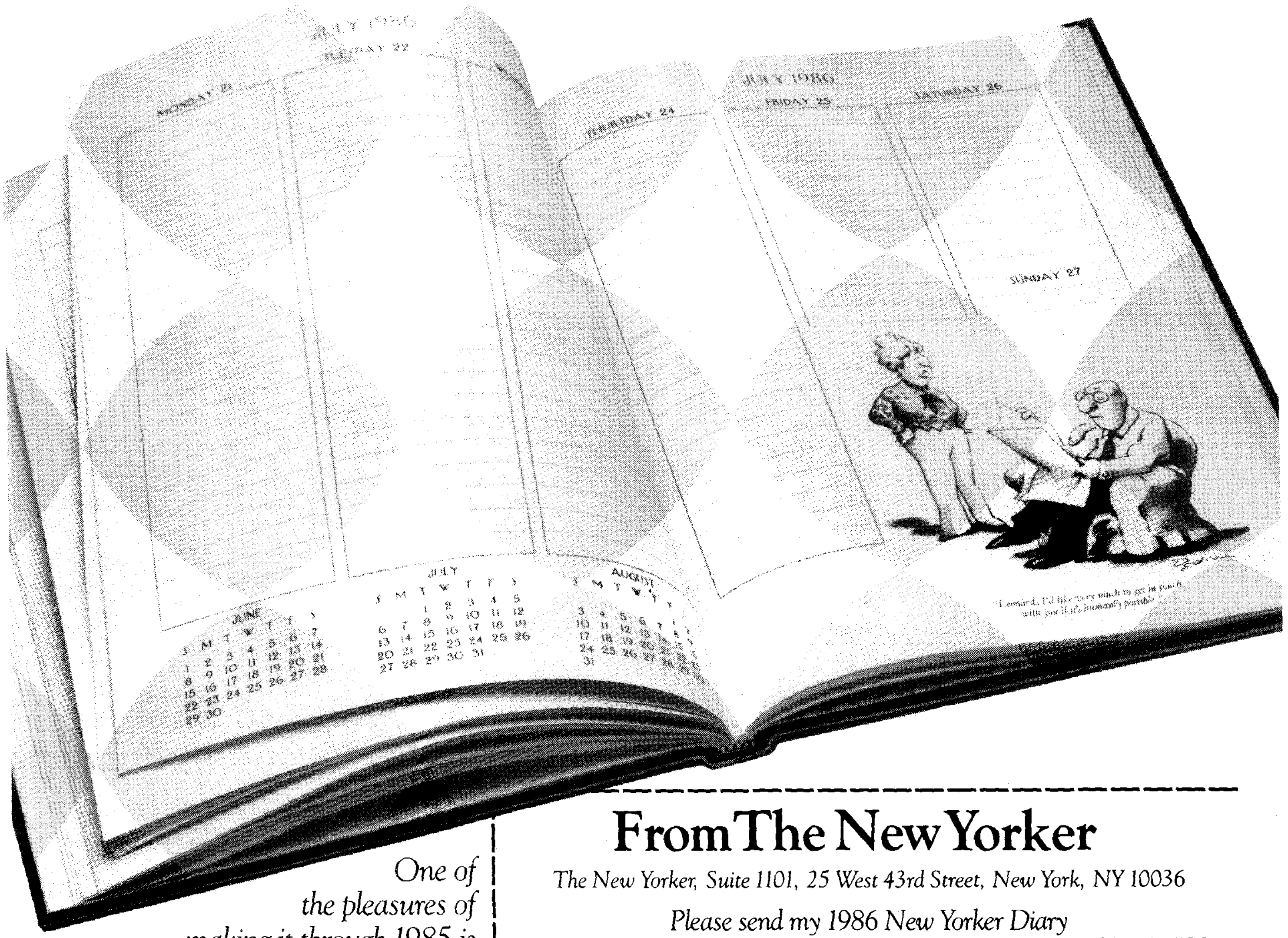
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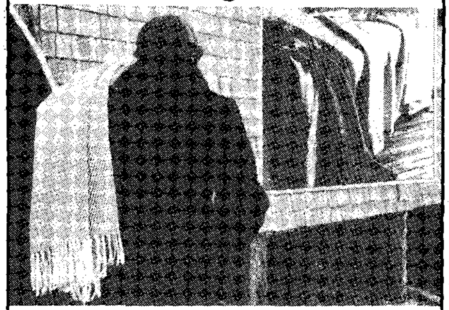

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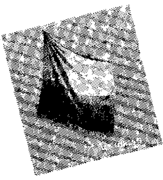

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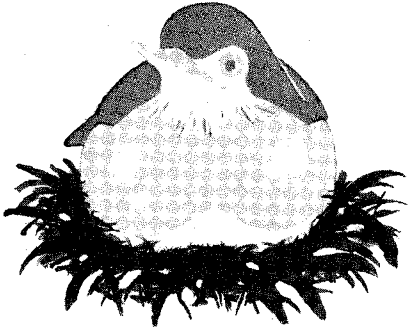

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neophyte period had lasted until the late twenties. During that time, he had a hard sound, and his rhythmic attack was aggressive and staccato and congested. He even used slap-tonguing, a device that had originated in New Orleans and that resembled the sound of a ratchet. He entered his second phase in the early thirties. His tone filled out, he abandoned much of his staccato attack, and he developed a rich vibrato. He began playing slow ballads like "It's the Talk of the Town," "Out of Nowhere," and "Star Dust." Jazz had been a rough-and-ready, shouting, realistic music; Hawkins proved it could be romantic, and changed it forever. When he came home, his always imperious confidence intact, he went out on the town and was paid court to at every place he stopped. But he must have felt some nervousness. He sounds uncertain at various turns in "Body and Soul" and on his outings on Lionel Hampton's "Hot Mallets" session, a month earlier, with the formidable array of Benny Carter, Ben Webster, and Chu Berry. But the uncanny popular success of the Victor "Body and Soul," which consists of two unvarnished, uninterrupted choruses of improvisation, certainly cheered him. He did not record between 1940 and 1943 (a musicians'-union recording ban was part of the reason), but from 1943 to 1947 he recorded over seventy numbers, some of them as brilliant as any jazz recording. Bob Wilber remembers him on Fifty-second Street in the early forties: "We'd go to Kelly's Stable to hear Coleman Hawkins, and he'd come out in a gray pin-striped suit and I guess we were expecting clarion bursts but all that happened was his piano player said, 'What you want to play, Hawk?' and Hawkins said, 'Body,' meaning 'Body and Soul,' which was his big thing then. After that, he'd do one of his riff tunes based on the chords of 'I Got Rhythm' or something like that, and you wouldn't see him again for a couple of hours." His playing had reached its peak. His slow numbers were distinguished by his great welcoming tone, his almost discursive vibrato, and the seignorial new melodies he imposed on whatever he improvised on. They were on-the-spot tone poems. His up-tempo numbers were headlong. He poured through the chords, restructuring them as he went. He never paused to breathe, and he built a rampaging momentum, transposing to his horn consummately and with great speed everything he heard in his head. His

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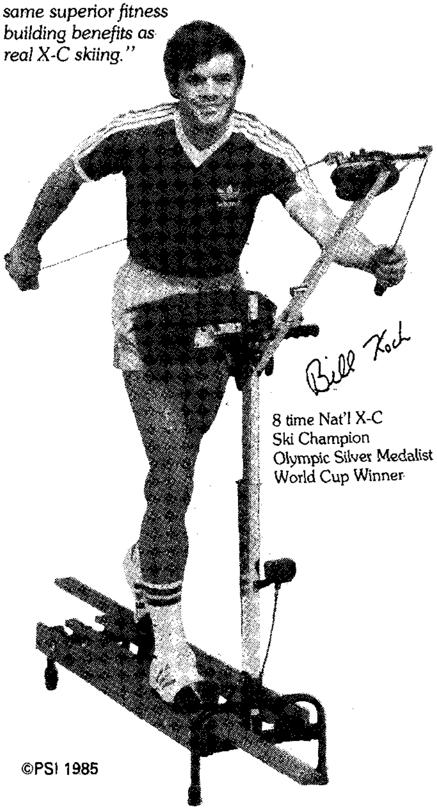
rare missed notes immediately vanished in the surrounding perfection. His improvisations at this time were rivalled in density, daring, and sheer strength only by Art Tatum's. (Hawkins had first heard Tatum in the late twenties, and Tatum had made an indelible impression.) Hawkins began working Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic tours in the late forties, and when he settled down again in the fifties something had happened to his style. He had entered his final period. At times, he was exceptional, but there were increasing signs of unsteadiness. His vibrato fell away or became quavery. His tone hardened, recalling the sound he had in the late twenties. He began using alarming shrieks and cries —Lear sounds. The bursting melodic invention withered, the great rhythms faltered.

HAWKINS' big band was not a success and lasted less than a year. For a time, he played and lived in Chicago, where he met a white woman named Delores Sheridan. They were married in 1943 in New York, and they had three children—Colette, Rene, and Mimi. The rest of his career was spent with Jazz at the Philharmonic or with small groups generally made up of him and a rhythm section. He suffered a time of neglect in the early fifties but came to the fore again in the mid-fifties and remained more or less in view until the last year or two of his life. He had for a long time been a renowned eater, but his drinking slowly supplanted food. He eventually drank steadily and ate almost nothing. He became thin and careworn, and he grew a patriarchal beard, perhaps as a sort of disguise. He sometimes sat down on a chair when he played. Not long after his death, his old friend Roy Eldridge talked to this writer about him: "Coleman was a first-class cat all the way down the line. He was the old school. He never travelled economy, and, of course, he was like a genius on his horn. I guess I knew him as well as anybody. I got my first job—for twelve dollars a week, in 1927—through him, by copying his solo, note for note, off Fletcher Henderson's record of 'Stampede.' And I was the first person near him after he came back from five years in Europe in 1939. I had a Lincoln and he had a Cadillac, and we followed each other to gigs—double things like that. He was a person people were afraid to talk to. If anything went wrong on a job, they wouldn't go



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to him, they'd always come to me. He was proud, but he wasn't cold, and he had a sense of humor. He just stayed away from cats he didn't like. People said he didn't like Lester Young, who was supposed to be his great rival. Man, I remember Coleman and I sat up all one night with Lester in the fifties, when we were with Jazz at the Philharmonic, trying to find out why Lester was up so tight. We never did. The last five years, Coleman was sick, and he just about quit eating. All he had eyes for, when he ate at all, was Chinese food, like Lester. But I'd call him in the evening and tell him what I was cooking. I'd tell him such-and-such, and he'd say, 'That sounds pretty good. I'll have to go out and get me some.' The next day, I'd call again, and he'd forgotten everything. Coleman always had money, and he always spent it the right way. He'd have a Leica and a Steinway and three-hundred-dollar suits, but before anything else he always laid out six hundred dollars a month to take care of his rent and his wife and children. I often wondered if he had a little income of his own, but I never knew, because money was one thing we didn't discuss. Just a while ago, I went out with Coleman when he wanted to look at a Rolls-Royce to buy, and I said to him, 'You'd look ridiculous riding around in that.' So he bought a Chrysler Imperial. Eight thousand in cash. I don't *think* he got to put more than a thousand miles on it."

In the fifties and sixties, Hawkins often worked with younger musicians, like the drummer Eddie Locke, the pianist Tommy Flanagan, and the bassist Major Holley. They recently spoke of Hawkins. Flanagan said, "He was a very humorous man. He'd tell stories at great length in that bass voice of his. It was always bigger than anyone else's voice. It reminded me of his horn. He was at home with every kind of music. A master musician."

Locke: "He opened my ears to classical music. I believe that he incorporated that in his music. That separated him from other saxophone players. He played jazz, but it was classical-jazz. He loved the piano, and he always had piano players visiting him—guys like Joe Zawinul and Monk. Monk loved Coleman. He was a different person around him. Nothing weird or strange, just straight conversation."

Major Holley: "He was a very knowledgeable man. He'd amaze you with the things he would tell you that didn't pertain to music. He knew about

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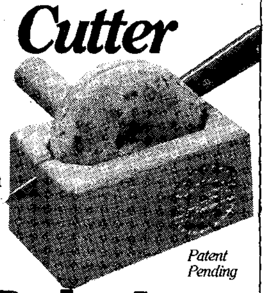

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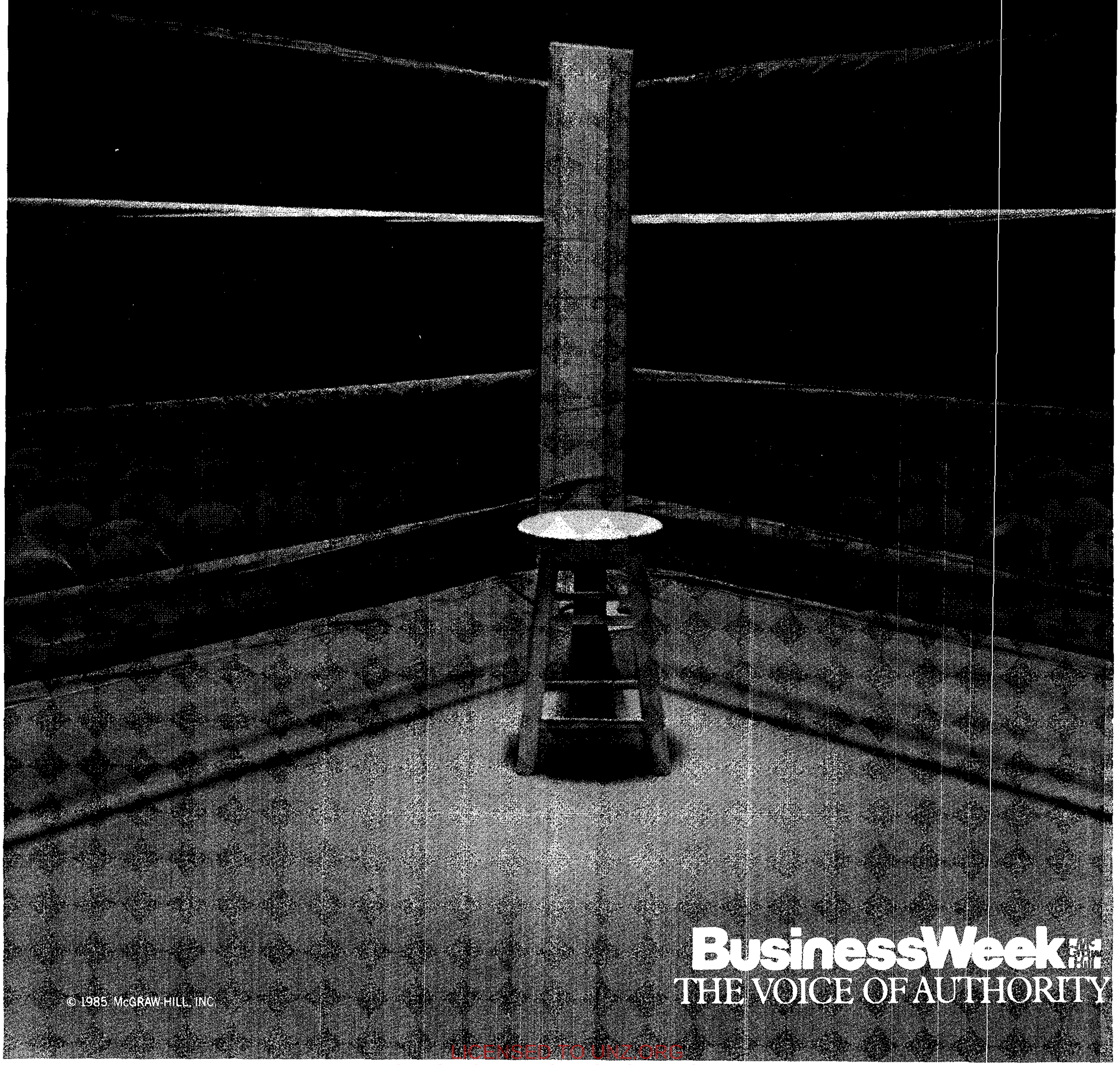

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the assembly of automobiles—I could tell, I had worked in a factory. He knew about art. He knew about flowers. He had impeccable taste in clothes. He was a connoisseur of wine. He was a culinary expert. When he did a stew, it was like European cooking—a whole potato, a whole carrot. If he invited you over to eat, he would be put out if you didn't come. He played the piano, and he could do things that full-time players were hard-pressed to do. He had learned circular breathing, which was why he could play those very long lines. And I once saw him pick up a cello and play it very well after not touching one for forty years. He was a master at setting up comedy, a master jokesman. He would ask a whole bunch of us to his apartment on Central Park West—maybe Tommy Flanagan and Roland Hanna and Lew Tabackin and Zoot Sims. He'd play classical records by the hour, and maybe get into Chopin, and then suggest that Roland Hanna play one of the Chopin études we had just heard, and, of course, by this time Hanna had consumed a fair amount of brandy—and, well . . . Sometimes Hawkins would call me and I'd answer the telephone and all I would hear would be him shaking a glass with ice in it, and laughing in the background, and he'd hang up. He was very private and very shy. He had great concern for people, and he did a lot of stuff he never talked about. When he went out on the road, he would visit some musician he knew in prison, whether he knew him well or not. Or he would go to see his mother in St. Joe. He had rules, he had morals. He had the sort of courtesy that has to be taught you when you're a kid. He was always interested in young people and in getting his ideas across to them. He had a great ambition to play for younger people. We worked together for two or three years. He was my friend. But I would like to have known him better. I didn't really get to understand him. We didn't have enough time."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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BOOKS

Leaving Home

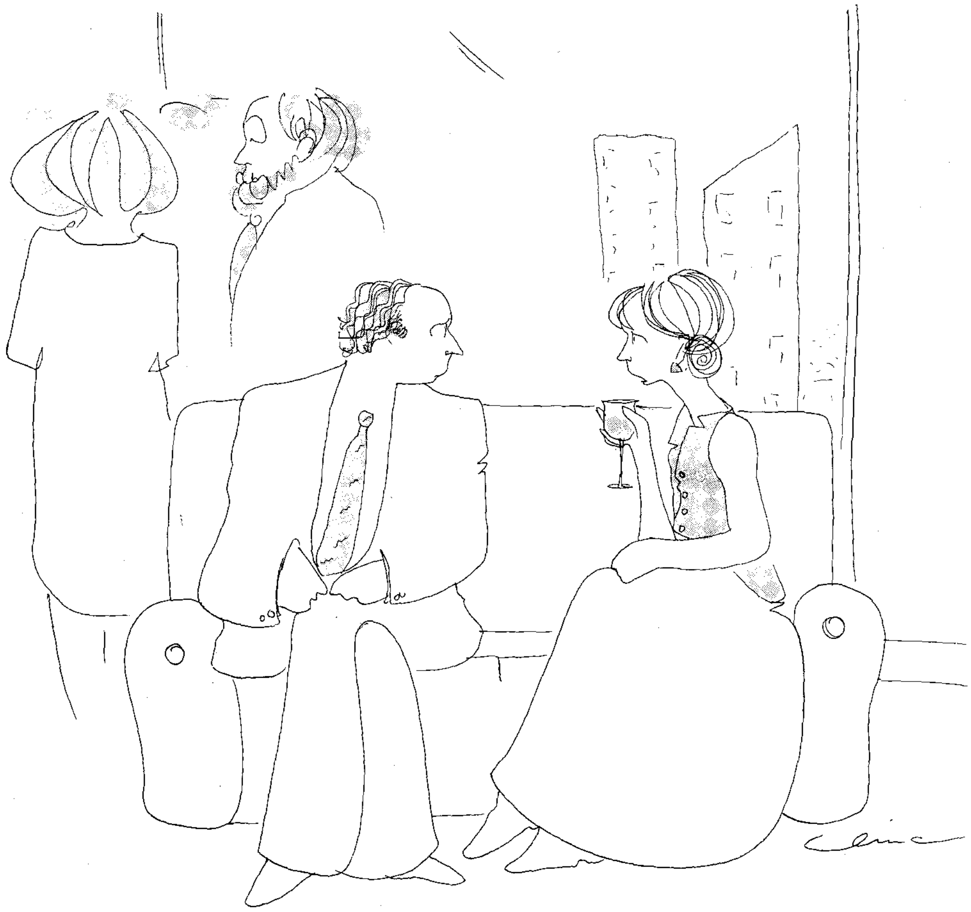
Anne Tyler's tenth novel, "The Accidental Tourist" (Knopf; $16.95), manages to leave Baltimore; its hero, Macon Leary, writes a series of travel guides under the pseudonym "Accidental Tourist," and his creator, whose many virtues have not hitherto included cosmopolitanism, provides for him convincing, characteristically perky versions of London and Paris, Edmonton and Vancouver, as well as some vivid airplane rides. Transatlantic jet travel is authoritatively sketched:

> There was the usual mellifluous murmur from the loudspeaker about seatbelts, emergency exits, oxygen masks. He wondered why stewardesses accented such unlikely words. "*On* our flight this evening we *will* be offering . . ." [Macon] angled his book beneath a slender shaft of light and turned a page. The engines had a weary, dogged sound. It was the period he thought of as the long haul—the gulf between supper and breakfast when they were suspended over the ocean, waiting for that lightening of the sky that was supposed to be morning although, of course, it was nowhere near morning back home. In Macon's opinion, morning in other time zones was like something staged—a curtain painted with a rising sun, superimposed upon the real dark.

Real morning and real life are restricted to Baltimore, where Macon is one of four middle-aged siblings. His two brothers, Porter and Charles, after their marriages failed, moved in with their spinster sister, Rose, who still lives in the large house where they were raised by their grandparents; and Macon, after his wife leaves him and he breaks his leg, moves in also. There they complete their daily routines by playing a card game, Vaccination, which they invented in their childhoods and which is too complex for outsiders to learn. The point of Macon's guidebooks is to provide the unadventurous, "accidental" American traveller with information that minimizes the trauma of leaving home: where in Stockholm to get Kentucky Fried Chicken, what restaurants in Tokyo offer Sweet'n Low, how to avoid conversation in airplanes ("Always bring a book, as protection against strangers. Magazines don't last"). His guides constitute a parody of cautious, systematic self-protectiveness; Miss Tyler's lovingly detailed, lively procession, from novel to novel, of mild-mannered agoraphobes and habit-hugging families has in Macon produced its theorist and its own critic. The novel explores more forthrightly than any of its predecessors the deep and delicate conflict between coziness and venture, safety and danger, tidiness and messiness, home and the world, inside and outside, us and them.

Miss Tyler never fails to produce a fluid, shapely story sparkling with bright, sharp images drawn from the so-called ordinary world. Her Baltimore, though a city of neighborhoods and ingrained custom, is also a piece of the American Northeast and of Western culture; her fiction readily relays the brand names and pop tunes and fashions of the moment, with special attention paid to shoe styles. Yet, unlike some younger writers, she does not imply that these flitting fads and headlines are all the culture there is. She is a Southern writer in her sense of the past; her old people have a fine vitality, and some of her most moving pages reconstruct an older time, as in "Searching for Caleb" and "Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant." In her run of fiction since "The Clock Winder" (1972), she has made Baltimore, as a site for imaginative construction, her own—John Barth tends to stick to Maryland's Eastern Shore, and Mencken's city was a figment of his reminiscences. As a site, Baltimore is rich in characters and various in locale, yet with a cloistered and backward-gazing quality like that of a less drastic Yoknapatawpha County, with the same convenience to a microcosm-maker.

Miss Tyler's free rein there, with her artistic version of the metropolis unchecked by any other (compare the multiple shadows New York writers cast upon each other, or the way that Bellow must repeatedly shoulder Dreiser's ghost aside in dealing with Chicago), abets our impression of a toy city, manipulated a bit lightly. Her generous empathy and distinguished intelligence run toward moments of precious diminishment. In the course of this novel, the Learys, all in their forties, fall to making together a doll-



"I really enjoyed talking to you. I'm sorry I have to turn you over to the federal authorities."

house extension, and the author's own delight breathes over their shoulders:

> The garage was convincingly untidy. Miniature wood chips littered the floor around a stack of twig-sized fire logs, and a coil of green wire made a perfect garden hose. Now they were working on the upstairs. Rose was stuffing an armchair cushion no bigger than an aspirin. Charles was cutting a sheet of wallpaper from a sample book. Porter was drilling holes for the curtain rods.

Her characters whittle away at playful hobbies, and tinker at witty inventions. The cuteness of the names invented, in "The Accidental Tourist," for fictional businesses savors less of mimesis than of literary foolery: Doggie, Do is an outfit that trains canines; Re-Runs names a secondhand-shoe store. Some of the Learys' behavior seems unlikely even for reclusive and order-obsessed eccentrics. Macon treads underfoot each day's dirty laundry while giving himself a shower, mounts a wash-basket on a skateboard, and sleeps in "a giant sort of envelope made from one of the seven sheets he had folded and stitched together on the sewing machine." His sister Rose "had a kitchen that was so completely alphabetized, you'd find the allspice next to the ant poison," which gives the reader a laugh but keeps Rose at a distance. And are we seriously to believe of the Learys that four prosperous adults enjoy such tenuous connections with the world at large that they casually agree not to answer the telephone in their house, day after day? They just let it ring.

"The Accidental Tourist" is lighter than its wholly admirable and relatively saturnine predecessor, "Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant." Miss Tyler takes her time developing her story and fills much of the novel's first third with domestic slapstick of the alphabetized-kitchen, treading-the-wash variety. The story is a basic one of breakup and breakout. A year before the novel's first scene, the rude outside world has dealt Macon and his wife of twenty years, Sarah, a cruel blow: Ethan, their twelve-year-old son —"a tall blond sprout of a boy with an open, friendly face"—was senselessly murdered in a Burger Bonanza by a nineteen-year-old holdup man. Now Sarah announces that Macon has been no comfort and she is leaving him. Living alone, he breaks his leg and returns to his grandfather's house, where he and his three siblings play Vaccination and ignore the telephone. However, the misbehavior of his pet dog, an irritable Welsh corgi called

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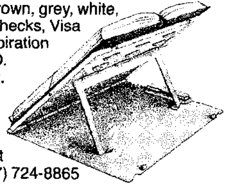

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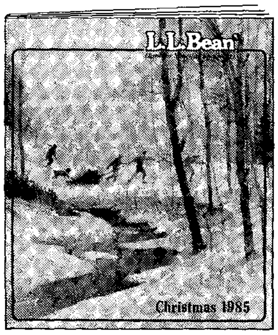

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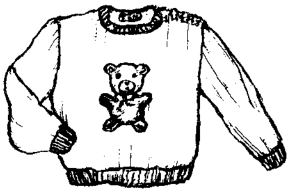

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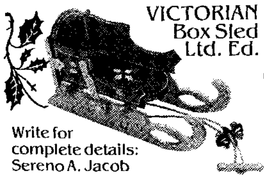

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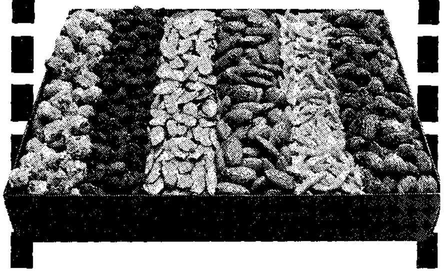
Edward (and up to midpoint the novel's most sympathetic and intelligible character), brings into this airless situation a rasping breath of oxygen—dog-trainer Muriel Pritchett, who is younger, poorer, more vulgar and dynamic than Macon. That her brash and open world view shakes up the careful Leary ways is predictable, as is the revival of Sarah's interest when Macon makes himself at home with this new woman. But the turns and climaxes unfold with many small surprises, and after a high point (literally) where Macon panics at the revelation of distance afforded from what appears to be the top of the World Trade Center ("He saw the city spread far below like a glittering golden ocean, the streets tiny ribbons of light, the planet curving away at the edges, the sky a purple hollow extending to infinity") the book becomes a real page-turner. This susceptible reader, his eyes beginning to blur, stopped twenty pages short of the end, fell into a troubled sleep, woke before dawn, read to the end, and only then relaxed. It is a happy ending, as happy as one can be in a world where "after a certain age . . . you can only choose what to lose."

In a time when many woman writers find themselves quite busy enough proclaiming the difficulties of being female, Anne Tyler persistently concerns herself with the moral evolution of male characters. Though mild, passive Macon is not exactly macho, we live comfortably in his skin for three hundred and fifty pages and see through his eyes what he sees in both women—plump, solid Sarah with her "calm face, round as a daisy," skinny Muriel with her "spiky, pugnacious fierceness" and her eyes "very small, like caraway seeds." The wife is rather more winningly portrayed than the girlfriend, and Macon loves her with less effort, but he gropes beyond that: "He began to think that who you are when you're with somebody may matter more than whether you love her." With Sarah, he has been, as she herself charges, "muffled." She tells him, "It's like you're trying to slip through life unchanged." Yet she herself confirms the basis of the Leary caution: the world is a terrible place. "Ever since Ethan died," she tells him, "I've had to admit that people are basically evil. Evil, Macon. So evil they would take a twelve-year-old boy and shoot him through the skull for no reason. I read a paper now and I despair; I've given up watching the news



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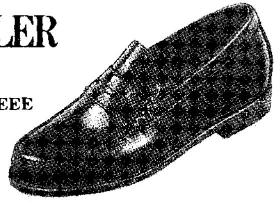

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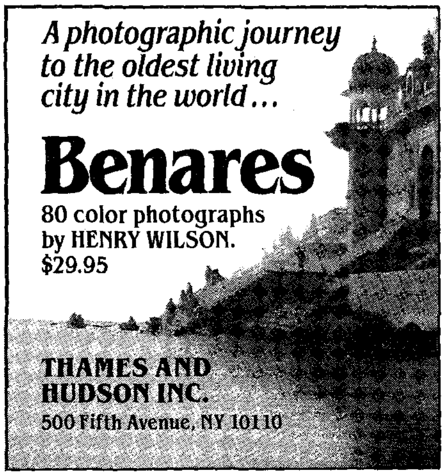
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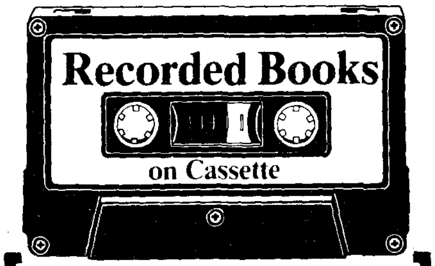
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on TV. There's so much wickedness, children setting other children on fire and grown men throwing babies out second-story windows, rape and torture and terrorism, old people beaten and robbed, men in our very own government willing to blow up the world, indifference and greed and *instant* anger on every street corner."

Muriel takes Macon outside himself. And distinctly beneath his own social level. "The Accidental Tourist" is about, in part, crossing class boundaries. One doesn't have to be a Baltimorean to perceive that Singleton Street, where Muriel lives with her sickly and repulsive seven-year-old son, Alexander, and Timonium, where her parents dwell in a development called Foxhunt Acres, are a far socio-economic cry from North Charles Street, where Macon and Sarah had their home, and the unnamed avenue where Macon's grandfather, a factory owner, reared his four grandchildren. Macon went to Princeton, and nothing about Muriel exasperates him more than her solecisms—"eck cetera," "nauseous" when she means "nauseated," "enormity" when she means to talk of size, "da Vinci" when she should say "Leonardo," and (very subtle, this) "a nother," as in "I wish I was just a totally nother person."

It is Macon, however, who becomes another person: "In the foreign country that was Singleton Street he was an entirely different person." An accidental tourist within Baltimore, "he was beginning to feel easier here. Singleton Street still unnerved him with its poverty and its ugliness, but it no longer seemed so dangerous." The hoodlums hanging out, he perceives, are "pathetically young and shabby," and children and women bring a constant cleansing wind of "good intentions." The scruffy society of neighborhood women that collects in Muriel's kitchen comes to feel as cozy to him as a game of Vaccination; one wonders, indeed, whether he truly adjusts to this tawdry neighborhood or whether it has been simply annexed to the gaily colored, miniaturized precincts of Tylerville. "Macon saw Singleton Street in his mind, small and distant . . . and full of gaily drawn people scrubbing their stoops, tinkering with their cars, splashing under fire hydrants." A mugger accosts them, but Muriel swats him with her purse and tells him to run on home. Can Baltimore's underworld really be this easily disarmed? When Mrs. Sof-

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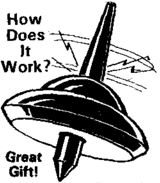
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fel, in last year's movie of the same name, left her safe quarters in the warden's end of the Allegheny County Jail for disgrace and likely doom with an escaping criminal, that was de-domestication with a price tag. Macon doesn't so much leave home as change homes, and (retaining, of course, his money) he, like many before him, finds the slums livelier than the proper neighborhoods.

But yes, people are not evil. Or not *only* evil. And they prove more responsive and entertaining than a stay-at-home would suppose. Muriel has never travelled. When she tells Macon, "If I could go anywhere I'd go to Paris," he quickly informs her, "Paris is terrible. Everybody is impolite." Yet in the eventual event (not to give away Miss Tyler's slam-bang dénouement) Paris for Muriel abounds with polite, helpful, English-speaking persons, who guide her toward fantastic bargains in secondhand clothes. Throughout the book, people spontaneously open up and talk about themselves—taxi-drivers, airplane pilots, neighbors, camp directors. Miss Tyler's mankind is a race of compulsive fabulists: everybody in motion, talking. Looking out of a plane window as he takes Muriel for her first flight, Macon has "an intimate view of farmlands, woodlands, roofs of houses. It came to him very suddenly that every little roof concealed actual lives. Well, of course he'd known that, but all at once it took his breath away. He saw how real those lives were to the people who lived them—how intense and private and absorbing." Though not every mugger can really be chased away with a purse, and not every Parisian is in fact polite to American yokels, an assumption to the contrary offers a basis for moving ahead. We should credit strangers and outsiders with a self-interest as intense and complex as our own—not an obvious fact to the initially timorous and solipsistic human organism—and with a benignity to match our own trust. If Anne Tyler strikes us as too benign, too swift to tack together shelter for her dolls, it may be that we have lost familiarity with the comedic spirit, the primal faith in natural resilience and the forces of renewal. Like the older, graver Iris Murdoch, Miss Tyler believes in love and art and the usefulness of a shaking-up. The constructive, tinkering, inventive, systematic side of our selves is not enough; he who would save his life must lose it. Macon's dreams are reported in this

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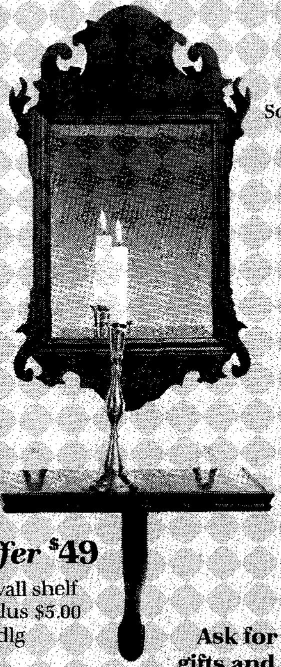

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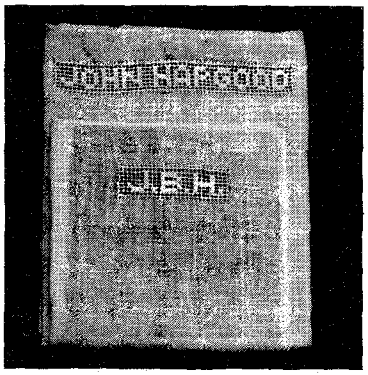

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novel, as a necessary part of him, along with his struggles to fall asleep.

"It occurred to him . . . that the world was divided sharply down the middle: Some lived careful lives and some lived careless lives, and everything that happened could be explained by the difference between them. But he could not have said, not in a million years, why he was so moved by the sight of Muriel's thin quilt trailing across the floor where she must have dragged it when she rose in the morning." He cannot say, *but the book itself slyly spells it out:* Macon's mother, Alicia, glimpsed but rarely in the novel, is herself of the party of the careless. A woman of tempestuous and fleeting enthusiasms, she had been widowed in the Second World War and in 1950 remarried, to "an engineer who travelled around the world building bridges," and settled her four children with their grandparents in Baltimore. "They were met by their grandparents, two thin, severe, distinguished people in dark clothes. The children approved of them at once." Henceforth, "like some naughty, gleeful fairy, Macon imagined, she darted in and out of their lives leaving a trail of irresponsible remarks." When his sister marries, Alicia, now on her fourth husband, startles him by being at the wedding, displeases him with her gaudy outfit ("a long white caftan trimmed with vibrant bands of satin, and when she reached up to hug him a whole culvert of metal bangles clattered and slid down her left arm"), and links arms with Muriel. "Macon had a sudden appalling thought: Maybe in his middle age he was starting to choose his mother's style of person, as if concluding that Alicia—silly, vain, annoying woman—might have the right answers after all. But no. He put the thought away from him." But the thought is a good one. We are all, however careful, the children of chaos. Leaving home can be going home.

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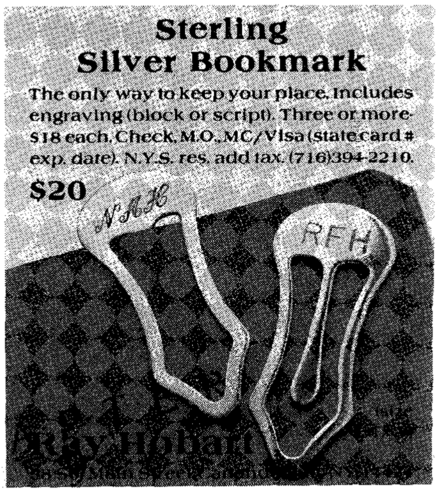

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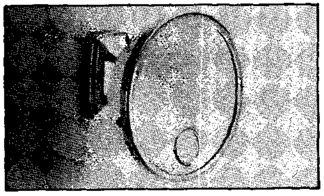

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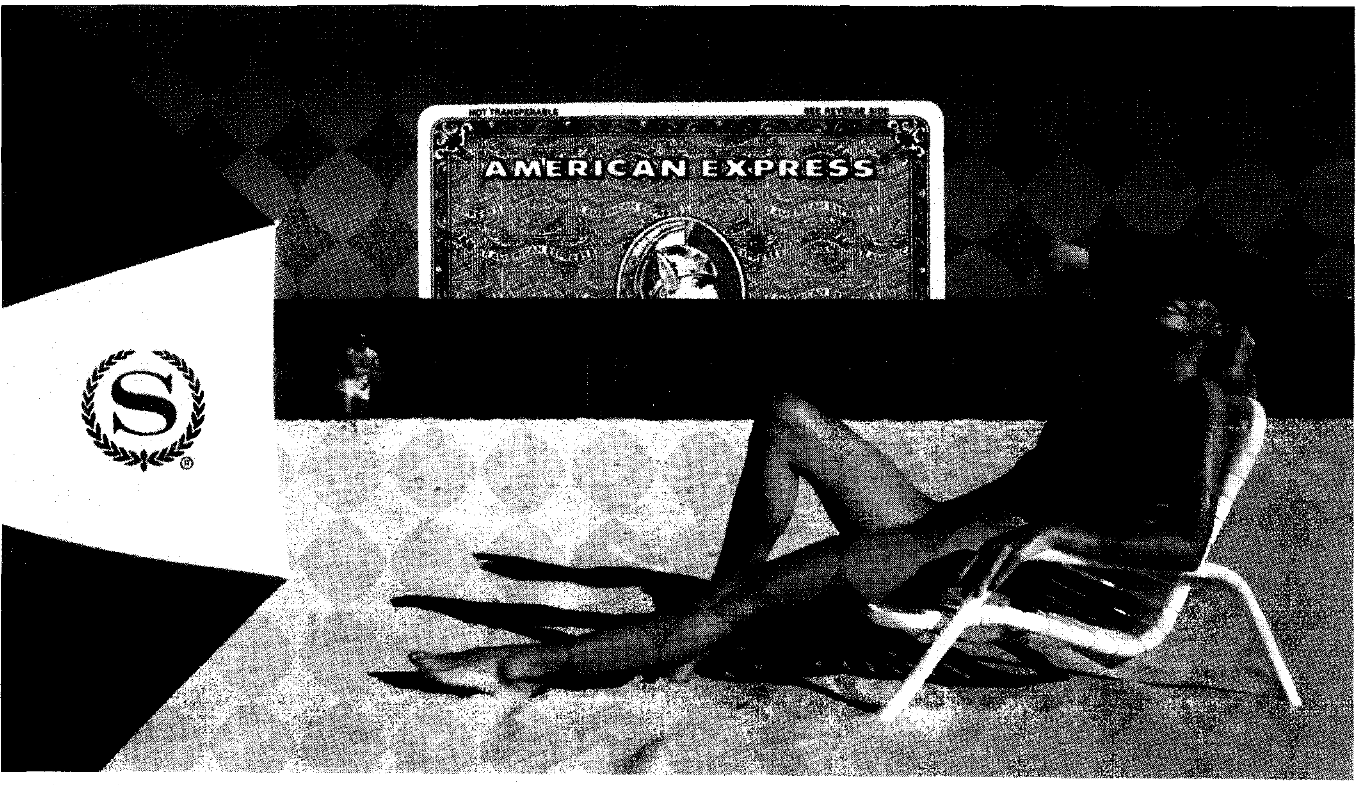

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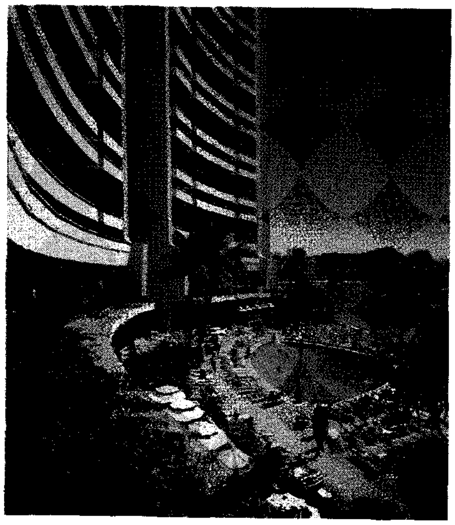

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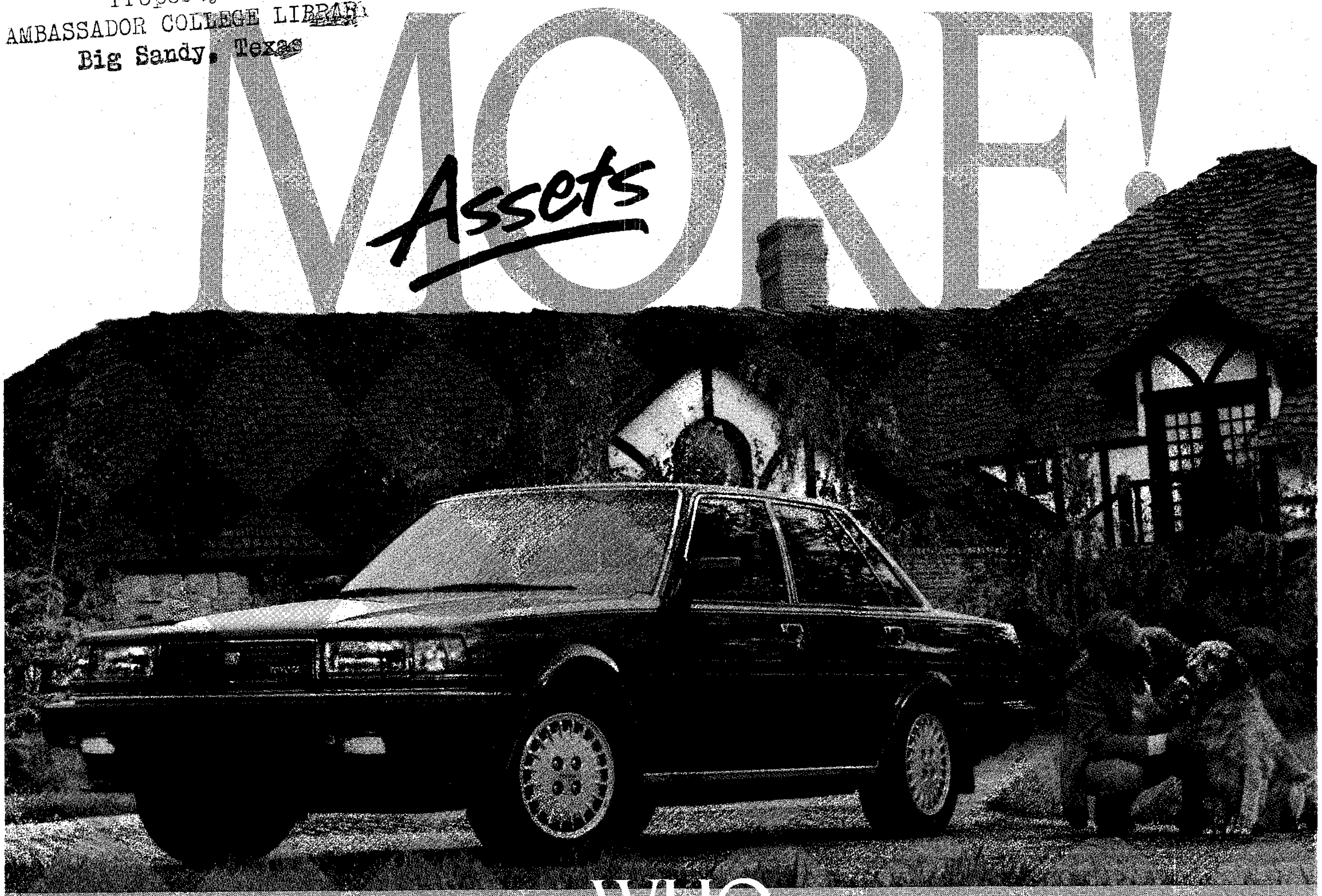

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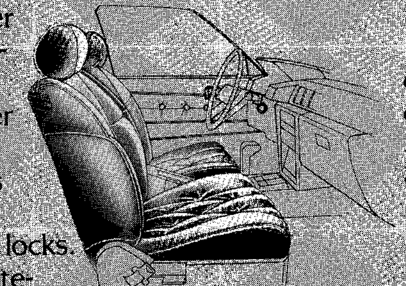
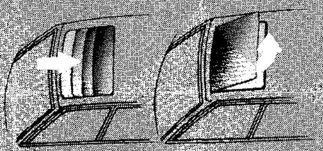


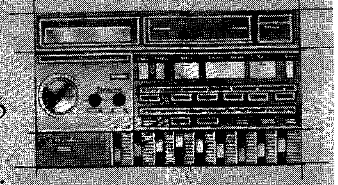


Inside, you'll enjoy lavish comfort. Automatic climate control system. Speed-sensing power steering. Power windows and door locks. A state-of-the-art Technics* AM Stereo/FM/MPX with integral cassette and 9-band graphic equalizer. Comfort you'll wish you had at home: rich thick velour or optional glove-soft leather seats; and a refined Theft Deterrent System. And of course, there's a tilt/slide sunroof available.

Cressida's 2.8 liter, Electronically Fuel-Injected, dual overhead cam, 6-cylinder engine unleashes 156 charging horses for more driving excitement. Stopping power is no less superb thanks to new power-assisted ventilated 4-wheel disc brakes.

Your Electronically Controlled 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission adjusts to your driving needs. Choose "Normal" for fuel savings or "Power" for acceleration. All at the touch of a button.

And its 4-wheel fully independent suspension treats road obstacles with the disdain they deserve.



The new 1986 Toyota Cressida. It puts you into the lap of luxury without requiring a lapse of fiscal acumen.

*Technics is a trademark of the Matsushita Electrical Industrial Co., LTD.

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